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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**June Romance**

SPECIAL BRIDAL FEATURES





## Men I did not marry

Fourteen proposals ... but I just couldn't say "yes"!

By MARION MARCHDALE

I am not married. But I could have been. Men have asked me to marry them—fourteen of them in twenty years.

I shall probably not be asked again, being now forty years of age.

Would you care to know why I refused to marry those who asked me?

I have listed the whole fourteen of them below, and they all had some fault I couldn't spend my life with.

TOP: In silhouette, the men she rejected because of annoying little mannerisms. Read her story and see if your "best-hated mannerism" in a man is listed among those she just couldn't bear.

HERE are my 14 reasons. Perhaps you'll say I've been too fastidious, but I'd refuse them again, because of faults I just couldn't accept.

### NUMBER 1.

I refused him because he had no money and no desire to make money.

He argued that the Lord would provide; so why worry? "Let us," he said, "be happy now and let the future look after itself."

You can't tell a story like that to the landlord.

### NUMBER 2.

I refused him because, although he had money, I strongly disliked his habit of frequently blowing his nose with a trumpeting sound.

He would advance to meet me with a bright smile, and then suddenly take out his handkerchief and blow like a circus elephant.

### NUMBER 3.

I refused him because he was a cigar smoker who was slovenly in his habits.



TOP LEFT: The romantic lover who talked like a book. She turned him down.

ABOVE: The possessive lover. He handcuffed her personality.

Not that I objected to the smell of his cigars. On the contrary, I have always been rather partial to

the fragrance of cigar smoke. But he used to flick the burnt ash off into his saucer, or on to the carpet, although I made a practice of slipping an ash-tray within easy reach.

### NUMBER 4.

I refused him because he couldn't listen to music. He had an irritating habit of starting a conversation with someone near him whenever I was playing the piano. To me, music is a serious study, and I know how to play. Could I be happy with a man who would wait until I was complying with an invitation to play Chopin or Beethoven and then open up with some amiable small talk?

### NUMBER 5.

I refused him because he came to see me too often. I hardly ever had an evening that I could call my own. He would come at 7.30 four nights a week and stay until almost midnight.

And he would meet me, whenever he could, in the mornings as I was going to business.

When I was leaving he would be outside the office waiting for me.

On Saturday afternoons, too, and even on some Sunday mornings I was never able to feel sure that he wouldn't arrive and park himself with me for an hour or two.

He wore out his welcome with overmuch devotion.

### NUMBER 6.

I refused him because he had a drooping moustache which often got saturated with soup; and when he drank his tea or coffee he made a noise like a horse drinking.

### NUMBER 7.

I refused him because, although he knew I enjoyed an occasional cigarette, he often expressed himself as antagonistic to women smoking. "Nice girls don't smoke," he more than once declared.

### NUMBER 8.

I refused him because he licked his lips whenever he was going to kiss me.

This made me always shrink back from him when he was about to take me in his arms.

### NUMBER 9.

I refused him because, although he wasn't short of money, he would never hire a taxi to take me to dances. I always had to walk along unescorted and meet him somewhere near the dance place; and then walk back home again with him after the dance.

### NUMBER 10.

I refused him because he, running a suburban business, said he wanted to get married because he didn't see how he could continue to carry on the shop without having a wife to help him to run it.

I decided that what he wanted was not a wife but a business partner.

### NUMBER 11.

I refused him because, although he knew I was going away for a week's holiday, he let me carry my suitcase to the train and get to the railway station without his assistance; and the same when I was returning home.

### NUMBER 12.

I refused him because he had a habit of saying, "By Cripes!" and "I'll tell you for why"; and then finally (and this was the last straw), "No woman will ever boss me."

In addition he was the most possessive man I had ever met. He handcuffed himself to me, but he seemed to forget that he was imprisoning my personality as well.

I didn't look at another man, and there were always stormy scenes, recriminations and reconciliations.

I just couldn't bear it.

### NUMBER 13.

I refused him because his table manners were bad. "Please" and "Thank you" were words he never used.

He would always help himself first, take the best, never offer me anything, talk big, and drink his tea with his little finger elevated at an exaggerated angle with an affectation of gentility.

### NUMBER 14.

I refused him because he had no sense of humor, taking himself with deadly seriousness always, and with melodrama in his expressions. Once he said, "I trust that your heart is glowing with emotions of love and that your feet and mine will long tread the path of life together."

Another time he said: "Our home will be a nest of happiness, built by two loving hearts in the tree of life."

Wasn't I right in giving him the air?

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



With Royal party

NOTED for her perfect dress sense, Lady Nunburnholme is in charge of the Queen's magnificent wardrobe during Her Majesty's visit to America.

Formerly Lady Mary Thyane, daughter of the Marquis of Bath, Lady Nunburnholme was married in 1927, and has three children.



On World Tour

DURING a three years' world tour Mr. Philip Crawshaw, travelling secretary of the Overseas League headquarters in London, has worked to promote interest in the league's work.

While he is in Australia, Mr. Crawshaw will visit all the capital cities and address members of the league. He is also interested in the migration plan by which boys trained in England at Y.M.C.A. farms are being brought to Australia.



Wife of diplomat

DIPLOMATS visiting Poland are always entertained by the Polish Foreign Minister (Colonel Josef Beck) and his charming wife.

Madame Beck, who was received by Queen Mary when she was in London, is noted for her unusual jewellery made from copper and brass, which was designed by a Polish artist.

## Now the Adored Wife of a Wealthy Man

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## Kisses for the Queen



## Five loveliest sub-debs. have 'coming-out' party

### Dionne "Quins" greet Royalty

By Beam Wireless from Our Special Representative at Ottawa

Many lovely debutantes have been presented to Their Majesties, but surely never such a fascinating group as the five very sub-sub-debs.—the Dionne quintuplets.

No wonder the Queen made a little delighted gesture and gathered them in her arms when she met them at Parliament House, Toronto.

AFTER the ceremony the "Quins" guardian, Dr. Dafoe, said:

"Many people thought of the Quins as five little 'miracles'. To-day they showed what they are—happy, normal, beautiful and entirely unspoiled."

"I shall never forget the way they walked and curtsied to the delighted 'Ahl' and 'Oh!' of the members of Parliament—men of all ages and from all parts of the Province."

"The way they gathered in the groups every now and then to the Queen's 'La Belle Reine' ('The beautiful Queen') to Her Majesty."

"They were still shouting it to each other long after the ceremony. 'I'm sure 'being presented' is going to be a favorite game for the children when they get back home. The Queen said they were the loveliest children, and I was delighted with their behaviour."

"The Quins" were overwhelmed on the occasion. They thoroughly understood and appreciated the ceremony they created. The formality of the curtsy dispensed with, they threw their arms around the Queen and kissed her, admired her frock, and kissed her bouquet.

"As there wouldn't be any cases mistaken identity Yvonne, the smallest of the "Quins," raised her voice: 'I'm Yvonne.'"

There followed a chorus:

"I'm Annette; I'm Cecile; I'm Marie; I'm Emilie."

The "Quins" may be always discussed as a group, but they will see to it that they retain their own independent actions and individuality.

As they sat kicking their heels on the luxurious lounge in the music-room of the private suite of the Lieut.-Governor, awaiting the arrival of the King and Queen, who were being received in Parliament, they made an arresting picture.

### Their big day

LONG, frilly white frocks gave a fairy-like appearance to their dark-eyed loveliness, and the serious looks on their faces as they held their presentation bouquets made a study many an artist would have given the world to capture.

Beribboned poke bonnets, worn on the shoulders, which had become a little awry from excitement, were straightened and the babies lined up when news was sent that the King and Queen were coming.

Whatever baby pictures they had conjured up in their own minds when told back in their own "castle" at Callander that they were to visit the King and Queen were fulfilled when the Royal couple entered the room.

The King looked resplendent in a magnificent uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, and the Queen a lovely picture in a frock of powder-blue.

Four of the sisters threw their arms about the Queen's neck, but

Yvonne, who seems destined to make history wherever she goes, walked up to the King, her eyes fascinated by his medals and decorations, and put her hand confidently into his. She also presented him with her bouquet.

The Queen smiled, for Yvonne's pose was of maure heather—a memory of Scotland and home. It was hard to see who was the more delighted, the Queen or the children.

It was the most spontaneous display of the tour, the Queen with her charming pose and the unaffected babies enjoying themselves hugely in the greatest occasion of their lives.

This was the big day they had lived for: The first trip from their own town, the cots they slept in on the great swaying train, the scarlet

**NO** babies hold the spotlight more than the "Quins." Their exclusive life story as they grow up is told from time to time in story and picture in *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

slippers they found tied to each tiny cot for the journey, and finally the lovely room where they had come to meet Their Majesties—and for Yvonne the big gold buttons on the King's uniform.

The "Quins" completely captured the occasion.

Dr. Dafoe smiled benevolently on them, their nurse laughed, as did Mrs. Dionne, proudest mother in Canada. Even the King laughed with his wards.

The Parliament of Canada showed early interest in the "Quins" by making them wards of the King. At their first public appearance the "Quins" reciprocated by giving Parliament a treat.

Completely at ease, they blew kisses to the gallery, bowed and smiled, called to each other at the marvels they were seeing.

Emilie made a bid for the limelight Yvonne was attracting by attempting to climb into the seat specially reserved for the King.

A VIRGIL impression of the delightful scene when the Queen knelt to greet the Dionne quintuplets. "I am Yvonne!" cried one of the babies, introducing herself to Her Majesty.

The babies, who kicked up their heels at Court etiquette, have provided the Queen with a pretty tale to tell her own children when she returns home.

Sleepy-headed, they went home to Callander, and the swaying train

carried five blue coats, birthday gifts from Their Majesties, at the foot of each tiny cot. They couldn't bear to part with them; they made their glorious day so real.

See story on Page 10: "Queen is the loveliest lady."

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# They're Australia's leading cake makers!



THREE STAGES in the baking of the grand champion cake. 1. Mrs. Wilson mixes some of the ingredients. 2. Preparation completed, it is placed in a slow oven. 3. Ooh! It looks—and it is—delicious.



THE £500 SMILE. Mrs. Wilson, with cheque for £500, shows how it feels to win the grand champion prize.

## Congratulations showered on recipe prizewinners

Meet Australia's pre-eminent cake makers!

They are Mrs. James Wilson, of Vaucluse, Sydney, winner of the grand champion prize of £500 in The Australian Women's Weekly £1000 recipe contest, and Mrs. Ernest Floate, of Benalla, Victoria, who won the first prize of £100 in the cake section.

HOUSEWIVES everywhere are acclaiming the success of the contest.

Already the prizewinning recipes in all sections have been tried out in hundreds of homes.

Many a housewife has made for her family the delicious strawberry charlotte for which Mrs. R. White, of Yeronga, Brisbane, was awarded the first prize of £100 in the dessert section. Many a pantry is being stocked with jars of the golden shred marmalade which gained £50 for Mrs. Don Hurrell, of Port Lincoln, S.A.

But the greatest interest of all is centred in the cake recipes which constituted by far the majority of the entries.

"I'm sure I'm the happiest and most surprised woman in Australia to-day," said Mrs. Wilson after she had received the news that her recipe for a delicious fruit cake had won the grand champion prize.

"The baker's boy actually brought the news to me. He collects the mail for me from the letter-box at our front gate. It was a tremendous thrill when I opened the letter."

"My husband was the first person I told. He was at a conference, but I had him brought to the telephone."

"What did he say? Well, he just said, 'Bless you, my child!'"

### Family celebration

"To celebrate my success we shall have a family dinner. It will be our favorite menu—pea soup, roast beef, with Yorkshire pudding, roast potatoes, sweet potatoes, cauliflower and green peas, and home-made ice-cream."

Mrs. Wilson had baked the fruit cake from her recipe a few days before the results were announced.

"The basic recipe for it was given to me by an old family friend in Queensland many years ago," she explained, "but since then all the housewives in our family have been adding to the ingredients or otherwise altering it, so that my version of it is now almost an original recipe."

Mrs. Wilson taught herself to cook. Twenty-six years ago, when she married, she knew nothing about cooking at all.

"Because this has been a young people's house, I seem to have become a cake specialist," she said.

### VICTORIAN AWARD



MRS. FLOATE, in the kitchen of her home at Benalla.

CONGRATULATIONS are still pouring in at the home of Mrs. Floate, whose recipe for a rainbow block cake gained her first prize in the cake section.

"I feel it a great honor that my simple recipe has been chosen from more than half a million entries," she said. "We were all thrilled at the result."

"My winning cake was made from a recipe I made up myself. About eighteen years ago my husband was at a show at Horsham, and when he came home—we were then living at Warracknabeal—he said, 'I saw a cake there that will trick you, mum!'"

"From his description I drew a picture of what I thought the cake must have looked like. It looked so nice that I wasn't satisfied till I had made it myself. I made up my own mixture—and it was a beauty! The cake is still my husband's favorite."

Friends and relations have been calling and writing every day to congratulate Mrs. Floate on her success.

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# LOVE is the RAGE

A complete  
short story

**P**AT was curious about Clarke Forbes. Ever since she'd been sixteen or thereabouts she had known that men found her attractive. Sometimes the results were a little embarrassing, sometimes rather exciting. But there never failed to be an effect, once she had met a member of the opposite sex. It was just one of those things that happened. The tales had achieved a combination which invariably made, as they themselves said in whatever happened to be their language, changed men of them, and far from running away from the fact Patricia Mayhew acknowledged it and enjoyed observing the results.

By this time she knew, or thought she knew, all the possible processes of change, both visible and audible. That's why she was curious about Clarke Forbes. For Clarke Forbes showed none of them.

She had danced with him three times, and he still maintained an absolutely unruffled exterior.

At first she was interested in him as a unique specimen. But after the third dance, when still he showed no signs of being particularly interested in her, she grew a trifle piqued.

She asked Brice about him as soon as she could. "There was nothing remote about Brice Vernon. He was one of those who occasionally made life rather dangerous. He laughed now, guiding her expertly through the mazes of Mrs. Griscom's drawing-room.

"So you frosted your little fingers on Frozen-Face," he said. "There, at least, is one man of whom I don't have to be jealous."

"You've no right to be jealous of anyone," she answered with a meaning which he chose to ignore.

"That can be changed."

"And why do you call him Frozen-Face?" she demanded, pursuing the original subject.

"Isn't it obvious? He got the name in college. Sometimes, when he annoyed us more than usual, we made it Frozen-Fish. Youthful, but true. He's never been known to show a human emotion, I believe."

She watched Forbes across the room. "It seems incredible."

"Because he withstood even you?" Vernon dared to taunt her.

"Don't be so youthful, Brice. It's refreshing to meet an exception. If you must know!" she grinned at him. Patricia was particularly liking when she grinned, and Vernon said promptly:—

"Let me take you home—the long way."

She had expected to let him take her home, but suddenly she changed her mind. "Thanks, but I've already promised." At the look that swept over his face she said sweetly, "You can come to tea on Wednesday, if you like. . . . Tell me more about the human iceberg."

He shrugged. "There's nothing to tell. A fellow like that has no ups and downs, no heights or depths. He's dead level. And consequently uninteresting."

"He's new to the crowd, though," she persisted. "Where did he come from?"

"The Midlands, somewhere. Lives with his grandfather, who brought him up. Craig and I used to know him at college, only casually, of course, but when he came down here to go into the Severance office—he's an engineer, you know—he hunted Craig up, and one thing led to another. Nice enough chap, but something of an enigma. We never could make out whether he simply had no feelings or was just being Spartan and not showing them. . . . And now, for heaven's sake, let's all of you and me."



Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

It was late in the evening before Forbes asked her to dance again. The orchestra was playing the new hit, "Love—is—the-Rage." Pat hummed softly.

While they danced, Pat studied him—quite scientifically, she thought—from beneath her lashes. He danced well, even when he talked. He talked well, even when he danced. A rare combination. And his silence was not uncomfortable, either. Still, there was something lacking. She glanced up at the strong features above her. Frozen-Face. Frozen-Face. Ridiculous. . . . but that's just what you wanted to call him.

Was he one of those people you read about in books—someone with an icy exterior, but a seething volcano inside? The picture didn't fit; applied to Clarke Forbes it seemed slightly ludicrous. You could imagine him, hearing about it, smiling with faint amusement. She felt more piqued than ever.

"I am so warm," she said, all at once.

"Let me get you some punch," he piloted her to a chair. "I'll be right back."

Courteous enough, but about as much animation as a—as a—fish. She watched him weave in and out between couples and reach the punch bowl. With a filled cup he turned to retrace his steps. Freddie Dorr, slightly unsteady and quite irrepressible, jostled him with a playful elbow. The punch cascaded in a purple rill down Forbes' shirt-front. Freddie burst into loud laughter.

about it, which, she thought, in face of his calm manner, was perhaps a little overdone.

Still, she was rather breathless as they sat in the taxi, side by side. It would be exhilarating if at least a wisp of smoke from the inner volcano would show itself. But he spoke of the beauty of the city at night, and his interest in the new building going up—yes, that one over there—and the frost in the air. The breathless feeling subsided, little by little, until, when they reached her mother's door, she was as calm as he. Or was she?

**A**S they got out of the taxi Forbes handed the driver some silver. The man looked at them suspiciously. Then, "Hey, you!" he shouted in a thick, loud voice that carried down the quiet street. "Wait a minute."

Forbes turned, and Pat with him. "What's wrong?"

The driver shook his fist under Forbes' nose. "Do you know what time it is?"

"I think so. Has your watch stopped?"

"Don't get funny," the beery voice advised him. "Do you think I'm driving you a three-shilling ride at this time of night for a tanner tip?"

"Oh," said Forbes, in an enlightened manner, "so that's the trouble. Let me have that back." His tone was so reasonable that the driver was almost disappointed as he handed over the money. Forbes reached in his pocket, drew out a shilling and a florin and laid them

his hat, and the light shone on his blond hair. She held out her hand. "Thank you . . . and good-night."

He did not hold her hand longer than he should. "I should like to see you again," he said.

Pat rose in her. Surprisingly. "Oh," she said icily, too taken back to think of a better retort, "would you really?"

She turned and left him standing on the lower step.

Sally came in several hours later, vibrant, beautiful, talkative as ever. Pat's mother was in one of her lavish moods. She was either lavish in attention, or utterly oblivious of her daughter's existence. "A perfectly marvellous evening!" she cried, rushing into Pat's room. "You're not asleep, are you, darling? Imagine a daughter getting in before her mother. Was it stupid for you? Bob and I were devastated having to leave you there—but you know how it was, this thing just came up and it seemed too good to miss. I suppose Emma Griscom didn't mind. And did you have a lovely time, darling? Of course you got home all right—I can see that. Who brought you?"

Pat raised a flushed face from her pillow. It was the first question for which Sally had actually paused, and she was glad to answer it. "A fish," she said with vehemence. "A fish brought me home."

She had ample time to get over her annoyance before Clarke Forbes telephoned, and by that time she was curious again.

Forbes said he had sent for his car—taxi seemed to be rather unsatisfactory—and would she drive into the country and have dinner with him? It seemed like a pleasant prospect, and she would have been much happier about it if he hadn't sounded as if he were asking a routine question of a draftsman, and as if it didn't matter one way or the other what the answer was. Still, her answer was "Yes."

He was an enigma, all right, and

He strode across the floor. Vernon was still holding her arms when he came up to them.

one she was determined to solve. When Pat was determined about anything, she generally succeeded. Forbes, therefore, discovered himself explaining things to her before the end of the dinner.

"It's a matter of training," he said. "I suppose a person can be trained in any mould. My grandfather brought me up. His creed was control. Control of all emotions . . . and the outward expression of them."

Pat heard this in shocked silence. Finally she managed, "But why?"

"That way, my grandfather says, you do not experience great happiness, it is true, but neither do you expose yourself to great sorrow. I can remember him saying, 'It's best for you.' And he would always add, 'I know. And I want to protect you from the suffering I have had in life.'"

"And—do you really subscribe to that? Do you believe in it?" Pat demanded. "You seem to."

"I do," he affirmed, but calmly. "My grandfather did a pretty thorough job. I suppose I was as impulsive as any other boy. He subdued that, and emphasised the value of philosophy and logic."

"But that isn't living!"

"Why not?"

"Living isn't just—just processes of mind. It's feeling, too. Feelings that have nothing to do with philosophy and logic—that shouldn't even be touched by them. Good heavens, don't you ever want to laugh out loud, or jump up in the air, or stamp your foot, or cry? Well, maybe not cry—I suppose men don't. But aren't you ever exalted or depressed or wildly happy or beautifully sad?"

He smiled. "I can't say I am."

"But you're dead on your feet. You're existing, not living."

He looked at her with interest. "You seem to be quite stirred up. And yet, what good is it doing you?"

"A great deal," she retorted. "It's relieving my feelings."

Please turn to Page 12

By ADELE DE LEEUW

Pat waited, holding her breath. Forbes set down the cup, taking out his handkerchief, wiped the purple shirt-front, handed the moist ball of handkerchief to an attendant, and asked for another glass of punch.

When he reached her side, Pat said warmly, "The beast, he did it purposely."

"He's just feeling happy," Forbes said with a tolerant air. "If you can overlook the rather wilted condition, may I have the pleasure of taking you home?"

She had told Sally and Bob, when they had left her at the Griscoms, not to worry, that someone would bring her back. But she hardly thought it would be Forbes. She had a distinct feeling of triumph

in the man's open palm. "Now," he said in the tone of one talking to a child, "drive on. I know your number and the police will know it, too. If you're not careful. And next time," he advised the open-mouthed man, "I suggest that you take what the gods provide."

Pat was slightly open-mouthed, too. Any other man, she thought, would either have been acutely embarrassed and added a larger tip, or would have blustered about and grown angrier than the taxi-driver. But Forbes had done neither; nothing seemed to ruffle him, one way or the other. She wasn't quite sure that she liked it.

She found herself waiting, as he stood on the step below her, waiting for something. He took off



## Continuing Our Absorbing New Mystery Serial

By . . .

# Agatha Christie

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES



Almost immediately the door opened and a competent looking young woman appeared. "You rang, Doctor?"

# CARDS on the TABLE

AT an exhibition of snuff boxes, Mr. Shaitana startles M. Poirot by declaring that the most interesting of all exhibits are persons who commit crimes. From this arises his Mephistophelian idea of a dinner at which all his guests shall be connected with crime or its solution.

After dinner he arranges his guests at bridge; but at the conclusion of play Colonel Race is horrified to discover that Mr. Shaitana, apparently dozing in a chair by the fire, has actually been murdered.

Superintendent Battle is detailed to take charge of the case, and he questions Dr. Roberts, Mrs. Lorrimer, Major Despard, and Anne Meredith, who were the players in the room where Mr. Shaitana was murdered.

No definite conclusion is reached, however, and Superintendent Battle asks M. Poirot what he thinks of the psychology of the four possible murderers.

Characters in this story:

MR. SHAITANA, of indefinite foreign origin.

MRS. OLIVER, middle-aged detective-fiction writer.

SUPERINTENDENT BATTLE, of Scotland Yard.

MONSIEUR POIROT, a Belgian detective.

COLONEL RACE, interested in secret service work.

DR. ROBERTS, physician and man of the world.

MRS. LORRIMER, smart elderly woman.

MAJOR DESPARD, a travelled man, and

ANNE MEREDITH, young and lovely.

STILL smoothing his bridge scores, Poirot said:

"You are right—psychology is very important. We know the kind of murder that has been committed, the way it was committed. If we have a person who from the psychological point of view could not have committed that particular type of murder, then we can dismiss that person from our calculations. We know something about these people. We have our own impression of them, we know the line that each has elected to take, and we know something about their minds and their characters from what we have learned about them as card players and from the study of their handwriting, and of these scores.

"But it is not too easy to give a definite pronouncement. This murder required audacity and nerve—a person who was willing to take a risk. Well, we have Dr. Roberts—a bluffer—an overcaller of his hand—a man with complete confidence in his own powers to pull off a risky thing. His psychology fits very well with the crime. One might say, then, that that automatically wipes out Miss Meredith. She is timid, frightened of overcalling her hand,

careful, economical, prudent and lacking in self-confidence. The last type of person to carry out a bold and risky coup. But a timid person will murder out of fear. A frightened nervous person can be made desperate, can turn like a rat at bay if driven into a corner.

"If Miss Meredith had committed a crime in the past, and if she believed that Mr. Shaitana knew the circumstances of that crime and was about to deliver her up to justice, she would be wild with terror—she would stick at nothing to save herself. It would be the same result, though brought about through a different reaction—not cool nerve and daring, but desperate panic.

"Then take Major Despard—a cool, resourceful man willing to try a long shot if he believed it absolutely necessary. He would

weigh the pros and cons and might decide that there was a sporting chance in his favor—and he is the type of man to prefer action to inaction, and a man who would never shrink from taking the dangerous way if he believed there was a reasonable chance of success. Finally, there is Mrs. Lorrimer, an elderly woman, but a woman in full possession of her wits and faculties. A cool woman. A woman with a mathematical brain. She has probably the best brain of the four. I confess that if Mrs. Lorrimer committed a crime I should expect it to be a premeditated crime. I can see her planning a crime slowly and carefully, making sure that there were no flaws in her scheme. For that reason she seems to me slightly more unlikely than the other three. She is, however, the most dominating personality, and

whatever she undertook she would probably carry through without a flaw. She is a thoroughly efficient woman."

He paused. "So, you see, that does not help us much. No—there is only one way in this crime. We must go back into the past."

Battle sighed. "You've said it," he murmured. "In the opinion of Mr. Shaitana, each of those four people had committed murder. Had he evidence? Or was it a guess? We cannot tell. It is unlikely, I think, that he could have had actual evidence in all four cases—"

"I agree with you there," said Battle, nodding his head. "That would be a bit too much of a coincidence."

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# THE DARK AGES

A love drama of  
modern Europe  
... Complete short  
story

THE man looked as though he had been poured into his uniform. And had then swallowed his bayonet. He peered under the hood of the long black car and took the engine number. He looked at the skis sticking out from the rumble seat like the antennae of some monstrous insect. He looked at Stefan Helde's tryptique. He gave a last look at Stefan Helde. A young man travelling in an open sports car without a hat in mid-winter was, on the evidence, a dubious character.

"Perhaps next time you pass I shan't be here, mein Herr," the man said. "Perhaps there won't be any frontier."

Stefan wondered what he meant. He sounded as though he meant something. There'd been a lot of talk of course—rumors of fresh trouble. But there was always fresh trouble of some sort. And in a few days it was stale and people forgot all about it. "Well, I shall miss you," Stefan said. Someone raised the painted barrier. The official saluted. "Heil Hitler!" Half-way across the bridge that divided two countries Stefan turned to blow back a kiss.

The Austrian Customs officer looked as though he had slept in his uniform and that it didn't belong to him anyway. "Gruss Gott!" he said. Stefan Helde leaned out of his car and grasped his hand.

"I'm homesick," he said. "And you make me feel I'm home."

There were so few visitors in Salzburg. In the summer, for the great music festival, people would be falling over each other. Millions, belated in their reservations, would dicker meekly for a share in an attic, and the elusive champagne wouldn't be harder to bring down than a seat in the Festspielhaus. Now, with snow sprinkled over her mountains, the little Austrian town was just a little Austrian town, and the manager of the Oestricher Hof welcomed Stefan Helde like a harbinger of spring. He almost kissed him. "Your honored father—" he began. Young Stefan put his finger to his lips. "For the moment I have no honored father," he said. "And if you let anybody in this place know what I am I'll walk right out on you. I'm here to speak the language. And my mother told me if you Austrians knew I was American I wouldn't get a word of German in edgewise."

The manager understood.

"You speak so well already, Mr. Helde," he said in perfect English.

STEFAN stood at his bedroom window and looked out across the town to the mist-shrouded mountains. He felt as though he'd been running hard for a long time and had at last stopped to get his breath. His father had started him out. "Take a year to see the world before you show me how to manage my business," he'd said. "And for heaven's sake don't marry the first girl you fall in love with." The car had been a parting present. Just before he'd stepped on to the ramp-plank his mother had caught him back and kissed him again. "Good-bye, Stefan," she said. "Say Gruss Gott. Alterchen!" to the Monchberg. And remember the little square on the right of the Getreide Strasse and the little house with the balcony—"Sure, I'll remember."

But he'd almost forgotten. Then at the end of two weeks skiing in Etosuhl he had remembered. It would be fun to send her postcards. "You see, it's still here, just as you told me." Only it wasn't. In her homesick vision she had seen the



Illustrated by FISCHER

enclosing mountains warm with green and the streets gay with important people and had heard the music of the glockenspiel float up to her above the towers and domes of the churches.

Now everything was sheathed in a thin white and mists drifted damply across the face of the great Festung that lowered like a grim sentinel over the silence. The damp seemed to be in everything. It was creeping into his heart so that for the first time he felt sick of everything and wanted to take the car out of its garage and race for the nearest port. Well, he would be gone to-morrow.

He wouldn't wait. Before it was too dark he'd go out and find the Getreide Strasse and the house with the balcony so that he could tell his mother. He would never tell her how sad and dead it had all seemed to him.

He had no difficulty in finding his way. He knew it by heart. You followed the Elizabeth Kai, passed the Cafe Bazaar down to the Staatsbrücke which you crossed. And there, almost at once, was the little old street. Mozart had been born there, but much more important, Stefan Helde's mother.

And then suddenly he walked right up to the house. It was as though it had been waiting for him. He saw the balcony and the lighted room behind it. He heard his mother singing.

She was singing Mimi's first aria from "La Bohème." Only her voice was in its first fresh beauty—as she had been when she had leaned over the balcony and seen Stefan's father looking up at her.

Evidently some other listener wasn't enchanted at all. Someone interrupted rudely, took up the phrase and repeated it. A superb man's voice. He strode to the entrance of the court. And then,

not knowing why, came back and waited, listening, in the shadow.

The man seated at the piano took his hands from the keys. Though there was grey sprinkled in his thick black hair he was not old. But he seemed old to the girl standing sorrowfully in front of him. It was partly the battered look on his gaunt-featured face. Most of all it was her own shining youth. When one is twenty, forty seems the end of life.

"Fraulein Nina," he said, "your voice is good. And you are singing atrociously. Why?"

She answered him with another question.

"Tell me something, Meister. If I study for another year, will it be worth while? Shall I be what you said—a real singer?"

"If you study as you have done. If you don't spend your time crying about heaven knows what—yes, you will be a real singer." He glanced at her, his dark eyes whimsical but puzzled. "Well—aren't you satisfied?"

"No. It was my last hope. If you'd said you'd made a mistake and

Perhaps he would never sing like this again. He was singing for the first time to a woman.

I can cry all I want to and it won't matter."

"It matters a great deal—to you, perhaps to the world—at least to me."

"What can it matter to you?" she demanded almost with defiance.

He struck a chord and listened to its echo.

"I've been a real singer too, Nina," he said. "I can still sing, most people say, as well as ever. But I know better. The glory is departing. One day soon it will be gone. That is why I live here, where I belong, and teach you and others like you, to take my place—to sing for me when I am silent." He flashed her a brief, half-mocking smile.

"One day I shall go to the Festspielhaus and a new Mimi will sing with some new Rudolf. That will be my immortality."

Her own disaster was forgotten. She said humbly and wretchedly, "So I have got to fail you, too—"

"You need not. You must not."

He ran over the first notes of a fugue to hide the fact that he was stammering.

"Your lessons would cost you nothing, Nina. I could help you to live. You can pay me back when you are rich and famous."

She shook her head.

"I may never be—I can't be sure—"

"You can be. You can repay me now."

"How—how could I?"

"What do you really care for?" he asked.

"You know—my work—being what you want me to be."

"You don't love anyone?"

"I am not so stupid, Meister."

He laughed a little.

"No—I suppose one has to be old for that. When I was your age I

didn't love anyone either—only my career—my voice. Now these things have failed me. And I love you, Nina. It's not even my immortality in you. I love you so much I would be glad to be forgotten—I am not even proud enough to let this disaster overtake us both." He asked in a low voice, "Does all this seem—very ridiculous to you?"

"No—only very strange—and, and wonderful."

"Nina—I am asking you to marry me—not to love me." He was careful not to look at her. If he had seen her face he would have known that she had told him the truth. The very word "love" was like a word spoken to a child for the first time. "I am asking for the right to help you." But before she answered he turned full on her. He said with a sudden harshness, "Think first who I am."

She faltered, not understanding.

"Why, you're Franz Wolf—the great tenor. Everyone knows you—all over the world. Everyone in Salzburg loves you."

"I am a Jew," he said. He spoke with a bitter pride. "Time was in this town when I would have worn a yellow patch on my coat to distinguish me from human beings. And at night I should have been hounded back with the rest of my race into the Judengasse."

"Those were the Dark Ages," she said scornfully.

"Ours may be a dark age," he said, half to himself. "The wheel turns. Even now we may be entering into the shadow—even in our Salzburg where there seems so much light."

She went to him, her young chivalry in arms. She took his hand and kissed it. "I have warned you," he said unsteadily. "There is still our Judengasse."

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## By I.A.R. WYLIE

I was a failure I could have stood it. Because, you see, I am not going to study for another year. I am going home."

"Going home?" he repeated. He said impatiently. "But that's absurd—"

"Yes—isn't it? But it happens to be true. I've got to. I had a letter this morning. After all, father left nothing—only debts and trouble." She broke off. She had meant to be so grown-up and stolid. And she was near to being swept off her feet with grief and bitterness. The man at the piano looked down at his hands away from her. "Poor child!" he said gently.

"So you see—it doesn't matter—"





Bill regarded Betsy with such a warm interest that she felt color rising hotly to her cheeks.

N OBODY knew why Mrs. Forbes went south through the hottest part of the season on the swaying, wearying camels. Perhaps she herself scarcely knew, apart from accepting a blind instinct as a reason, and the awful power of the compelling force urging her onwards against her strength. She was sixty, the widow of Angus Forbes, who had been good to her.

So good, she realised, when the almost silent little man had died, leaving her the station, which scarcely paid, and her respectable position as an Inland widow, with a name, a home, and a few friends scattered round the incredible distances of the Dead Heart. Why was it called the Dead Heart?—she often wondered, when the long yearly "dry weather" passed and the rains came, to end the thirst of the dusty ground and set carpets of tiny starlike flowers over the sandhills which, a week before the rain, had been scurrying in drifts, like dull red smoke, before the caprice of the blazing winds. And the long dry creeks filled in a week or two with white ribbons made of arum lilies, lying on the greening plains to give delight to the eye.

It was like life—the Inland, working in rhythm, a delight here, a long dull spell there, pain and happiness, exultation and despair, all rhythm, and dramatically changeable in mood. Twenty years of resignation—which is less cowardly than submission—had taught Mrs. Forbes to endure the dull spots in living for the peace of those which followed after. The lonely greatness of the huge dramatic land had taught her wisdom, patience, and given her the power to think, therefore to place true values on things, and know herself an atom on the face of the universe.

On her long trek south, she sat by the camp-fire for the fourth night

since leaving the station home in the charge of an old boundary rider who could be trusted. "No, I don't know how long, Andy! You'll manage until I return."

The black boy, an Arundta lad, sat by his fire away from his mistress. He watched her, his eyes shining white in his dark face. Again she was examining those little bits of paper taken from the front pocket of her riding breeches. She was thin, tall, wiry, withered by countless scorching suns, lined by grief, worry, pain and the years which had passed by without much of joy to remember. Her lips smiled faintly while her eyes remained clouded as she read the bits of paper—one a newspaper-clipping, the other part of a letter.

S HE had retained one friend during her twenty years of exile from the city a thousand miles south, where silver beaches and rounded hills, theatres and opera, dances and big stores made life for the average woman, and had once characterized life for her. Emily had remained faithful, through shock, scandal and flight, writing regularly once each month with what scraps of gossip would interest Mrs. Forbes. Nearly every letter contained news, mostly unimportant, of one young person, and these scraps of paper referred to that young person, and were the reason for Mrs. Forbes'

hard journey south on camels before the breaking of the drought.

Emily had a secret, the shameful secret of a rich, middle-aged woman cursing herself and her folly for bribing a younger man by subtle means into pretending love for her. She had told Mrs. Forbes of this secret, because the bursting heart must release its burden to someone—and the Inland was so far away that Emily's story read like the pages of a novel, until, when the camel-mail came northward last time, Emily's fattened envelope disclosed tragedy. Emily did not feel the tragedy as Mrs. Forbes did. It was all in a few lines of Emily's letter, now held sideways so that the flickering firelight would illumine its single page; the others were gossip, torn up and thrown away as comparatively immaterial. A spasm of pain twisted the woman's sun-scorched face as for the fiftieth time she read Emily's words:

"... my jealousy and pain is over, Annie, dulled and dead, but I feel I have to tell you about his present move. The Tarrants are well-off, as you know, dear, and Betsy is far too young, sweet, wholesome and inexperienced for his kind of love. But he has dazzled and charmed her as he did me, to my eternal shame and regret. I told you how she is slowly being influenced by that 'intelligent' crowd she has mixed with, but that stage of daring and artificiality was

harmless in itself. It is Brian who is far from harmless, and now the affair has reached the marrying stage I am afraid for her. He is so suave, so finished in all his mannerisms, that no romantic girl with her heart full of film-heroes could fail to be attracted. Of course, he could not get her any other way—nor the Tarrant money—so—marriage. With his record, Annie! And her father being now blind, and no relations to advise her—if the young would take advice—she seems doomed to that marriage. Oh, Annie, if only this one nice girl could be spared the tragedy his type gives to trusting women, some of my remorse might be expiated... but what is there to do? Nothing can be done, though I felt impelled to tell you about it. It is not gossip. The enclosed clipping explains how far it has gone."

The enclosed clipping, now in Annie Forbes' unsteady fingers, was a Press notice of an engagement between Lizabetta Tarrant, only daughter of Lyndon Tarrant, the well-known scientist, and Brian

Farmer, only remaining son of... His parents were dead. Annie folded the worn scrap of newspaper back into her pocket and lay down in her riding clothes to stare into the silver smudge of the Milky Way, an illimitable reminder, always of human unimportance.

There was one human who was anything but unimportant, to Annie, at least. And Lyndon Tarrant was blind! So, at last his tired eyes had given out and at last his proud spirit was broken.

Tears slowly ran between the unclosed lids of the woman lying by the Inland camp fire. Old hurts could be forgiven, for time softens rancor and the sting of injustice, but oh! the pain of "what might have been"—and the slow, sad pilgrimage of facing what had been and what was... and what had to be!

Betsy, who was Lizabetta Tarrant, swung idly in a hammock fixed between two trees in the shade of the well-drenched garden. A low-bell-

## The WEDDING DRESS



# COMPLETE SHORT STORY by Neil Sandes

Betsy was young and modern, but wise enough to appreciate things that really matter . . .

single-storied, shuttered house stood back, dappled by shadow, glittering where the sun beat down on its cleverly-plastered outer walls which were colored by the addition of striped sunblinds. A porch jutted here and there, shady and inviting, but Betsy, with her golden tan, chestnut hair, and the kind of skin that does not redden or freckle, preferred the scented warmth of the open. It was December, crickets scraping their infinitesimal orchestra into the heat, the grass seeping as moisture soaked in, and the jacaranda, mauve and perfumed, dropping its petals to the green beneath where Betsy's hammock swung. She was turning the pages of a fashion journal—a wedding number gay with lovely designs for under and top wear. Her whole face lighted up as she imagined herself clad for the big day in the sheath-like satin frock pictured on the front cover. And what a frock!

There were three months yet to the wedding, but the matter of clothes was of extreme importance and must be planned far ahead. No fashionable cathedral wedding could take place without the sartorial display which would give columnists their opportunity for telling the world at large what this and that guest wore. The wedding, in fact, was represented more in terms of fashion and convention than in terms of love, loyalty, mutuality, and purpose. In Betsy's bewildered mind. She adored Brian; he was so good to look at, the girls envied her so, and no matter where he went he could manage any situation, from casual head-waiters to impertinent garage attendants. He even charmed poor Dad into something resembling politeness. But who, blinded for months after years of active life and joy among papers and books, could be really amiable?

Betsy threw the journal to the lawn and lay with hands locked behind her bright head. She yawned. Bother frocks and furbelows. Another week wouldn't hurt before ordering the decided-upon article from Madame. She yawned again at the singing birds, the crickets, the warm-cool scent of hose-water on sun-hot grass swam and melted in her brain. A jerk! Good heavens, she on earth was that coming in through the latticed gate? Into the garden by the latticed gate, as only she and her father came; others used the drive, if driving, and the side path if walking. And in the best too, and what a funny-looking, shabby old figure in clothing years behind the times. . . . Oh, of course, the housekeeper's position. The best applicant. A newspaper was hidden beneath one arm of the shabby little woman in the ancient coat and skirt. Confound Mrs. Simms for giving notice and causing such bother with a wedding coming on!

At heart Betsy was kindly and gentle, and something in the tired attitude of the newcomer stirred her compassion. Old, tired, looking for jobs in other people's homes! Tough luck!

The woman approached, unfolded the newspaper and apologized for her apparent blundering into a private part of the grounds, but could the please see the . . . mistress?

Betsy nodded and dragged forth a cane chair. "I happen to be," she

said, smiling to put the poor soul at her ease. She was shaking with nervousness, almost stammering. Could a job mean so much to her? Thank goodness Brian wasn't here; he would curiously dislike the stranger to the back premises, and Betsy was bored by her own company, eager to replace Mrs. Simms, and somehow wanted to be kind to this lined old lady whose eyes were blue as periwinkles despite her age. "You see, I have no mother . . ." Betsy chattered on for a few moments, giving a quick resume of the position, explaining the unusual nature of the job on offer. The applicant nodded, saying yes, she understood; she would have to manage the house, see to the meals, control the cook and housemaid, watch the weekly laundry woman, and keep an eye on the man who did the garden. And . . . here the applicant faltered badly . . . perform small personal services for Mr. Tarrant, who had a "man" for more intimate help, but sometimes required reading to, and a little assistance with his meals. He was not said Betsy, faltering now, also, quite used to managing his knife and fork yet, and was . . . she had to admit it . . . rather irascible when not dispirited or despairing. The salary, Betsy added quickly, would be a good one.

"It's rather awkward," confessed the girl, now smoking as if to quieten her restless fingers. "And I feel sure you'll manage the job, so I might as well . . . I mean, nothing would please me more than to take Dad with me . . . What I mean is, I'm being married in three months' time and my fiancé . . . he doesn't believe in married couples having parents in the house, however large it might be. So whoever takes charge here— . . . She laughed uneasily. "Must get used to it, and stay used to it, with me going so soon. My father has nobody," she added, and hated her "softness" for sounding husky.

Betsy was uncomfortable. While talking she was conscious of apprehension, as if the stranger were listening with one part of her mind while her eyes watched . . . yes, hungrily . . . to fill her mind with the girl herself. How absurd, thought that girl, and simply too sentimental! Yet, crush back her natural sentiments as she tried, Betsy could not move the word "yearning" from

*They found themselves talking quietly — as old friends talk.*

her mind. The woman's eyes yearned towards her.

With all that in mind Betsy said suddenly: "Do have some tea before I show you round the house . . ."

Well, I'm figured, she said to herself, as the stranger's face lighted up as though a great joy had entered her heart.

Mrs. Forbes fitted into the menage with astonishing ease. After Mrs. Simms' huffed departure—she disliked being replaced so simply—Betsy waited for the inevitable disillusion, but nothing happened. Quietly, efficiently, even graciously, the newcomer performed her duties with full knowledge of all that was required. The servants liked her, and that said Betsy with relief, was half the battle. She even got round to the right side of the blind man by reading in a slow, melodious voice that had no hardness and did not boggle at complicated words and expressions.

Betsy had noticed one small thing that seemed too "significant of mystery" to be overlooked. Two hours after the new housekeeper was installed, Betsy had said something about commencing to get used to telephoning the tradesmen. With-out a word Mrs. Forbes had picked up the girl's written list to go unerringly to the little hidden phone cubby in between drawing and dining room doors. The cubby had, twenty years ago, been a pantry in a most awkward position. The paneling hid its presence now, yet Mrs. Forbes had turned the carved knob and opened the paneling, to go in and seat herself to telephone.

Betsy asked, when unable to stop thinking of this, just how the newcomer knew where the phone was. A wave of painful color spread over the little lady's face, and a confession came forth simply: "Once upon a

## "HOUSES"

*I passed you by to-day and saw  
Your noble silhouette displayed*

*Against the morning sky. But all*

*Your new magnificence betrayed*

*You were too young to know the joys*

*A garden gives. So knowing well*

*You held no soul within your walls,*

*I passed you by, a lovely shell,*

*I passed you by to-day but stayed  
Awhile. You were so sweet and small:*

*Shyly you hid among your flowers,*

*Rowe gallants wooed you from the wall.*

*I loved your cobbled paths where all*

*Your children's feet have run in tears*

*And joy. Dear monument to love,*

*I wished you peace through all the years.*

—Nan Furness.



time I . . . paid a visit to this house. A . . . too - brief visit. I remembered."

Betsy suddenly became aware of her rapid heartbeats: "Oh, did you know my mother?" cried the girl.

There was a pause full of anxiety while two minds endeavored in different ways to cope with the outcome of the query.

"I'm employed here only," said the woman at last. "And perhaps it would not be . . . advisable . . . to discuss your mother with you, as your father is so . . . so full of dislike for her. But I did know your mother fairly well."

"Oh, forget dad," said Betsy in sudden eagerness. "He's ages behind the times with his mid-Victorian ideas on marriage and morals. In fact, he's even half-quarrelled with me because he says I'm not marrying for love."

"And are you?" asked the woman quietly.

The girl was nonplussed for all her modern poise. "Why of course . . . I mean, who does marry for love? And if they do, marry in that blind fever they wake up and get divorced. To marry for love! Who dares believe that love can last?"

AND all that the housekeeper answered was contained in a crooked smile, so Betsy sought Mrs. Forbes in her little sitting-room that evening, taking with her the fashion journal. Would Mrs. Forbes help her pick out a design for the wedding frock?

They found themselves talking quietly as old friends talk, with silences, pauses which did not offend, and the journal lay neglected on the table by a used tray of tea and cakes. A fear was digging deep into Betsy's young heart. Life was not the easily managed affair she had thought it, nor was the wedding quite the fashion-show it was before. Mrs. Forbes was placing solemnity and mystery into the coming ceremony, and Betsy sent a startled glance into the wise blue eyes of the older woman.

"How can I believe in love?" asked the girl, all at once blither. "My own mother ran away with a man after two years of my father. You knew my mother, you say. She did go away with a man, didn't she? You heard about the divorce. You must have if you knew her. Dad was simply frantic. She smashed his life with her folly . . . her wickedness . . . and left me. No woman can be even decent that deserts a baby in a cradle and leaves her to servants . . . to loneliness." Betsy's lips were trembling. "Deserted her own baby for a man, and . . . But you know all about it."

"Yes, I know all about it."

"Well?" she said almost solemnly. "If you knew my mother, you knew her character. It's all true, isn't it?"

"In a way, yes. Your mother was a loving, lovable, sentimental girl without much brains. She had intelligence that developed later, but she was not a clever woman. She trusted too implicitly. Clever women feather their nests and . . . However, there was a man, a charming racial who thought it amusing to

Illustrated by WEP

make love to a friend's decent wife. She was not clever, as I said, and in her hunger to be loved . . ."

"My father . . . didn't love her?" asked Betsy, all eyes and wonderment. Then, "No, perhaps not, though, in his way . . ."

"A silent, ruthless, proud way," said Mrs. Forbes simply. "The way of a man with high principles and no patience with human failings. Yes, in his way, he loved her, which was a possessive, my-wife-can-do-no-wrong way. She . . . did no wrong, Betsy."

Betsy! Neither noticed the use of the word, "She did no wrong?" cried the girl, bewildered and incredulous.

"Socially she was a little indiscreet. Morally she did no wrong. Nor did she realize the construction that your father put upon the light-hearted affair when some kind friend warned him. A kiss . . . would have drawn the wife back to him. He chose lectures and cold criticism. She, in tears, turned to the lover who was not a lover technically. He pleaded with her to hide for a while, to let her husband miss her and come to his senses, and offered her . . . poor little blind fool . . . his cottage in the hills. Distraught and bewildered, loving her husband as . . . she always did, she went away, and the would-be lover followed his opportunity. There was a scene at the cottage which the husband should have witnessed to understand her shock and horror . . . But he never did know the truth. She was being watched. The evidence was damning. And . . . you know what happened. Your father got the custody of the child . . . yourself."

"But how do you know this is true?" begged Betsy.

"I know, because I knew . . . her."

"Then . . . what of me?" asked the baby grown up.

Mrs. Forbes swallowed, controlled her contracting throat with an effort, and in flat tones answered: "You . . . had a nurse, and a girl to wheel you out. Your mother was disgraced, shamed, and robbed of everything she wanted in the world. She went to work. She read during the mornings to a crabby old spinster woman who had a bachelor brother in the inland . . . on a lonely station there. While your mother worked during the mornings, she could use part of the afternoons to watch for your perambulator. Each day she watched and waited when it was time . . . She saw you, sometimes."

"And after that . . .?"

"The spinster lady died. Your father took you abroad with him, and his sister Prue, whom you don't remember. She died. And your mother took a position inland . . . a thousand miles north in the centre of the country . . . housekeeping for a very kindly man who later . . . married her and left her his property."

"And my mother loved us . . . me and Dad . . . all the time. Perhaps . . . she still does? Mrs. Forbes, tell me, is my mother still alive?"

Mrs. Forbes sat rigid, pretending not to feel the girl's tight grip on her arm. "I have not," said the woman slowly, "had a letter from your mother in years."

"What about the wedding frock?" asked Mrs. Forbes a week later. "Madame Alise is on the telephone."

Please turn to Page 20



# An Editorial "She's the LOVELIEST lady"...

JUNE 3, 1939

## KEEP ROMANCE IN MARRIAGE

**A** LEADING churchman said the other day that there should be a school for those about to wed where young people could be taught to make a success of their marriage.

And in any such school the first lesson should be on the keeping of romance in marriage.

After the rose-pink dreams of sweethearting days have melted into the prosaic job of Monday morning's washing for the woman and the daily task at factory, shop, or desk for the man, romance still comes into the happy marriage partnership.

There is happiness in even these everyday matters—the making of a house into a home, surrounding it with happy associations.

To some couples this comes easy; to others after-marriage adjustments are something of a trial.

Since marriages are made in Heaven, and the working out of them proceeds on this matter-of-fact old earth, romance must take in a working partner if the marriage is to be a success.

And that partner is humor.

*He is a valuable fellow to have about the house in the first years of married life, when the inevitable adjustments have to be made.*

Humor has saved the situation more than once when the young groom thought he could still go to the club at night or spend an evening with the boys, or the bride of a few weeks discovered that King Alfred wasn't the only one to be chided for burning the cakes.

Every married couple should try to keep the romance of the first year as a pattern for the rest of their married life.

*Out of it will grow a partnership of ideals which is the truest basis of happy marriage.*

The fragrance of romance will linger about them as they climb the hill together. Two people who have learnt to live as one.

—THE EDITOR.

## Queen's charm captures hearts of Americans

By Beam Wireless from Our Special Representative at Ottawa

After George Reid, a Canadian stone mason, had shaken hands with the Queen at Ottawa, he said: "The Queen is the loveliest lady I ever saw. I would have told her so had the King not been present."

**H**E spoke for America and its people when he made that remark concerning the charm of the Queen.

The news of her friendly handshake with three workers on the Ottawa Supreme Court building delighted people in the United States when the news crossed the border.

But already the people of the United States were being told by their own newspaper-men about the grace and charm of Elizabeth of England:

"Some of the Queen's photographs libel her," said one New York pressman. "She has a lovely complexion. It would knock them stone dead in Hollywood."

The United States is beginning to realise what the Empire has known for a long time—that the King and Queen are the world's sweethearts.

Americans who had pictured them merely as figures of regal dignity are delighted to find them delightful personalities as well.

They do not hedge themselves within a charmed circle, but step out to meet the world and his wife.

They are interested in mixing with the masses—they want to know people. Their interest is genuine—and their regard is sincere.

The youthful couple who sit on the throne of England, although they fulfil all the requirements of the most romantic ideas of Royalty, are, to use an American term, "regular fellows."

They make you pleased to know that rulers can be so human—can anchor your affection with their simplicity and humanity.

On every hand people in America are acclaiming this woman who looks like a Queen from a fairy tale.

### Went to movies

**B**UT most of the adulation showered on her is a direct tribute to her personality—as a woman.

When the Queen was Lady Mary Elizabeth Bowes Lyon she went to the pictures and paid for herself out of her weekly pocket money.

Her parents were nobles, but not rich, and her week-end spending money as a girl was sixpence.

Some of this simple upbringing is reflected in the interest the Queen takes in ordinary everyday matters.

She makes people like her because she really likes people.

There is no more condescension in her handshake with a workman than in her greeting to a duchess.



A SMILING STUDY of the Queen conversing with Lady Bessborough, whose husband, Lord Bessborough, was Governor-General of Canada before Lord Tweedsmuir.



THE KING and Queen posed for this picture before they stepped from the liner Empress of Australia for the Canadian tour.

She adores children. A happy smile breaks across her face when youngsters present her with flowers.

All her life some little child has come tripping forward to present a bouquet, but to Her Majesty the Queen it is always a pleasant experience.

She relishes with them the greatness of the occasion. She smiles at them with the same smile she specially reserves for children, the smile that mother gives to the Royal children at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle.

And so it is with the King. Not the direct heir to the throne, he led his early life in a freer atmosphere than the rigid Court etiquette of a future King. He served in the war as a midshipman. He hunted, camped, lived and moved among Englishmen as one of themselves. He married a Scots girl and lived the life of a younger son of Royalty.

When the call came to kingship it was his wife as much as the King who set about the task of preparing

for the greater duty to which they were called.

But they had lived too happy a life, and too full a one, to be anything but their own delightful selves.

This charm they brought to the throne, and America is acclaiming it to-day.

It was the Queen who helped the King with his stammer.

At official functions she sat close to him, giving her moral support to him during the ordeal of speech-making.

Who does not remember, when the couple were in Australia as Duke and Duchess of York, how her hand would steal out quietly and press his, giving him that reassurance which sent him forward with his address?

### Life of drama

**A**N Australian doctor has cured the King of his stammer. To-day there is little trace of it in his addresses, but the job could not have been done without the assistance of the Queen.

Royalty lives in a continuous atmosphere of drama.

Could there be anything more thrilling than the occasion on which the King took his place in the Canadian Parliament, as King of Canada, to give the Royal assent to measures passed by the House?

Kingship and Empire became a living reality to Canadians in that simple act of the King among his Parliament.

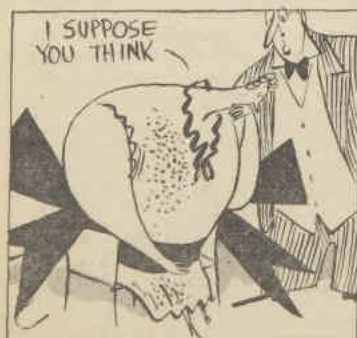
Yet the human gestures are longer remembered:

When a Queen shakes hands with a workman, and he tells the world she is the loveliest lady.

The Queen making part of her speech in French to the people of Quebec, the Queen waving from the platform as the Royal train passes some remote village.

The Queen conversing over the trans-Atlantic telephone with her children. These things are spontaneous. They are remembered.

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP







Lemuel and Cornelius become all-British to welcome Their Majesties to the United States.

## Yankees at the Court of King George

Lemuel and Cornelius chat over Royal Visit to U.S.A

You've no idea what perturbation was caused among the social highbrows in the United States when they heard that the King and Queen were going to look in on them.

They thought the idea swell, sure. But did they get the jitterbugs? I'll say!

**C**AIN'T you just picture Cornelius Q. Vanderhum talking to his club-mates? "You going to meet this here English King, Lemuel?" "Cain't say, Cornelius. What sorta guy is he?" "Fairly tall. Plain, but pleasant. Do you know, they tell me he's never tasted corn pone!" "Gwan!" "Yes, sir. He's got a gang of Eskimos with him."

"Eskimos?" "No. Wait a minute. Hiram will know. Hey, Hiram! Wassa name of these fellers the English King has around him?" "Bump-off men?" "Naw. Something like Eskimos." "Oh, freeze-out men. They're equerries." "Sure. Thassit. I'll tell you what, Lemuel. I wish he hadn't brought his wife with him. Say, Hiram! What do they call this English King's wife?"

By  
**L. W. LOWER**  
Australia's Foremost  
Humorist  
Illustrated by WEP

"Now jes' wait a minute. It's not the Ace, and it ain't the ten. It's some card in the pack." "Wouldn't be the joker, mayhap?" "No, sir. I know! She's the Queen."

"Say, what a cute idea! Get it, Lemuel! They start off with the King, then the Queen, and work through the pack for the kids. The two little girls over in his home town must be the Jack and the Ten."

"What'd you mean when you said you wished he hadn't brought his wife with him? She's a nice little lady, ain't she?" "Sure! But she's got a collection of cremations—no, that's not it. Hll Hiram, what's the name they give these hotcha, lallapalooza women's frocks from Paris?" "Creations."

"Yes, sir. She lands here with these creations and what happens?" "Don't tell me. I know. The little woman at home goes to town with the family cheque book and comes back with sixteen new hats and a couple of ermine pull-overs. No, that's wrong."

"Hi, Hiram!" "Hiya!" "What's the name of those ermine fur things that swell dames wear?" "Why, coats, I guess."

"Well, all I can say is that they ought to have a longer name than that." "Sometimes they call 'em wraps." "Raps! Say, buddy, this wasn't a rap my wife brought home. It was a blow. And listen, Lemuel, she's got to have a box seat in the theatre and be taken to the swellest night-clubs so she can show off the creations. What's more she sheds the rap and throws it on a chair just as if it was a car-minder's dust-coat."

"What the heck for?" "To show off the durned creation she's got on and to let people know that a thousand-dollar coat is just a mackintosh to her."

### Social Disabilities

"SAY, lissen me. How would it go if I sent the pair of them an invite out to our place one night for dinner?"

"I wouldn't do it, buddy. First of all, you'd have to lay in a stock of gold plates with a batter for each seat. That costs plenty dough."

"A batter? You mean a bottler?" "Hey, Hiram! What's those guys who stand behind chairs and take your dinner away before you've finished it? All done up in tuxedos and boiled shirts?"

"Walters."

"No, sir! This guy is the big shot."

"A buckler?"

"Thassit! A buckler. Now, where in the heck am I going to find one of these bucklers in this man's town? I guess the whole supply has been booked up for months."

"Tell you what, ole pal. This country must have a very bad name abroad."

"How come?"

"This here King comes out here with a battleship on each side of his boat. Al Capone is out of the running. Legs Diamond is tucked away. Pretty Boy Floyd has been bumped off—what does he want battleships for?"

"Maybe you got it wrong. Maybe they're bottle-ships, not battleships." "Hot dog! I never thought of that. Sure, he'd be bound to bring his own hooch. You got to hand it to those Britishers. They don't miss any cards."

"What I want to know is what to wear and what a guy calls him. I'm too short to wear one of those admiral's uniforms, and not fat enough for a field marshal's rigout. I should say the whole fish and soup with a white tie and the old

gardenia, and, as for what to call him, I'd say just 'George.' I've never heard of him being called anything else."

"Just, 'Howya, George?'"

"That ought to be oke."

I foresee in this great Royal experiment a profound change indicated in American social life in the future. There might also be a change in our King and Queen when they get back home, what with the King walking through the gates of Buckingham Palace and slapping the sentry on the back and saying, "Ho, there, Boz! How's tricks?"

We shall see. I'm not a very good foreign commentator, but I'm a good forecaster, except when it comes to horses.

Anyway, long may they wave!



*"Seven generations behind my choice of Horrockses sheets"*

For nearly 150 years the women in our family have bought Horrockses Sheets and Pillowcases. Now my granddaughter is buying Horrockses, too. She'll be the eighth generation to prove the sound economy of buying Horrockses Sheets and Pillowcases. I think it's splendid that, in these modern times, she can buy Sheets and Pillowcases and be sure—if Horrockses name is on the selvedge—that they'll give the same wonderful wear that women have appreciated for seven generations.

QUALITY + COMFORT + ECONOMY

are assured when you insist on

**Horrockses**

REGD.

SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES

H27.18

How does she keep Healthy and Happy in WINTER

She's as healthy and happy as a schoolgirl! — and her secret for Winter fitness — just Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

If you follow her lead, you, too, will have bright eyes, a clear skin and radiant health the Winter through. Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone you up, gently stimulate the system and daily clear away food residue and other impurities.

So start taking Bile Beans to-night and keep gloriously fit and well, free from colds and flu, during the Winter months.

By Nightly Taking

**BILE BEANS**

"I feel that others should know how excellent Bile Beans really are. Ever since taking them I've had a feeling of fitness and health that carries me through the longest day. Bile Beans also keep the figure slender and attractive."—Miss J. Hart.

"I think Bile Beans wonderful. Taking them nightly has made all the difference to my appearance. My skin is a healthy colour, my complexion blemish-free, my eyes are bright and I get up of a morning feeling rejuvenated."—Mrs. F. S. Bolton.



## MOTHER—don't let her go to bed



The morning rush! The hurried lunch! The day's work! The evening out! The week-end sport! This whirl of modern life brings tired digestion and under-nourishment.

She will sleep well if you give her a quickly made cup of Benger's Food before she goes to bed. Benger's is more than comforting—it differs from all other foods in its ability to give complete nourishment while the tired digestion rests.

This is because Benger's Food, and Benger's Food only, contains in itself the enzymes of natural digestion. When you add the hot milk to Benger's Food, these enzymes become active and partly digest both the Food and the milk before you take it. This is why the system is able to assimilate the exceptional nourishment of Benger's Food without digestive strain. The good work of Benger's Food begins with the very first cup.

Prices in City and Suburbs:  
No. 1 size - 3/-  
No. 2 size - 5/6  
Made in Cheshire, England.

## BENGER'S

the self-digestive Food



### MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE.

Whilst half a pint of milk is coming to the boil, take one level tablespoonful of Benger's Food; stir into a smooth cream with 4 tablespoonful of cold water. Take the boiling milk and immediately it starts to settle in the pan, pour it slowly on to the cold mixture. Drink as soon as cool enough. Sugar to taste. Both Food and milk are partially self-digested.

For invalids and infant feeding, follow the directions contained in the pamphlet enclosed with each tin.

FREE Write for the Benger's Booklet to Benger's Food, Ltd. (Inc. in England), 350, George Street, Sydney.

## Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

If you suffer from choking, wheezing, coughing, Asthma and Bronchitis—if you gasp for breath, can't sleep nights, and feel your heart pounding against your ribs, and suffer from Indigestion, Nervousness, Headache and Loss of Vitality and Energy, there is new hope, health and happiness for you in the discovery of an American physician.

A specialist with 50 years' experience discovered that the true cause of most Asthma is from Germs and Acids in the blood. By refreshing the blood, killing the Germs and removing the Acids, the cause is removed and then Asthma can be truly ended. The discovery, which is called Mendaco, is a pure and harmless prescription in pleasant, easy-to-take tablet form. It works so fast that it starts circulating through the blood in 3 minutes, killing the Germs and removing the Acids which cause those terrible choking, gasping, straining spells. Within 24 to 48 hours you will notice a vast difference, and at the end of the 3-day treatment you, as thousands of others, will feel completely free from Asthma, because Mendaco represents a discovery that removes the underlying cause of the disease. No matter how long you have suffered or how many things you have tried, you owe it to yourself to try this new discovery.

### Ends Asthma After 20 Years

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma, Bronchitis and Hay Fever are daily telling how well they feel since they ended their trouble with Mendaco. For instance, Mr. Charles Fleetwood-Smith, of West Ulverston, Tasmania, recently wrote: "My doctor said that I was a dying man with Asthma and Bronchitis. The agony from choking was awful and I used to cough up over a pint of choking phlegm every night—I could not sleep at all. It cost me £400 for doctors, hospital and medicines. Then I gave Mendaco a trial. The first evening I slept all night without waking or coughing.

I do not know how to praise Mendaco enough. It has saved my life. I have waited 44 months for it to come back, but I am still free, thanks to Mendaco."

"It only seems fair that I should write and let you know what Mendaco has done for me," Mr. R. Lipman, of Palm Beach, Australia, said. "I have been a sufferer from bronchial Asthma for 19 years. Every night at about 2.30 a.m. I would get an attack which lasted two to three hours, and at times I was so bad that even the slightest exertion, such as playing the piano, would bring on an attack, which greatly inconvenienced me. Two months ago I took a small bottle of your Mendaco and since then, I can honestly say, I have never had an attack."



Mr. R. Lipman, of Palm Beach, Australia.

### Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. In no time at all Mendaco may really make you feel years younger and stronger. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow.

## Mendaco

Ends Asthma • Bronchitis • Hay Fever

## Love is the Rage

Continued from Page 5

YOU can see that the beginning was hardly satisfactory. But from that moment Pat had a new mission in life. She was going to make Clarke Forbes over into a real human being.

She began immediately. She was as sweet as only she knew how to be, so that he would want to see her again.

In that respect, at least, the evening was a success, and before he left her at the door he said in that unemotional voice of his that he would be ringing her up very soon.

In the interim, Pat had lunch with her father. The occasions when she had lunch with him were always like a party, and yet when she came away she invariably felt like crying. She wondered miserably why it had all happened—why two people who loved each other, as her mother and father seemed to do, couldn't live together?

She tried to divert him by telling him about Clarke Forbes. She made it sound quite amusing. "He's been brought up by an uncle of a grandfather, and he's turned into an engineer who believes that all the world needs is philosophy and logic. He's really terrifying. I'm going to have tea at his grandfather's on Saturday; he's taken a house in town."

She was very much excited about the tea at the grandfather's. When she arrived, Forbes met her in the hall and helped her off with her furs. She was aware, even without the fleeting glimpse in the mirror, that she was really attractive. But Forbes only said: "There's a fire in the library. Shall we go in?"

A long-faced butler, who, Pat was sure, had also been trained to keep his emotions under control, brought a massive tea-service and Forbes asked if she would pour. "Grandfather had an unexpected visitor on business; he'll be through directly."

But Pat decided they would wait, and meanwhile she wandered about the room. What were they really like, these two strange men? She searched for a clue. . . . Massive, old-fashioned furniture, solid, heavy picture frames, deep chairs, rows of impressively titled books. Wasn't there anything personal, anything revealing?

"Ah!" She had found a small photograph on a side table. It was only a snapshot framed without glass—a man and woman sitting under a tree. "May I?" She took it up to look closer, brought it over to the fireplace so that she could study it. From the clothes, it was evident that it had been taken years ago. "Your parents?" she asked. He had never mentioned them.

YES; a cousin discovered it not long ago and sent it down, thought I might like to have it. It's the only photograph I have of them together."

A log shifted suddenly, sending out a shower of sparks, and she started. The photograph slipped from her hand and fell inside the fire screen. A spark caught it on a corner and a tongue of fire ran with greedy haste over the paper. Pat leaned forward with an impulsive gesture, unmindful of the hot breath of the fire singeing her arm.

Forbes called out, "Don't do that!" and caught her elbow. With that the flames curled over the picture and a little draught whirled it upward on to the logs.

"Oh!" she cried, wheeling on Forbes. "Oh, I'm so dreadfully sorry. I'll never forgive myself."

"It doesn't matter," he said, and she was amazed at his level tones. "It was only a photograph."

She felt her face growing hot and her voice had a tendency to waver, which she tried her best to suppress. "It isn't only the matter of the photograph. . . . Of course, I'm glad for my own sake that you can take my carelessness so calmly. But it's other things. In all kinds of ways, you're—you're so indifferent. I doubt whether you have any feelings."

Even that failed to rouse him visibly. "I flatter myself that I'm quite as human as the majority of men," he said, with a slight smile. "I happen to have my feelings under control, that's all. I'm sorry it annoys you."

"I'm not thinking of myself," she retorted. "I'm thinking of all you are missing. You're only half alive. Maybe not that. It was your grandfather's fault in the beginning, no doubt, but by this time I should think you'd realise what a mistake it was. Surely you're able to run your own life now."

"I hope so." He was very courteous. "But I have no quarrel with my grandfather's method. It has stood me in good stead. I'd rather be the way I am—granting that it's far from perfect—than like some people who are the slaves of their emotions, who stop at nothing to give these emotions an expression, and who, as a consequence, will sooner or later get into trouble from which they'll have difficulty in extricating themselves."

"Meaning—?" she inquired with raised eyebrows.

He did not evade her question; perhaps he had been hoping for it. "Meaning, people like Brice Vernon, to name only one whom I've had a chance to watch. There's a man—and there are plenty like him—

## GIRLIGAGS



NO one ever burnt their bridges by drinking hot coffee.

who live on their emotions, and those they rouse in others. They're emotion seekers; they do everything with a view to the sensation it will give. One thing leads to another . . . until, after a time, the quieter emotions have no power to give them enjoyment. The result—is a boulder."

It struck her that this was rather painfully true, and she said hotly, "You have it all neatly analysed. An advantage, I suppose, which your glacial type possesses over the rest of humanity."

"Possibly. And while we're on the subject, I'd like to mention that Brice Vernon is hardly a fit acquaintance for a girl like yourself."

"Oh!" she stamped her foot. The whole thing was like a futile scene in a comedy that has uncomfortable overtones. "You're impossible. You're hopeless. A stained glass saint—and just as uninteresting. A—frozen-face; a complete icicle. . . . A fool!"

Whereat, to her intense chagrin, she burst into tears.

He walked over to her, put his arm around her, lifted her face—she found it quite impossible to withstand that compelling pressure without seeming childish—and wiped her eyes. He made a thorough job of it; very efficiently, very coolly. Like a big brother with a somewhat hysterical young sister. It was infuriating.

Walking home in the brisk twilight air, Pat decided to rule Clarke Forbes out of her life. She had tried to do the impossible; you couldn't inject life into the dead.

She bestowed on Brice Vernon an almost devastating amount of interest when he came for her the following Friday evening. She had done something which she had never done before—called him up and asked him if he'd like to take her out to dinner. He was surprised, but not unduly so, believing that it was merely his superior charm having an effect on her at last.

Please turn to Page 14



## YOUNG COUPLE!

What do you expect of life at 60?

LIFE at 60 can be easy and without anxiety, or it can be hard and full of trouble. Your financial position will determine which it will be.

The future with its heartaches, pitfalls and possible tragedies, can be faced with a quiet confidence if you have used the A.M.P. Society to build up your financial strength.

Start while you are young. Set aside a small part of your income to provide against the two great hazards: (1) of dying too soon and leaving your dependents unprovided for, and (2) of living beyond your earning years, leaving you without income in your old age.

Ask the nearest A.M.P. office to send you an experienced man to talk this over with you. Don't delay. Making provision is easy when you are young. Write or phone to-day.

## A.M.P. SOCIETY

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## HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

### Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and can be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 2 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this poisonous waste stays in the body. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbar, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. . . . used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So be sure you get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

## DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

By EUCRASY with 40 Years' Success.

"Thanks for an almost unbelievable cure. My husband has not touched a drink since he had a course of Eucrasy. He says he will never touch it again." writes a grateful woman.

It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write to-day for a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE and 5000 Testimonials. Dept. B., EUCRASY CO., 287 Elizabeth Street, Sydney."



# Some NEW LAUGHS

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I've just been speaking to your wife. She seems terribly hoarse."

"She is. I got home very late last night."

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"I had this little gown made over in Paris."

"Yes, it looks made over."



"What makes you think he's going to propose?"

"He has an engagement ring in his voice."



OLD LADY: That's enough of this quarrelling over a piece of rope!



LEARN IN  
THE COMFORT OF  
YOUR OWN  
HOME

with a Sampson  
Postal Course.

Good  
Companions  
Be a Big Success!

THERE is nothing better in life than the knowledge that people want you—admire you—that your presence means the success of their evening. A girl, sought after by men, is happy. A man, attractive to the opposite sex, is popular. Both are in search of the "Right Person"—a perfect partner in life. You may meet many before the "Right Person" comes along. Music—popular music—on an instrument that lends itself to an atmosphere of romance, will bring you introductions and opportunities that would otherwise pass by.

CAPTURE UNTOLD PLEASURE  
PLAY THE

STEEL GUITAR

or the  
BANJO MANDOLIN,  
PIANO ACCORDION,  
PIANO, BUTTON ACCORDION,  
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Foot Tinkling Rhythm—Popular Melodies—  
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## Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each  
joke used.

PROSPECTIVE GOVERNESS: I'm  
not interested in the position.  
I didn't realise you had thirteen chil-  
dren.

Mistress: Don't tell me you're  
superstitious!

"YOU don't like my pastry? Why,  
I was making pastry before you  
were born."

"Maybe you were, but why serve  
it now?"

POLICEMAN: As soon as I saw  
you come around the bend I  
said to myself: "Forty-five at least."  
Woman Driver: How dare you!  
It's this hat that makes me look  
so old.

TEACHER: What part of a motor  
car causes most accidents?  
Smart Boy: The nut that holds  
the wheel.

"CAN I have a piece more cake?"  
"If you want, darling?"  
"If you don't want it all your-  
self."

"THERE should be only one head  
in the family," cried the orator.  
"Too right," interjected a tired-  
looking man at the back. "I've just  
paid for hats for five daughters."

HAWKER: Buy a letter-opener,  
sir?  
He: No, thanks; I'm married  
already.



and you'll have it!

A quiet spot in the garden is safe enough  
for an old bone, but the Commonwealth  
Savings Bank is the safest place to plant  
your savings. You know where to find  
your money when you need it. You know  
that it is gathering interest month by  
month—year by year. Unlike the bone  
in the garden, it improves as the years  
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**Coverspot**  
CONCEALS ALL SKIN BLEMISHES

HOW was he to know that Clarke Forbes, to Pat's intense amazement, had asked her to dinner that same evening? And that she had accepted? After which she had called up Brice.

But as it was, he was entirely in the dark about it. Pat suggested Antoine's (because that was where Forbes had said he would take her). He didn't notice that she was somewhat nervous as they entered the restaurant. He only noticed that she was looking particularly beautiful, and told her so. She received his compliments with a dazzling smile—which, suddenly, seemed glued to her face.

For she had seen Clarke come in and confer with the head waiter. And beside him was Karen Lyle.

It was then that she began displaying the excessive amount of charmed interest in everything that Brice Vernon said... without really hearing a word.

## Love is the Rage

Continued from Page 12

Her little scheme had fallen as flat as the well-known pancake. She knew it had been despicable, but now that it had failed she was furious. She had wanted to hurt Clarke Forbes, and this had seemed such a good way of doing it. Accepting an invitation from him, and then deliberately breaking it.

But she had hardly expected that he would be so cold-blooded as to call up Karen Lyle and flaunt the girl in her face.

"What shall we do next?" Brice was asking. "I have a long list of ideas to submit and you can take your choice."

"I have an idea myself," she said suddenly. "Will you do it? Let's go to Danny's Den."

Vernon suppressed a whistle of surprise. Imagine Pat suggesting

a place like Danny's Den. He'd hardly have dared, yet—There was simply no telling what these so-called nice girls would do.

"Rath-er," he said eagerly. "Good girl. You'll get a kick out of it. Shall we go?"

She had never been to Danny's Den, of course. But apparently Vernon had been often enough for the head waiter to know him. They were given a discreetly conspicuous table. Vernon ordered drinks, and she looked around dreadingly.

The orchestra was playing that silly new tune, with the leader mouthing the words:

"That Love—is—the—rage!"

It gave Vernon an excellent opening. "Love is the rage," he repeated. "Even the song-writers know it. Pat—let's fall in step."

"Just because it's the fashion?" she taunted him. "I'd like something more personal, please."

"Pat"—Vernon said in a low voice, "Listen to me. You can't keep up this don't-touch-me attitude for ever. I've been pretty good about it, so far. Listen to me, Pat." He put his hand over hers, pulled her arms so that her face was close to his.

She knew she shouldn't have come. That was just what Vernon would think—that she was wild about him, that she was ready to give him the answer he wanted. Her eyes slipped around the room, avoiding his, while she thought, "What can I tell him?"

SHE saw Forbes at the same instant that he saw her. He was standing near the door, and Karen was beside him. While her gaze fastened on him, he strode across the floor. Vernon was still holding her arms when he came up to them.

With a swift rake of his hands he had loosened Vernon's hold and dragged an astonished Pat from her chair.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded, low and tense. His voice, she thought with a little shiver, sounded positively ominous.

"What's the matter with you—" she retorted. He wasn't drunk, that was all she knew.

"Don't evade the issue," he spoke sharply. "Why did you break your word to me—to go out with Vernon? What are you doing here—with him? Don't you know he's not fit to wipe your shoes?"

She struggled to loosen his grasp. "Let me go. You're being ridiculous."

"You made me ridiculous," he cried. "You like to start a fire and then run from it. You're a... I could shake you."

And he proceeded to do so.

Thoroughly, steadily, till her teeth

Lyric of Life

### FANTASY

The young, white moon shines through the slender corn,

Black silhouettes against the pale night sky

Moving where soft, untroubled breezes sigh

About the furtive footsteps of a faun.

I, standing in the night in thought forlorn.

Have seen a magic catalogue go by...

The faerie folk of every poet's cry.

And heard the singing of a leprechaun.

Then, lost among the grasses, now they seem

A fantasy that's passed across my mind

And, like my love, is lost for none to find...

The empty night has closed about my dream.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

rattled and her hair fell about her face.

Vernon had leaped to his feet. "Forbes, stop that! Take your hands off Miss Maybew."

Forbes reached out a long arm, struck Vernon across the face as that he reeled against the table, and pulled Pat close to him. There, in front of the entire roomful of people, the gyrating chorus, the blaring orchestra, and the open-mouthed Karen still standing in the doorway, he kissed Pat.

He pulled her wrap from the back of her chair. "Come on," he ordered and when she hesitated he dragged her across the floor.

Karen was nowhere to be seen when they left. Forbes hurried Pat down the steps, bundled her into the car. They left a gesticulating Vernon on the pavement.

When he had driven furiously for a couple of miles, he stopped. "I can't expect you to forgive me," he said. "What had happened to his voice? It was trembling. 'But I ask you to try. I don't know what came over me. I never had a fit of anger like that before. Everything went—I saw red. It was terrible. But you must believe me when I say that I love you. . . . Pat, I love you.'"

She made him wait a long time before she answered. Then she surprised herself almost as much as she startled him.

"I—I liked it," she said.

"You—what?"

"Liked it. You were rather terrifying, but I suppose icebergs are when they melt. Only, don't do it again. Once was enough to demonstrate that you are human. . . ."

(Copyright)



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## Such furniture! You need a microscope to see it

By Air Mail from Our New York Office.

McDONALD TAYLOR, 49, is the world's champion microscopic whittler—and intends to retain his title.

He first won undisputed sway in the field by carving tiny chairs from match sticks and mounting them on heads of pins.

That put Taylor in a class by himself, and there he remained for some time.

Just recently, however, he heard about a rival who carved a table and four chairs from a match stick and mounted the entire set of furniture on the head of a pin.

Taylor couldn't wait to answer the challenge. He got out his

powerful magnifying glass, his needle-like knife and his set of four honing stones. Ten days later he announced that his work had been completed.

Under a powerful microscope, friends and admirers saw not only a table with four chairs, but spoons beside each plate and a bit of dessert on the plates. The dessert was carved from cellophane. The other pieces were of wood.

"The spoons are one-fifth the size of a period in the newspaper," Taylor explained. "The spoons are so light that if they are placed on the under side of an object they will not fall."

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# FASHION PORTFOLIO

June 3, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## VELVET WEDDING...



• THE BRIDE selects a dramatic Victorian gown of shimmering ivory velvet. The romantic sleeves and full skirt provide subtle contrast to the slimly-fitted bodice. The veil is held with white hyacinths.

• THE MATRON OF HONOR enhances her sophistication with a long-skirted suit of bottle-green velvet. For frivolous relief a muff and toque of pastel hyacinths and a purple veil.

• THE BRIDESMAID'S FROCK of rose-pink velvet repeats the Old-Worldly silhouette of the bridal gown. The muff and tip-tilted hat are hyacinths, and the veil is emerald-green.

P. R. S.



# Post Nuptials...



● **CORN FLOWER BLUE JERSEY**, intricately draped, with a bodice that fits like the paper on the wall. Note Schiaparelli's crazy clown's hat for trousseau whimsy. (Top Left.)



● **DE BAYON'S SUGGESTION** for the youthful bride—deep green wool, banded with matching velvet ribbon, and flashes of primrose pique at the neck and wrists for a coquettish touch. (Top Right.)



● **PARIS DECIDES** it's smart to turn your back this season. Witness this violet-blue swing coat with braid embroidery in blue and cyclamen on its folds and sleeves. (Left.)

● **DRAMATISE YOUR TROUSSEAU** with a chunky silver-fox bolero, with youthful neckline and elbow-length sleeves. Ideal with that unrelieved black frock. (Above.)



# PARIS SNAPSHOTS

By Air Mail from  
MARY ST. CLAIRE



Sketched by PETROV

**1** FUR JACKETS are now dyed to match milady's evening gown. These coatees are either waist or hip length, very well tailored, and have three-quarter or cape sleeves. Some are collarless, others have neat flat Peter Pan collars. The furs used, which are short and smooth, include ermine, clipped lamb, antelope and pony, and the popular colors are purple, eau-de-nil, powder-blue and apricot.

**2** THE NEWEST evening handbags look like ostrich feather fans dangling on fine silken cord from one's wrist. A flat velvet "Dorothy" bag is sandwiched between sides of beautifully curled, not-too-large ostrich feathers.

**3** VICTORIAN jewellery is as popular as ever. Most old-worldish of all, and therefore most popular, are the lockets with flowers arranged under thick glass, and hung on wide black velvet ribbon round the neck. They are worn with floral print evening gowns, the flowers in the locket matching those in the print.

**4** MUFFS in materials to match one's frock or top coat are now in vogue. They are trimmed with fur bands and usually have a bunch of fresh flowers pinned on to the centre front with an antique silver brooch.



**5** HANKS of brightly colored wool are being used instead of hats. They are just wound round the head like a turban and secured with a strong brilliant clip. Moreover, hanks are also being used as the trimming for high hats of the Welsh variety. They are twisted round the crown about half way up. Paris adores a touch of whimsy to bring new life to a plain black hat, and this engaging style is frequently seen on the boulevards.

**6** FOR DINNER at home the smart Parisienne is wearing a long plaid taffeta skirt in brilliant colors with a tight jacket in taffeta, satin, velvet, or corded silk. The jackets are perfectly plain and button up the front with a row of tiny buttons. They feature long tight sleeves and a small basque. Usually they are in a sombre plain color—such as black, brown, or dark green—to offset the vivid skirt.



## Knitted in warm colors

## CARDIGAN, SKIRT and HAT...

COMPLETE sports outfit for your winter wardrobe. It includes neat figure-fitting cardigan, skirt in check lozenge design, and smart military-style hat.

**C**LOSELY worked in thick wool, this outfit is one of the smartest designs for sports and general winter wear.

It is simply lovely under a tweed topcoat.

The check skirt is quite simple to knit—just a two-color lozenge design with running threads of the different wools sewn on afterwards. The little hat is easy to make up from the diagram on this page.

## CARDIGAN

**Materials:** 13 ozs. "Dunora" knitting wool, coral, No. 3021; pair No. 9 "Beehive" needles, 1 No. 8 "Inox" crochet hook; seven buttons.

**Measurements:** To fit 32-34-inch bust; length from shoulder to point, 26 inches; sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

**Tension:** 6 stitches to an inch, unpressed.

## BACK

Cast on 78 stitches. Working in stocking-stitch, increase at each end of 5th and every following 4th row until there are 102 stitches on the needle. Carry on straight until work measures 10 inches.

Here shape armhole. Cast off 6 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at each end of next 6 rows. Carry on straight until back

measures 17 inches, then shape shoulder by casting off 9 stitches at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining stitches.

## LEFT FRONT

Cast on 2 stitches and work in stocking-stitch, casting on 2 stitches at beginning of every row until there are 12 on needle. Now cast on 3 stitches at side edge at beginning of every alternate row, and 2 stitches at beginning of every other row, front edge, until there are 47 on the needle. Now keep front edge straight and increase at side edge on 5th and every following 4th row until there are 59 stitches on needle. Carry on straight until front is same length as back to armhole.

Here shape armhole. Cast off 6 stitches at beginning of next row at side edge, k 2 tog. at this side on next 6 rows. Carry on straight until front edge measures 16 inches, ending with a knit row. Cast off 9 stitches at beginning of next row, purl to end and knit back. Cast off 3 stitches at beginning of next row, purl to end and knit back. Repeat from \* twice more. Now k 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until 27 stitches remain. Work straight until front armhole is same length as back (only a few more rows). Cast off 9 stitches at beginning of next 3 alternate rows at armhole edge.

## RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, with shapings at opposite ends of needle. Make 7 buttonholes at equal intervals up front edge. First comes as soon as there are 47 stitches on the needle. To make a buttonhole: K 2, cast off 2, work to end and back, casting on 2 to replace those cast off in previous row.

## SLEEVES

Cast on 36 stitches and work 2 inches straight. Now increase at each end of next and every following 6th row until there are 72 stitches on the needle. Carry on straight until side edge measures 18½ inches, then shape top. Cast off 6 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at each end of every alternate row until 28 remain. Cast off 4 at beginning of next 4 rows. Cast off.

## POCKETS

Cast on 2 stitches and work 2 rows straight in stocking-stitch. Now cast on 2 at beginning of every knit row until there are 14 stitches on the needle. Work 1½ inches straight, ending with a knit row. Cast off 2 stitches at beginning of every purl row until all are gone.

Make another pocket the same, but make increases on a purl row and decreases on a knit row, to reverse the slope of points.

## TO MAKE UP

Press work thoroughly on wrong side under a damp cloth. Sew together side, shoulder, and sleeve seams; insert sleeves. Work a row of d.c. round pockets, then stitch them into position; sew on buttons to match buttonholes. Work a row of d.c. round all edges of jumper.

## SKIRT

**Materials:** 10oz. "Patons" knitting wool, No. 3213, navy/red; 12oz. "Dunora" knitting wool, No. 3021, coral; pair No. 9 "Beehive" needles; 1 No. 8 "Inox" crochet hook; 7-inch zip-fastener; petersham for waistband.

**Measurements:** Length, 29½ inches; waist, adjustable to fit 36-inch hips.

**Tension:** 6 stitches to an inch; 7 rows to an inch.

**Abbreviations:** C, coral; B, blue.

## BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Cast on 163 stitches with coral wool and work in stocking-stitch.

**1st Row:** 9 c, \* 1 b, 17 c, repeat from \* to the last 10 stitches, 1 b, 9 c.  
**2nd Row:** 8 c, \* 3 b, 15 c, repeat from \* to last 11 stitches, 3 b, 8 c.  
**3rd Row:** 7 c, \* 5 b, 13 c, repeat from \* to the last 12 stitches, 5 b, 7 c.

**4th Row:** 6 c, \* 7 b, 11 c, repeat from \* to the last 13 stitches, 7 b, 6 c.

**5th Row:** 5 c, \* 9 b, 9 c, repeat from \* to last 14 stitches, 9 b, 5 c.

**6th Row:** 4 c, \* 11 b, 7 c, repeat from \* to last 15 stitches, 11 b, 4 c.

**7th Row:** 3 c, \* 13 b, 5 c, repeat from \* to last 16 stitches, 13 b, 3 c.

**8th Row:** 2 c, \* 15 b, 3 c, repeat from \* to last 17 stitches, 15 b, 2 c.

**9th Row:** 1 c, \* 17 b, 1 c, repeat from \* to last stitch, 1 c.

**10th Row:** As 8th row.

**11th Row:** As 7th.

**12th Row:** As 6th.

**13th Row:** As 5th.

**14th Row:** As 4th.

**15th Row:** As 3rd.

**16th Row:** As 2nd.

Repeat these 16 rows twice more. Now, still keeping pattern, decrease at each end of next and every following 16th row until 153 stitches remain, then every following 6th row until 123 stitches remain (13 patterns and 1 row have now been done from commencement). Cast off with yellow wool tightly.

## TO MAKE UP

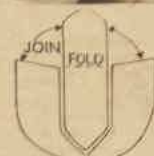
Press pieces thoroughly on wrong side under a damp cloth. With white cotton, tack across each diamond from side to side, then darn over threads with yellow and blue wool. Sew together side seams, leaving 7 inches free down one side for zip; stitch petersham to top of waistband; sew in zip.

Continued on Sixth Page, The Homemaker



ABOVE: This unusual smart outfit, consisting of button-up cardigan, check skirt, and little hat, is simple to knit. The original used coral for jacket, navy, red and coral for the skirt, and blue for the hat.

LEFT: This diagram shows you how to make up the little hat from the knitted pieces.



## DO YOUR HANDS SHOUT HOUSEWORK?

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Sizes 32, 34, and 36in. bust.

No. 1 requires 3 to 3½yds. 54ins. wide.

No. 2 requires 3½yds. 36ins. wide, ½yd. contrast.

No. 3 requires to 4½yds. 36ins. wide.

WW2889.—Trim suit. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 3 to 3½yds. 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/1.

WW2890.—Afternoon style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½ to 2¾yds. 54ins. wide, and ½yd. 36ins. contrast. Pattern 1/1.

WW2891.—Bodice interest. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 3yds. 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/1.

WW2892.—Gipsy evening gown. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds. for blouse 36ins. wide, 6yds. 36ins. for skirt, and ½yd. for belt. Pattern 1/1.

WW2893.—Coat and pleated skirt for girl 10-16 years of age. Material required: 1½yds. 36ins. wide for skirt, and 2½yds. 36ins. wide for jacket. Pattern 1/1.

WW2894.—Matron's coat. 38 to 44 bust. Material required: 3½yds. 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2895.—Skating style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 1½yds. 36ins. wide for blouse, and 1½yds. for jacket, and 2½yds. for skirt 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/1.

## Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters.

\* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes.

\* State size required. \* For children, state age of child.

\* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.







## Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at the top of page 3.



## Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Letters sent to other papers are not accepted. Pen names are not permitted.

## WINTER GRUMBLES

THE approach of winter seems to herald the grumbling season. From all around we hear complaints. If it isn't the early morning frost, it is the chill wind or the draughty tramcar.

These people who spend their time complaining are missing much.

Winter in Australia is a lovely season. Nothing is more invigorating than a brisk walk in the chill air, and nothing more delightful than that easy chair before a roaring fire. Let us delight in winter.

El to Miss D. Ismay, 6 Irvine St., Launceston, Tas.

## TALKING "SHOP"

PEOPLE should refrain from talking "shop." Travelling in my compartment in the train returning from town the other evening, two girls talked loudly about their work during the whole journey.

It was obvious from the start that one was a schoolteacher and the other a typist, and their loud conversation about their work was irritating to all sitting near them. When work hours are over, talk about work should cease.

Mrs. W. A. Sparkes, 45 Thorold St., Woolswain N.Z., Qld.

## HOME ROUTINE

WE "harrassed mothers" would do well to take a little time off to plan a routine for our household work.

Many housewives work without any plan at all, and so are continually wondering what they will do next.

A carefully-planned time-table would enable much of this annoying state to be avoided.

Mrs. G. F. Sangster, Warraderry, Grenfell, N.S.W.

## SUPERIOR ATTITUDE

ALTHOUGH we hear much these days of "complexes," we rarely hear of people suffering from a "superiority complex."

Almost anyone will confess to an "inferiority complex" somewhere in his or her make-up, and yet I feel confident we all at times feel "superior" to our neighbor.

Is it that we all lack true honesty?

Mrs. B. Maloney, 238 Queen St., Melbourne Park, N.S.W.

## ACCENT ON ORCHIDS

RECENTLY there have appeared many accounts of weddings and social functions at which orchids were worn.

Orchids are lovely flowers, but I cannot help feeling that much of the fuss made about them is due to the fact that they are expensive.

Less ostentatious flowers would be more appropriate at a wedding.

Mrs. John Richards, Woorwong, Graweena Grove, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

## LETTER RECORD

I WONDER how many people know how many letters they have written in a given period.

When I first left England in 1919 to the wife of an Australian soldier, my mother and I promised each other that we would write each week and number our letters.

Since then I have once visited the homeland, but on my return we continued to number our letters. Today I despatched letter "1002" and replied letter "1000."

The joys and sorrows those letters have conveyed only the exiles far from their native land can understand.

Only two letters have gone astray. I should be interested to know if this number of letters exchanged is a record.

Mrs. E. L. Rendall, 5 Tree Ave., Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

## Is social shyness a bar to holiday gaiety?

I THINK, Miss Feehan (13/5/39), that social shyness depends on the individual. There is a streak of reserve in most of us, and, though sometimes sudden friendships are made, those that endure are the ones made slowly.

I myself have always found people very companionable at holiday resorts, though invariably there are folk who do not welcome friendly overtures, and who prefer to "keep themselves to themselves."

Miss M. Ryan, Grose Vale, via Richmond, N.S.W.

## Natural Caution

YOUR pleasure might not have been greater on your vacation, Miss Feehan, if you had made the early acquaintance of your fellow guests.

Don't try to avoid the delay in making friends next time, for this "caution" is only natural.

Usually the people who "take a little knowing" are much finer than those who "thaw" at first sight.

Over-friendly people can be embarrassing, and, if you make acquaintances quickly, you may find yourself in a group that you will soon want to leave.

A day or so of quiet "stocktaking" of your surroundings will almost certainly end in your meeting the most congenial people and making the most of your holiday.

J. Marie, Seville P.O., Vic.

## Quarrel Quickly

IT is not a good idea to rush into friendships when staying at holiday resorts. The people who do this usually end with quarrels with their new-found "friends."

How much better it is to wait quietly and decide which of the other guests are likely to be congenial.

Shyness is much more easily excused than "gush," and you will find lasting friends—not merely passing acquaintances—if you take your time about meeting them.

J. G. Palmer, Edgecliff Rd., Woolahra, N.S.W.

## Too Friendly

PEOPLE do not make friends quickly when they are on holiday, because they have to become accustomed to new surroundings before starting on the social programme.

Also we all have had experience of the annoying person who bounds about the hotel or guest house, being so persistently cheerful and friendly that he is a perfect nuisance. He drags everyone into organised games, and is the unpaid "funny man," who ceases to be funny after the first five minutes.

Miss P. Stansmore, Jeffcott St., North Adelaide.

## Too Diffident

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS or caution is often the outcome of an unexpressed talent. It may be music or writing—in fact, any creative work.

I found that what held me back from making friends was the subconscious and often conscious feeling



Likes being centre of attraction.

ing that other people were much cleverer and more attractive than I.

When someone told me that I should try to overcome this feeling, I made up my mind to do something really well. So I learned to do the creative work I had always wanted to do, even though other things had to be sacrificed, and I took pride in the result. The result was that I lost my social shyness.

Mrs. G. S. Crouch, Casterton, Vic.

## Variety versus simplicity in home menus

I AGREE with Miss E. Grant (13/5/39) that there is little variety in the meals served in many Australian homes. But would housewives be wise to depart from simple cooking?

Neither the rich, fatty foods of colder countries nor the highly-seasoned dishes of Southern Europe would be suitable in our climate.

Admittedly, well-cooked food is most appetising, but let it be simple and pure. What we need most is good health.

Mrs. J. G. Bennett, Farmcote, via Broken Hill, N.S.W.

## Plain food preferred

THE main reason why many women serve monotonous menus may be that the family prefers the good old stand-bys!

An occasional fancy dish may be all right, but most Australians seem to want the usual homely meals.

Also, doctors tell us that plain food is much better for our digestion than fancy spiced menus.

Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 73 Leinster St., Paddington, N.S.W.

## That cold meat!

SURELY there is no need to apply the old-fashioned boarding-house menu to the private home.

I have heard men remark on their way home from work, "Oh, well, it's Monday night, so it will be cold meat."

## Must have dress allowance

EVERY husband should see that his wife has a dress allowance, even if it is only 5/- a week.

Husbands have their own pocket money for tobacco and such things. They claim it as a right.

It is wrong that women should be forced to save what little they can from their housekeeping allowance to pay for necessary clothing for themselves and their children.

Miss M. Berwick, 16 Murray St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

for dinner, and the remains of yesterday's apple pie." They know in advance what they will be given.

While most men do not like highly-flavored Continental foods, they do like variety in their meals.

L. S. Browne, Glenhunting Rd., Elsternwick, Vic.

## No Fancy Dishes

IF I produced some highly-flavored, gaily-decorated dish with a Continental name, my family of husband and three sons would think I had lost my senses. They are used to simple food, well cooked, and plainly served.

Corned beef and carrots or mutton and caper sauce may sound very dull to people who like fancy dishes, but my healthy family asks for nothing better.

Also, I certainly haven't the time to be running round trimming up dishes with all sorts of queer things. In any case, the basis of most food is the good old beef or mutton.

Mrs. L. Peters, Harcourt, Vic.

## Clever Cook

IF food is served well, it makes all the difference. I think we can apply the old saying about "mutton dressed up as lamb" when it comes to our meals. The clever cook can work wonders with simple materials.

A stodgy-looking plate of meat and vegetables can be made into an excitingly appetising dish when some originality is used.

Australians could learn much from Americans in the art of serving ordinary food in the most attractive way.

Mrs. L. Way, Toorak Rd., Camberwell, Vic.

## Are best husbands found in city or country?

WILLIAM PATRICK (13/5/39) makes the charge that a country man is far superior to a man who "wastes his life in a smoky city," but he gives no evidence to support his claim.

Both types have virtues and faults.



Will she marry a country man?

The country man often works hard and long, but he has not the efficiency demanded by the nerve-racking competition of the city.

Mrs. L. Parsons, 22 Tyne St., Gilberton, Adelaide.

## Best training

I AGREE with Mr. Patrick that most of the successful men of today have at one time lived in the country.

Men who come from the country are usually a fine type and do not spend time and money in clubs and hotels, as many city men do.

Miss Jean Thompson, Breed St., Traralgon, Vic.

## Compare traits

CITY men have a lot to learn from their country brothers. They may have more appealing speech, but for ability to deal with difficult situations, for perseverance and tact, they do not approach the country man's standard.

Most country men are unaffected, and have a fine sense of humor. These are worthwhile qualities in a husband, which the city man too often lacks.

Miss M. Ryan, Grose Vale, via Richmond, N.S.W.

**Revolution in washing methods**

Women are flocking to see the amazing new **ACME 55**

**CLEANSER PORTABLE WRINGER**

NO GUESSWORK FROM NOW ON! The new Acme 55 gives you absolute control of the washing results. Safely and easily, it forces out soap-scum and embedded dirt which no amount of rinsing can remove.

Never before has there been such a wonderful wash-day help as the new Acme 55. Besides wringing the clothes more thoroughly—in less time—it actually gives them an extra cleansing. A special kind of cleaning. Penetrating right into the weave of the fabric. That's why it makes such an astounding difference to the washing results. You see, no matter how carefully you wash clothes, there are always clinging particles of soap-scum and embedded grime which rinsing cannot remove. The new Acme 55 forces out the last minute traces of this dirt. How? By controlled pressure. Pressure that acts evenly over the whole length of the rubber rollers. Pressure that you can adjust instantly to suit different fabrics. Will the new Acme take all your clothes? Yes indeed! It will cleanse-wring the biggest family wash. Everything from a bib to a 6-lb. blanket! And the whole day's washing will come out sweeter, cleaner. Free from that deep-seated dirt which has defied all your efforts till now. So amazingly clean you'll hardly believe your eyes.

This sensational new Acme has up-to-the-minute features at every point. Built of pressed steel. Finished in gleaming chromium and lustrous blue enamel. Backed by a 10-years guarantee. Go to your Hardware Dealer straight away—and see the brilliant new Acme Cleanser-Wringer.

**14 INCH ROLLS 72/6**

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Here are two popular-priced Wringers made by ACME—KELVIN 52/6, CULLBERT 39/6.

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Factory Representatives: J. CHALEYER & CO. PTY. LTD. Pioneer House, 353, Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE.



## Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—  
"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Oriz Compound and a ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."—

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of fluid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel unwell and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more powerful movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those great old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, retarding in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.

SHE felt under a spell, unable to speak, or resent the housekeeper's violation of not only the room—but the divorced woman's chest of treasures, locked away for twenty years. The key! It was always in her father's room, Betsy knew. But she knew something else, strange as it seemed—Mrs. Forbes had a right to take that key, and use it, as she had used it a moment ago.

Mrs. Forbes' mouth was compressed to a hard line of pain as she burrowed, with veined hands, into the things folded away long ago by hands soft and pale.

Betsy's eyes were foggy also, but suddenly they rested with sharp interest on a picture facing her from the wall above the mantel. A laughing-faced girl in a gown with puffed sleeves, a ribboned hat hanging loose in her hands! From the picture Betsy looked at the thin, elderly woman busy with her search in the old Dutch chest.

A sharp breath sounded. Loose links in a chain were joining together; the old chest had made the chain complete and the picture on the wall had helped. Now the girl knew, and her mind flashed back to the day when Mrs. Forbes had entered the latched gate known only to the family—the telephone cubby . . . and Tarrant's testy remark one day. "Damn it, that woman's voice reminds me of . . . er . . . Confound it all, Betsy, must I have a blessed nurse at my age . . . ?"

"Forby! Before you came . . . here, did you know my father was blind?"

Forby blinked and rested her hands on the chest-edge. "I knew, Betsy Tarrant." Betsy felt her heart thudding. Something within

## The Wedding Dress

Continued from Page 20

her was aching, swelling against her ribs, and filling her throat with pain. Oh, the anguish and the longing of those long years—if the truth were as she herself suspected. The restraint and courage, to house-keep and be paid, given orders to, by the girl who . . . who . . .

Mrs. Forbes had, in trembling success, lifted forth a shimmering confection—an old-fashioned gown of ivory silk, cobwebby lace, and ribbons. She swallowed once, as though intending to speak, but carried the frothing garment to the bed and laid it there.

"Your mother's wedding frock," she managed to say in a voice devoid of expression.

Betsy was stock still. "Forby—were you with her when she was married?"

"Yes, I was."

"And you know she . . . would like me to use this frock for my own wedding?"

"I . . . know she would, if you love the man you marry."

"Is it . . . a command of hers, that I marry the man I love in this frock that was hers?"

"She lost her right to command you, Betsy, but . . . I feel positive it's a wish of hers." The tired voice broke. "A prayer of hers, Betsy, that you will marry the man you love, and only the man you love . . . and be happy and, better than that . . . be true to yourself and him."

Betsy nodded, too choked to speak for a moment. She took a blundering step forward, seeing only the old wistful face, older at her age than it had any right to be. Twenty years of . . . yearning. Oh, it was not a silly word. It was a silly word no

longer. "I . . . it's a lovely frock," she faltered.

Mrs. Forbes tried to speak brightly. "A period frock. All the fashion now. Period frocks . . . Really, it might have been made for you. She . . . was slim and tall then."

"And now she is . . . still tall, but thin."

The woman lifted a startled glance, then started pleading a scrap of the lovely old silk.

Betsy moved again, still closer, her heart not thudding, but racing joyously. Tears came with that joy, it was so sharp, so real and so poignant. "You say . . . it might have been made for me," she said. Her voice was clear and confident. "Made for me. Made for me. Oh, darling, precious, sweet and lovely dear . . . The frock was made for you . . . my mother."

Lyndon Tarrant was not told. Mrs. Forbes begged her daughter to keep the secret. Twenty years. He was satisfied to let dead happenings lie. They could not tell him without making it clear that he had divorced her unjustly, and no pain in the world was so unkind as the pain of "might have been."

BETSY listened, thinking: You are big, my mother—too big to want to justify yourself, and the memory, perhaps, is best left as a memory.

She had, said Mrs. Forbes, eager in her anxiety, persuaded him to go to Sydney with his "fellow" and consult Sir Adrian Wells, who would, she knew, be able to help the eyes with his famous nerve operations.

"And you?" asked Betsy with a new gravity in her eyes. "What of you, darling?"

"I?" Betsy, for the first time, heard her mother laugh, and she, for the first time in years, heard herself laugh. "Why, I'm going back to my station to see what Andy has been up to. That's my life, Betsy, and my own place on the earth."

Brian called that night. Betsy summoned him on the telephone, to tell him a brief outline of the news, and ask him to hurry over and hear it all properly. What Mrs. Forbes anticipated was eventuating slowly, even as she had planned. "Show him the frock, dear, and tell him he will marry you in it."

So Betsy had taken him to the once-closed room and shown him the frock, but not before he spoke of the strange recovery of a mother. Betsy felt herself growing cold . . . cold as death, as Brian's face gathered concern and his voice became diffident.

"Look here, Betsy, this affair takes some thinking out. Oh, hang it all, not the divorce . . . Not that. What's a divorce, and if she had her bit of fun long ago, what does it matter? It's the confounded awkwardness of the other business . . ."

"What . . . other business?" asked the girl quietly.

His face was sullen. "Well, hang it, haven't you any social sense? We've introduced her to our friends as a servant . . . and now you want to cart her about as your mother . . . Can't you get her to keep the thing quiet, for your sake?"

WITH a gigantic effort of self-control, Betsy made no answer, but led him to the once-closed room and showed him the frock, saying she would be married in it, and no other. She murmured other words that he did not catch, but which her heart knew were true. "I say . . . Good Lord!" He lifted the frock and tossed it down again. "You'd look like your own grandmother."

"I'll marry the man I love in this frock and no other," said Betsy in a curious tone. His head lifted. She smiled—a cold, contemptuous smile, and he knew he had lost the Tarrant money and the fragrant young Tarrant girl as well. "You cheap little anob," she jerked, "here's your ring." She wrenched it off and felt cleaner for the effort. "Hide my mother like a criminal, after twenty years without her. Yes, she'd hide if she thought it would do me any good. She's big, not mean, small, and paltry like you . . . and it took her to prove it to me. Now go, and stay away. I never want to see you again so long as I live."

Then Bill Sutherland came, to help "celebrate" the recovery of a mother. She took him into the once-closed room and showed him the lovely old frock. He lifted it as it hanging from beneath her chin and stood back a bit to survey the effect. Then he grinned and took out his pipe while she laid the dress on the bed.

"I hope your elegant fiancé appreciates you—and your mother," said Bill. "And if your half as fine as her—for you're very like what she must have been when young when that dress draped you—then you're almost fit to marry a decent man."

She smiled. "I'm going to marry the man I love, and wear that frock, or I'll never marry, and the frock will never be worn."

"Well . . . ?" He felt breathless with the "something" in her attitude.

"I've given Brian back his ring." After an emotional, but highly satisfactory, five minutes which neither could ever recall at all, the young man broke free of her straggling embrace—and she unlocked his arms from round her—to ask a crisp question: "I live in the Island, my lass, but for a yearly jaunt. How about it, eh?"

Betsy sat down on the bed and blinked. "And I'm visiting the Island, so you can finish your courting over the boundary fence."

"No fences," he chuckled. "Your mother's house is next-door—but sixty miles from mine."

"You can ride, I suppose, and there are week-ends."

"I can ride, and there are week-ends. And then, you can ride, and visit your mother, or perhaps she can live with us . . . eh?"

"She's going to live with us, then."

"And the wedding dress?" asked Bill, eyebrows up.

"It's going with us," said Betsy, her heart full of two kinds of love. "She'll pack it. She knows how. She packed it twenty years ago . . . and it's still hers, until she gives it to me."

"Gives it, and you, to me . . ."

said Bill.

His voice was the voice of an infinitely satisfied man.

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## INDIVIDUALITY

THE Mercury is quite unlike any other car. It has all the poise and individuality of a great personality. Low hung and torpedo styled (widening at seat level) it reflects the engineering and design principles for which the Lincoln V-12 and Lincoln-Zephyrs are famed. Spacious interiors and yielding seats give lounging and relaxing comfort. The car is quiet beyond compare. Windscreen spreads to give great width of vision. For maximum safety: Touch stop hydraulic brakes . . . welded all-steel body . . . safety glass in every window. At £440 F.O.B. Ford

Plant (plus sales tax) this car of character gives a measure of value untouched in the history of the automobile. Exclusive radio for your entertainment, at slight extra cost. Illustrated brochure and detailed information cordially supplied by metropolitan distributors and all Ford and Mercury Dealers throughout Australia.

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## Pain

### YOU CAN'T 'EXPLAIN'

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month

When pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea. They bring complete, immediate relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling—without the slightest "doping".

Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is more quick, more complete, more lasting than anything else they've ever known. The secret is Myzone's amazing active (anti-spasmodic) compound . . . science's aid to nature. Try a couple of little Myzone tablets, with a cup of tea . . . with your very next "pain". 2/- box. — All Chemists.

"MYZONE not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as before I used to get pimples!" —Miss M.P.



# Real Life Stories

## Short and Snappy

### QUEER MEAL

WHILE riding in an Adelaide tram I started nibbling my ticket and when the inspector approached and asked to see it I had eaten half of it.

Luckily for me he was a real "sport" and did not demand a second fare.

On leaving the tram the conductor asked me why I had eaten my ticket and I replied: "I'm a vegetarian."

10/6 to Mrs. H. Magor, Dublin, S.A.

### REVIVED BY ICE-CREAM

WHILE watching the wood-chopping at the Royal Agricultural Show in Sydney my girl-friend fainted and I ran for help.

When I returned she was surrounded by a crowd, and I had to laugh when I saw her face. It was covered with ice-cream from forehead to chin.

A woman who had been eating an ice-cream had been self-denying enough to apply it to restore her to consciousness.

2/6 to F. G. Sommers, Cowper St., Waverley, N.S.W.

### NOVEL SWING

VISITING my uncle's farm at Giru I was seated on the front verandah with my aunt and a friend, when suddenly the latter gave a horrified shriek.

Following the direction of her gaze, we saw my three-year-old cousin, Gloria, swinging merrily on a horse's tail.

After what seemed minutes of terrified silence my cousin ceased her swinging and ran off in search of butterflies.

2/6 to Joyce Craig, Eyre St., North Ward, Townsville, Qld.

### CHASERS CHASED

WHEN a friend came to dinner, bringing with him his two greyhounds, the dogs were left to explore the yard.

Loud squawking sent us rushing outside and there we saw the dogs racing up the yard with their tails between their legs, and in hot pursuit, and almost insane with rage, an old black hen which had recently hatched a clutch of chicks.

Across the verandah, down the passage, and under the dining-room table went the dogs and the hen, and it took several of us many minutes to get that infuriated ball of feathers away from the terrified dogs.

2/6 to Mrs. E. McMaster, Wimmera St., Stawell, Vic.

### FRIENDLY RIVALS

ON leaving school my chum and I were chosen as "Popular Girl" candidates in our parish, my friend being successful in the contest by three votes.

The years passed. We married and lived in the same parish. Our daughters were born within three days of each other. They were great chums and on leaving school were selected as rival "Popular Girl" candidates.

My daughter obtained three more votes than my friend's girl.

2/6 to Mrs. D. F. Hutchinson, Warren St., Cootamundra, N.S.W.

### QUICK THINKING

IT was moving day and my sister had just gone to a big old-fashioned wardrobe and opened the door when it fell forward on her.

Our screams brought the carriers, and when they raised the wardrobe my sister emerged unharmed.

She had had the presence of mind to step into it as it was falling, and, apart from bumping heavily on the door, was unhurt.

2/6 to Mrs. Helen Hourigan, Carrabella St., Kirribilli, N.S.W.

## Film proves true to its title...

### "Lucky girl" in motor car fire



"It was some minutes before I could see properly."

COMING out of hospital after an illness, I went to visit my people at Caboolture, 30 miles from Brisbane, but after I had been there a week I decided to return to Brisbane to do some shopping.

The picture theatre proprietor who was driving into the city to collect film for his show that night agreed to take me with him, but when we met I found the car packed with batteries, films, and other luggage, and there was just enough room for me to sit at the back.

As I was feeling very tired I shut my eyes as the car left the city, but we had gone only two miles when I felt that something was wrong and to my horror found thick rolls of black smoke coming from under the goods near me.

I shouted to the two men in front.

### Saved by chimney

A HEAVY thunderstorm came up very quickly while I was living on a farm near Lismore, and I ran to the kitchen to close the fire stove. Just as I finished the task, a large tree was blown down and it fell across the kitchen, flattening it to the ground.

The men rushed to remove the timber, so that they could rescue me, but I was wedged into the brick chimney that was left standing, and was unhurt except for a few scratches.

2/6 to Mrs. F. Heron, P.O., Maroochydore, Qld.

### Not Miss Muffet

A FRIEND who lives in the Western District of New South Wales has a most amazing pet—a huge spider.

When I arrived at her home for a holiday, she asked me if I would like to be introduced to it.

In the four corners of her timber house are long wooden posts about three inches in diameter, which reach halfway to the roof, and have a flat surface.

She walked to one corner and called out "Nigger," and immediately a huge black spider with flat body and long, spindling legs came out from under the roof.

Pieces of cake were placed on the flat portion of the post, and "Nigger" scurried down the wall to its meal table. Finally my friend placed some morsels of food in the cup of her hand, and the spider crawled on to it and finished the crumbs.

This performance was repeated every day during the ten days I spent in the house.

2/6 to H. McCorrel, King St., Newtown, N.S.W.

### Fear unjustified

FOR a bet a friend and I set out to walk from Newcastle to Sydney within a given time, but when well on our way we decided we must abandon our chances of winning, and secured a lift in a motor car.

After travelling a few miles my feet touched something soft and warm under a rug. Looking carefully at the bundle I saw that one corner of the rug was stained with something dark and instantly a horrified suspicion formed in my mind. I clutched my friend's arm, only to find that the same thought had occurred to her.

At that moment the car shot off the main road up a short steep track, and the horror we experienced in that terrible moment I shall never forget.

The next minute we swung round a corner to face a brightly painted cottage bearing the sign, "Hot Snones and Devonshire Cream."

As we stepped out of the car the driver apologised for the lack of room.

"I didn't like to tell you," he laughed, "but I've got a dead roo in the back. I shot him this morning!"

With heartfelt relief we assured him we didn't mind dead roos at all, and after admiring the carcass went in to tea.

2/6 to Dorothy Davies, Edgecliff, N.S.W.

### Change of programme

IT was raining heavily in Rabaul—a typical tropical downpour—and my husband and I were seated close to the radio listening to the music.

Then the programme changed to a talk, and as we could not hear for the noise of the rain we moved further away.

Suddenly there was a frightful crash. A blinding sheet of flame flashed through the room. Sparks flew everywhere, then total darkness, and an awful smell of burning and the room filled with smoke.

With the memory of the recent volcanic eruption still fresh, I was firmly convinced it was another quake until we lit a hurricane lamp and saw the radio in fragments, the wall behind it broken and blackened, and dust and dirt everywhere.

The aerial of the radio had been struck by lightning and totally destroyed. The fuse boxes had also been blown to pieces, thus accounting for the blackout.

But for the lucky change of programme we would have probably been seriously injured.

2/6 to Mrs. G. Forsyth, Rabaul, T.N.G.

I pooh-pooh other hose with persistence,  
With determined, unswerving resistance,  
After trying all brands,  
KAYSER met my demands—  
It's quite the best hose in existence!

"I'm a  
**ONE Brand**  
woman now"



### SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

Through years of experience I've discovered that the best way to buy stockings is to stick to a good brand. That's why I insist on Kayser, they're consistently kind to your legs and your stocking budget. Mir-o-Klear Sheers and Service Weights from 4/11 and Mir-o-Kal Super Sheers at 7/11 a pair.

"505X Service Weight now has a new picot edge... most enhancing... only 4/11."

H. 2.9.





REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPH BY G. LAIDLAW, WEST END, BRISBANE.

*Often Buttered  
Never Bettered*

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S — THEY ARE BETTER THAN EVER.



# Marjorie Crawford will miss Davis Cup fight



THREE generations of tennis—Bromwich's grandmother, Bromwich, and his mother



ADRIAN QUIST, handsome bachelor of the team, adjusts the lens of his movie camera.

MRS. HARRY HOPMAN drove her husband from Melbourne in their car to say good-bye to him.

## Wives won't mind staying at home if our team wins

To accompany her husband on nearly every tennis tour—and then to have to stay at home . . .

That was a severe blow to Marjorie Crawford, whose husband Jack is now on his way to America with Australia's Davis Cup team.

### The Case of MR. JOHN B



NAME: MR. JOHN B. AGE: 35. RESIDENCE: 147 YORK STREET, SYDNEY. OCCUPATION: SALESMAN. MEDICAL HISTORY: NONE. ALLERGIES: NONE. CURRENT MEDICATION: NONE. PHYSICIAN: DR. J. B. SMITH. DATE: JUNE 1, 1939.

### BANISH CONSTIPATION

NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Fig, Senna and Cascara. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You chew it up, become normal, bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen—equally good for adults and children. Sold and recommended by chemists everywhere. 1/3 tin.

**NYAL FIGSEN**  
FOR CONSTIPATION

BECAUSE of a new regulation, no wives are allowed to be in the country where the matches are played.

Mrs. Crawford accompanied her husband on seven of his previous tours overseas.

"I know I shall be very lonely, and I shall miss seeing the matches," said Mrs. Crawford, when interviewed by The Australian Women's Weekly.

"But we won't miss any birthdays or anniversaries—that's one good thing. They fall in the other half of the year. And I hope I'll be brought a present," she added, laughingly, with a sidelong glance at her husband.

For the four young men in the team—Harry Hopman, Jack Crawford, Adrian Quist and John Bromwich—this may be the highlight year of their tennis careers.

Australia has not held the Davis Cup for twenty years. But the chances of winning it again have not been as promising for years as they are this year.

If Australia wins next year's Davis Cup matches will be played here.

That would mean that we would see not only the world's most brilliant tennis stars, but a huge gathering of spectators, including many from overseas.

The presence of the Duke and Duchess of Kent would help to make it one of the most memorable sporting events in Australia's history.

Jack Crawford might be called "The Perfect Gentleman of the Courts." In the hundreds of matches he plays he never exhibits temperamental or temper on the tennis court.

Continued on Page 44



THAT last-minute labelling of luggage. Mrs. Crawford is staying at home this time.



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Small tube . . . 1/6  
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Rich, pure Sunlight—economical because it washes cleaner without hard rubbing. See the greatly extended range of gifts for 1939!

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Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Towrs Hall end), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out the form below, fill in the particulars and enclose with wrapper-tops. Address to: "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," Lever Brothers Pty. Ltd., Box 4318 YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Do not enclose a letter, but fill in this form.

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(ROSE PERFUMED)

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## BABY'S GRIPE PAINS

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NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE  
California Syrup of Figs

## Saw film of Australia —decided to marry

Romantic Viennese couple get acquainted with our language

By a special representative of The Australian Women's Weekly

"Australia is our fate!"

"That is always our little joke," said Mrs. Langer, wife of Dr. Langer, famous Viennese architect, who is now in Australia.

DR. AND MRS. LANGER arrived here last week, and are at present staying with friends until they find a site for their home, because, as Mrs. Langer says, "it will last many days to know this city."

"We always say Australia is our fate," Mrs. Langer went on, "because" and here she laughed softly and fluttered her eyelids at her husband, "you see," another ripple of laughter, "my husband and I went to the cinema—how you say the pictures?—and we saw a film of Australia."

"It was called, 'Australia, the Unfinished Continent,' and it was all in German. And after that evening—well—we promised to marry."

Mrs. Langer paused for a while, and then she said, with another look at her husband, "but we not see much film, no? We mostly look at each other."

"But I remember a sandstorm, and yes, a man and has family in the storm, and one of the children had only five years!"

"I remember we see lots of skyscrapers at Sydney," said Dr. Langer. "And we see the King of Cross, the King."

"King's Cross?" I suggested. "Ah, yes, King's Cross, and the long street."

"William Street," I said.

"You call it that, yes?"

I asked Mrs. Langer how long they had been married, and it was Dr. Langer who replied proudly, "Seven years. And we celebrate our wedding on the boat coming out."

"Ach, you mean we celebrate our anniversary on the boat," his wife interpolated. "And do you know," she went on, turning to me, "what he give me for a present? It was a copy of 'Australia, the Unfinished Continent.'"

"And so, you see, I was able to read it, which was as well, since I saw not much of the picture."

"And in the book I put the theatre tickets from the time when we saw the film—just for remembrance, eh?"

"And I will tell you another thing, too. If you like to know about me and my husband, yes?"

I assured her that was just what I wanted to know, and she went on: "You see, I study at the University, too—the History of Arts, and my husband, he study at night."

"We met, and became friends, and then we marry, and then we both received our degree of Doctor of Philosophy on the same day! That is most remarkable?"

BOTH Dr. Langer and his wife are most enthusiastic about the harbor. "It is so blue, and so green, and the water it is so blue, and then that beautiful bridge. It is the most beautiful harbor in the



DR. AND MRS. LANGER

world. And that is not the flattering talk.

"You have not the bad spots here in your city," said Mrs. Langer.

"We have slums, I think you saw them yesterday, Dr. Langer?"

"Yes, I see some of your flats—and I will see all of them—because that is my business."

Dr. Langer has built workmen's flats in Vienna—iron and steel buildings which house hundreds of families.

To become a civil architect in Vienna—a highly-skilled workman, of which there are only 120—takes ten years.

But an architect there does not mean simply an architect. The term includes bricklaying, carpentering, furniture designing, interior decoration, knowledge of all woods and building materials, and the art of furniture making.

### "Flats are for women"

I ASKED him if he preferred flats to houses.

"The flats they are for women," he replied decisively.

"Why do you say that?"

"Why? Because it is so."

"But why is it so?" I persisted.

"Oh! For the woman it is all right. She likes to live in the city and be gay. To go to the shops and the cafes. But a man wants his home, with his garden."

"Did you live in Vienna itself, or in the country?"

"We have the flat in the city and we have our home out in the country, where we have our garden and our swimming-pool. Our garden it was beautiful. Much after your English gardens."

"We have all trees in our garden," said Mrs. Langer.

"No, no. That is not right," corrected her husband. "We have the flowers in our garden."

Dr. Langer's favorite pastime is painting landscapes in oils and water-color. "But that is only my hobby? Yes?"

"Oh, but you do cray—chalk—coal—what is that word I want?" and Mrs. Langer turned to me. "The sketches in black stuff?"

"Charcoal?"

"Ah, that is it. Yes. Charcoal you say?"

Mountain climbing and skiing are favorite sports with both Dr. and Mrs. Langer.

"On our Blue Danube we have the canoeing. But the river she flows so fast—it is nine feet in ten seconds—that we cannot swim. I tried it, and the current took me so far down, and then you see I had to scramble out and run all the way back up the bank."

We talked of art and music, and Mrs. Langer was excited when I mentioned the Viennese stars who had been in Sydney.

Dr. and Mrs. Langer have travelled all over Europe. The only countries they have not visited are Spain and America.

"Of all the peoples, I think I like best the people of Norway. They are so cultured."

"Do you know, if you walk for two days in Norway, and then one day you meet a peasant farmer walking along the road, and you stop and talk with him, he will converse on art and literature and music better than you or I."

This from Dr. Langer, and his wife, not to be outdone, said to me: "But I like the Australian peoples, they are so charming. And so very kind."



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IS HIS MOTHER'S PRIDE AND JOY



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NEEDS THE STRENGTH OF  
**BOVRIL**



# Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

I LIKE—

The heart-shaped diamante and ruby clips which Mrs. Doug. Levy fastens on the lapels of her teal-blue tailored suit.

## Opening of Romano's

SO packed was the opening night of the new Romano's last Thursday that here and there a modest shiny brown chair of an older vintage helped out the assembly of its brilliant cerise plush upholstered brothers.

People who had feared for the ultimate effect of the emerald-and-cerise color scheme of the place discovered that plus white tablecloths and hordes of dancers it proved to be most effective.

White frocks were in the majority though, and very charming were the wearers. Diana Parnham and Mrs. Tom Peters were two who appeared especially lovely. Joyce Boynton pinned an orchid in orchids to her pale pink gown; in fact, it's a long time since so many orchids have been gathered together in one room.

There was a touch of sentiment about the party given by the Fred Rogers, of Brisbane. They had attended the opening of the old Ambassadors, which Mr. Romano managed, and the opening of the old Romano's, and flew down especially for this occasion, returning next day. In their party were the Arthur Wigans of Adelaide, Mrs. John Irwin, of the same city, and that attractive American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilson.

Senator Foll, who breakfasted in Launceston that morning, flew all the way there to officially open the festivity. The Colin Clisholms, of Khannoban, Upper Murray, made a long journey for the occasion, too, although they stayed in Sydney a week.

## Return will only be visit

A BOARD the Strathaird, due in Sydney towards the end of this month, is Eild Hall, who is returning from 12 months in England. Her mother, Mrs. W. G. Hull, and sister-in-law, Mrs. Eric Hull, plan to meet the ship in Melbourne.

I hear that Eild's return doesn't mean a permanent stay in Sydney. In fact, after seeing her family and friends she'll once more visit England on her luggage labels.

## Sydney doctor weds

DR. FRED CHENHALL has gone to Adelaide for his marriage this Wednesday with Phyllis Bray, which takes place at Stow Church. After the ceremony Phyllis' mother, Mrs. Cecil Bray, will entertain 300 guests at Knutsford, Glenelg.

Phyllis' sister, Mrs. Maxwell Hinder, and Mrs. Cecil Noble have come from Melbourne to be her matrons of honor. Dr. Eric Sussman and Mr. Fred Tillock, of Sydney, and Mr. Lance Hargrave, of Adelaide, attend the bridegroom. Mrs. Jack McComas, of Melbourne, has been staying at Knutsford for a week, and other well-known Victorian guests include Mrs. Aubrey Gibson and Captain and Mrs. P. R. Gove.

## Through Central Australia

ON her first visit to Sydney since her husband was appointed Administrator of the Northern Territory two years ago, Mrs. C. L. A. Abbott will have been here only a fortnight when she flies back to Darwin next Tuesday.

Mrs. Abbott had an interesting journey south. As Mr. Abbott was making the southern end of the Territory his headquarters for five weeks, she travelled by train to Birdum and thence by car the 700 miles to Alice Springs. She stayed several days at Alice Springs, went riding after cattle, and made a trip with a camel train.

Next stage of the journey was by train to Adelaide, and then Sydney, where she is staying at the Macquarie Club.

The Abbotts' postponed trip abroad will probably start in August when Mr. and Mrs. Abbott will leave Darwin by flying boat.



AN ATTRACTIVE STUDY of Miss Jan McDowall, of Ascot, Brisbane, who is spending several weeks in Sydney. Miss McDowall, who is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Val McDowall, paid a brief visit to Bowral last week, and intends going to the Chalet at Kosciuszko in July.

Mrs. W. R. Slack, of Killara, and Mrs. Altria arranged a bush riding picnic for Peter and Jennifer Slack during last week. About twelve young riders joined the party, which ended with a campfire tea.

## Parties for a bride

PRUE MIDDLETON, of Strathfield, is being entertained at the Pickwick this Wednesday. Mesdames Charles, Len, and Walter Middleton and Mrs. W. S. Taubman are doing the honors for Prue, who marries Phillip King, of Dubbo, on June 10.

Prue has planned a very quiet home ceremony, with a reception at Mrs. Taubman's lovely home at Cronulla.

This Wednesday's party is a linen tea. Mrs. Harry Taubman, Mrs. George Elliott, Mrs. Charles Dansey, Mrs. Tom Greenaway and Florence Taubman are some of those who will present Prue with guest-towels and table-mats.

## Building home at Bowral

THE Talbot Sanderson mansion, in the course of erection on the heights between Bowral and Moss Vale, and almost opposite the old Bong Bong race-course, is now nearing completion. The lucky owners, ensconced for the time being at the Links House, Bowral, make daily pilgrimages to watch its progress.

Recently returned from one of their numerous jaunts overseas, Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson brought back with them from one of England's old homes the lovely carved staircase which is a feature of the house. The carved entrance-door, to match the staircase, the carpets and antique furniture are also from England.

From the reception-rooms huge plate-glass windows afford wonderful views of the country for miles around.

## Made debut at Parkes

KATHLEEN, attractive young daughter of the Mayor of Parkes, Mr. Frank Spicer, M.L.C., made her debut at the Empire Day Ball at Parkes. She and another lass, Margaret McGlynn, were presented to Monsignor Moran.

## Halt to winter sports

GEOFFREY BRASSEY'S year abroad is not going so well. News comes that when winter-sporting somewhere in Germany he injured his leg, and is now thinking about flying home.

In his absence he has left that super-bachelor abode of his, Knocke, overlooking Links Road—otherwise known as Millionaires' Row—at Bowral. Tenants are the T. G. Murrays and their pretty daughter Pat.

## Has new niece

CHARLEY MORGAN JONES has gone off to Dimbi Plains for a visit and is greeting the latest addition to the household of her brother and sister-in-law, the Geoffrey Morgan Jones. Their small daughter was born several weeks ago in Quirindi.

Charley leaves for abroad early this month, and will stay in Gibraltar with her sister Coralie, whose husband, Major Raymond Laurie, is stationed there with his regiment.

I hear that Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern are on the high seas on the way to England, travelling via America. I believe. They changed their route, almost at a moment's notice, and crossing to New Zealand, picked up their ship there.

## Temporary home at Gordon

THE Frederick Tyrrells—she, before her recent marriage, was Shirley Pring, of Strathfield—have taken a furnished house at Gordon for the next three months. Meanwhile they'll make up their minds on the location of their permanent home.

Another member of the Pring household, Ken, will desert the family roof-tree within the next six months or so, when he marries Margaret Friend, daughter of the Bill Friends, who also hail from Strathfield.

## Perseverance did it

SHEELAH LYLE is putting her usual enthusiasm into her skating, and spends all her spare time at the Ice Palais. She was up there last Friday, and of course was asked the usual question, "Can you skate?" Sheelah replied in smug tones that she thought she was rather good, although she had only been on the ice three times. Watching her skimming round the centre of the rink like a professional, I was all admiration for her prowess after only three efforts—till Sheelah confessed that the first time she was there for a whole day and the second and third times it was all afternoon!

By the way, the Navy took to the ice last week—saw Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. John Warn skating together, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Benny made up a party with Joan and Bunty Broadway.

## With all the trimmings

PROBABLY the guests at La Fiesta Italiana at Carl Thomas' this Thursday will leave home Australians and return thoroughly Italianised. The committee members of the Darling Point Younger Set for the District Nursing Association have planned an Italian evening, with a spaghetti supper and all foreign trimmings. Nancye Bundock and Valerie Horne have been working diligently on the decorations—creating the proper Italian Fiesta atmosphere.

Lots of the young Darling Pointers will be there—Eve Raymond, Binkie Bowker, Ros Bowman, Barbara Long Innes and Jane McCallum are some of the helpers—but they are looking for a sturdy young man to help with the decorations!

## DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Mrs. George Dight and Betty are now making their permanent home in town, at Number Nine, Springfield Avenue, and will make only occasional visits to Yetman?

## THEY THOUGHT MY JOHNNY WAS SPOILED

JOHNNY DARLING PLEASE DO AS I ASK YOU

I WON'T! I WON'T!

HE JUST PICKS AT HIS FOOD DOCTOR, AND HE'S SUCH A NERVOUS AND OBEDIENT BOY. WHAT CAN I DO?

SO DOCTOR GAVE JOHNNY A THOROUGH OVERHAUL

SIX WEEKS LATER

JOHNNY'S A DIFFERENT BOY NOW!

WHEN your child starts to get cranky and nervous... loses weight... and just picks at his food, then start him on Horlicks. Horlicks soon brings the appetite back, changes paleness and listlessness into radiant good-natured vitality. Children love the flavour of Horlicks—especially when it's made with the Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6d. Economy size, 2/9. Special Pack, with Mixer, 2/6.

**HORLICKS**

at bedtime guards children against "Night-Starvation".



## Acid Stomach Is Dangerous

Sufferers from Indigestion  
READ THIS

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, food fermentation, etc., are caused nine times in ten by chronic acid stomach," says a well-known authority.

Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with pepsin or artificial digestants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the sour, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralise or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Salix Magnesia and not only will the pain vanish, but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Salix Magnesia to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. Your stomach acts and feels fine in just a few minutes. Salix Magnesia can be obtained from your nearest chemist or store. It is safe, reliable, easy, and pleasant to use, is not a laxative, and is not at all expensive."



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## Where stork's call costs £300



Hospital bill, about £200; doctor's fee, about £100—yes, he's almost literally worth his weight in gold!



### Hospitals in London now like palatial hotels

By Air Mail from MARY, ST. CLAIRE



This Australian mother is quite happy with phone and radio.

When the stork visits well-to-do London parents these days, the cost to the proud father usually amounts to between £200 and £300.

WHAT would the average Australian father think of a hospital bill of £150 as well as a doctor's fee of at least £100? "Extras" may easily account for another £50!

Fashionable London does not object. In return for this outlay, the patient is assured of comfort and attention of a standard undreamt of a few years ago.

Largest and most sumptuous of private hospitals, the London Clinic has all the amenities of a first-class hotel.

Close to Harley Street, its ten stories rising on modern lines, it boasts one of the most inviting entrances in London.

Carpets in rich warm tones, deep armchairs and lounges, a bookstall equipped with thrillers—all help the worried father-to-be over the last hours.

At the clinic service goes with a smile. Doctors and nurses have a charm of manner very much worth while, for gratitude at baby's well-being is quickly translated into £ s. d.

An idea of what it costs for the stork's visit to a London socialite can be gained from the following figures for a fortnight in an exclusive nursing home:

Suite of rooms—42 guineas	£	s.	d.
per week	88	4	0
Day and night nurses for mother—7 guineas each			
per week	29	8	0
Trained nurse for baby—7 guineas per week	14	14	0
Doctor's fee—by arrangement with patient and quite apart from medical attention at hospital—130 guineas	130	10	0
	£266	16	0

And add to this the "extras" for use of theatre, surgical instruments, etc., and the cost soon runs up to nearer the £300 mark.

Each suite at the London Clinic is an absolutely self-contained apartment, consisting of a well-furnished room for the mother, with baby's nursery adjoining, a nicely furnished sitting-room, with writing desk and lounges, and an extra room if required, for the husband.

Suites at the clinic range from two to five or even six-room apartments, the cost going up as the floor space increases.

Telephones are provided in every room, each room has a private bathroom adjoining, and there is even a private kitchen where the patient's maid may prepare special dishes.

Stenographers and social secretaries are provided if required and eleven chefs prepare a menu fit for a Royal banquet.

There is no sameness about this hospital's menus.

The patient has a choice of some twenty-five to thirty dishes, prepared to doctor's orders by expert chefs in collaboration with dietitians.

Teas and dinners for visitors can be served in the suites—in fact, entertaining on a small scale is quite common when the patient is well enough.

And so, in these luxurious surroundings, Lady Angela, in her be-frilled and beribboned bassinet, starts life on a scale of costliness befitting the lavish expenditure which will eventually launch her on her first season.

After her presentation at Court, launched in society and lovely as a flower, she may marry the youthful heir to a peerage who lies in his cot in the next apartment at the clinic.

Step Out And Say

## GOOD-BYE TO FOOT TROUBLE

By Nightly Using

## Zam-Buk

LOOK how she is swinging along . . . light of step . . . and with happy, care-free feet. And there's not the slightest reason why you shouldn't be the same. A nightly rub-over with Zam-Buk will give you healthy feet, free from aching, soreness and chilblains, during these winter months.

First, bathe your feet in warm water, and after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

### Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Troublesome hard skin and corns are softened and easily removed, chilblains are healed and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Start now with Zam-Buk for healthy feet all Winter.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All chemists and stores



"Glorious feet and a glorious walk is the result of bathing them and rubbing Zam-Buk on the soles and between the toes before sitting off. No more aching or tiredness, now, thanks to Zam-Buk."  
—Mrs. M. Freeman.

"For softening corns and hard growths and for relieving the constant pain, Zam-Buk was wonderful. This fine preparation gave me a pair of sound, comfortable feet."—Mrs. S. Easter.

## Rub In ZAM-BUG Every Night



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THE ARISTOCRAT OF  
**WATCHES**  
OBTAINABLE IN LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S STYLES  
At all good jewellers

TIME FOR A LIFETIME!



# FARMER'S

Mail orders to P.O. Box 497 AA, Sydney. 'Phone, M 2405.



## Angora berets here from Paris

We saw them in Paris—worn coyly over one eye in a manner wholly devastating to the masculine heart. Exquisitely soft angoras which we imported for you in black, navy, wine, brown or green. Two shapes (with high cane support, or round), usually 16/11, special at **12'11**

Millinery Salon, Third Floor.



£6/16/6

£5/5/-

99/6

Soft as the down of a dove

## Camel and Wool

in pigeon wing pastels for your snug new coats

With five cartwheel buttons, at **£6/16/6**

Loose swagger in a swinging cut, **£5/5/-**

Streamline stitching, swagger style, **99/6**

As incredibly soft and warm as the breast of a dove... coats made for an adorable Autumn in America's new box style, trim about your shoulders, prim at your throat, and dramatically cut to swing just below your knees. Of that camel-and-wool which is the season's warmest partnership, dyed enchantingly in those dreamy pastels you see on a pigeon's sleek, gleaming wing—gold, cherry, aqua, natural, green and navy. All are available in sizes 32 to 36.

COAT SALON, THIRD FLOOR. MAIL ORDERS TO P.O. BOX 497 AA.



'Bradfield' derby, in brown, black, navy.



'Carrington', redskin brown or black calf.



'Cavendish', brown or black calf ghillie.



'MacLay', navy, blk., grapewine or brown.

## "Town Strollers"

Your happy companions for city or country

From bright mornings to rainy afternoons, from country rambling to shopping expeditions round the city—"Town Strollers" are right. Happy-go-lucky shoes with all the comfort busy feet could ask, keeping company with fashion pointers like mudguard trims and tailored leather heels. Colour favourites: grapewine, redskin brown, also blacks, navys. **15'9**

THIRD FLOOR. STOCKS FOR MAIL ORDERS.

## Hair-do's made easy with END CURLERS

In the morning rolled low, in the evening flared high... you can set your hair-do in a few minutes only with fast-drying "Goody" curlers. Amazingly efficient, and supplied with full instructions for use. Either six (in small and medium sizes) or four (large and giant sizes) on a card, priced at **2/-**

Hair Accessories, Ground Floor



EVEN IF YOU LIVE in the country or interstate, Farmer's need be no further than your nearest pillar-box. Simply write P.O. Box 497 AA... and an efficient organization will immediately attend you. 'Phone M 2405.



## Trousseau Sets

Reduced to thrilling prices  
for June Brides

Seldom before such helpful savings for glory-box planners! Beautifully linen-finished sets of two sheets and pillow-cases, embroidered in primrose, green, rose, blue. Hemstitched borders. Size 90x100 ins., usually 42/-, now **29'11**. 72x100 ins., us. 35/-, now **23'11**

First Floor. Mail Orders to P.O. Box 497 AA.

## OWN A VICTORIA ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINE FOR

20/- deposit **£18'18'** - Monthly payments

Just 20/- down and small monthly payments bring you this revolutionary electric sewing machine. Portable, powerful and silent... with knee-action speed control and reverse gear to avoid shifting your sewing. Fully guaranteed, all parts replaceable. Complete with handsome case, **£18/18/-**.

Electrical Goods, First Floor. Mail Orders





## Some happy glimpses of the Royal Family

Royalty in the news has rung down the curtain on the tension of high politics in Europe. A happier world turns with interest to our Royal Family: the tour of the King and Queen, their children at home, and Queen Mary's courage in a motor-car accident from which she is happily recovering.



**STEPPING OUT:** A lovely Marcus Adams study of Princess Elizabeth and Dookie, her Welsh Corgi. The Heir Presumptive to the Throne has been mingling with London crowds, visiting the Zoo, and riding on tube trains accompanied by her sister, Princess Margaret Rose.



**FIRST NIGHTER:** Queen Mary attends a symphony concert with the Duke of Kent. Before her accident she visited eight theatres in three weeks. Last Friday was her 72nd birthday.



**THAMES TRIP:** Princess Margaret Rose spoke through a launch microphone to her grandmother: "Isn't this lovely!" It was good practice for her transatlantic talks to the Queen.



**GRACIOUS LADY:** Queen Elizabeth waving from a doorway of the Royal train to snowbound villagers in remote Canada.



**ANNIVERSARY:** Duke and Duchess of Windsor celebrate second anniversary of wedding, June 4. The Duke talked with his mother, from Paris.





● LOVELY NEW PORTRAIT of the Duchess of Kent, wife of the Governor-General designate of Australia. Her coiffure of soft curls and tilted hat trimmed with two ostrich plumes caught by a jewelled brooch are a perfect frame for her regal beauty. Her hat is reminiscent of the famous "Bibi" hat worn in the days of crinolines and Garibaldi jackets in Empress Eugenie's reign.

—Photo by Harlip.



## Designed for a



● BRUYERE'S sweater-trock in finest powder-blue wool. The plain back is contrasted with a flurry of box-pleats in the front. A vivid cyclamen scarf brings a cheery note to the neck-line. (Above.)

②

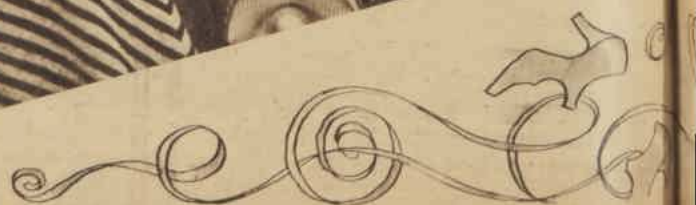
● THE young bride watches the polo in Matita's slim, high-necked jersey frock, boldly striped in grey and navy. Over it a double-breasted navy tweed coat with upstanding velvet collar. A touch of whimsy with the red chiffon scarf and red leather belt. (Right.)

③

● OFF for her honeymoon in an unmistakably French model by Mainbocher. The pleated swing skirt is topped by a sleek bodice and brief jacket with romantic bishop sleeves. White braid gives additional chic. (Top Right.)

④

● SMART afternoons in town in Isabel's slim, black frock with Continental flipp in the yoke and trimly tailored bolero of hyacinth-blue, trimmed with black silk braid. (Lower Right.)





## JUNE BRIDE...



● TO GLAMORISE any trousseau — a luxurious wealth of Arctic fox cunningly styled into a cape of breath-taking loveliness. (Above.)

66

● FOR DINING. Main-bocher suggests this very demure, high-necked bodice in black velvet, offset with a flowing skirt in dawn-pink, self-striped organza. Short, black velvet gloves complete the Victorian effect. (Above Left.)

67

● AN ANGELIC evening gown of crepe satin—white as sea foam. The daring, strapless bodice is contradicted by the Old-World skirt and bow at the waist. For added modesty a long scarf edged with white fox fur. (Left.)







EUGENIE, last Empress of the French.

## EUGENIE—famous beauty who became an EMPRESS

Fairy-tale wedding was one of most spectacular in history

"You will be a queen, and you will live a hundred years," a gipsy fortune-teller told a little Spanish girl—Eugenie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba.

Eugenie became the last Empress of France, the wife of Napoleon III, nephew of the great Napoleon Bonaparte. And she lived nearly a hundred years. She was 94 when she died—less than twenty years ago.

IN "Eugenie, Empress of the French," Octave Aubry recreates the girlhood of one

of Europe's most famous beauties, the splendid pageantry of her seventeen years as Empress, and her courageous departure into exile.

Eugenie brought a new elegance and cosmopolitan brilliance to the French Court. She revived the crinolined fashions of the 18th century which Queen Elizabeth has revived this year, and modelled her life on Queen Victoria's, trying to make her rule a partnership with her husband in affairs of State.

She acted as Regent three times when he was absent during France's wars with other European powers.

She trained her delicate young son for rulership, but he was killed in the Zulu war in Africa, only six years after his father died in exile in England, where he and his wife had gone after the Republicans seized power. Their downfall followed dissatisfaction with Napoleon's conduct of the war with Prussia.

Among all the lovely, luxuriously gowned and jewelled women of her Court, Eugenie was the loveliest. Though her frocks were beautiful and numerous, she was not as extravagant as her critics believed. Many of her gowns were "freshened up" at home.

But her tiny white satin shoes Eugenie wore once only. Then she sent them to orphans in convents of which she was patron to wear at their first communion.

EUGENIE'S marriage was one of the most spectacular in history—but she did not marry for love.

"The Emperor loved her. She did not love him at all, but she did not dislike him. He was delicate and kind; she found an engaging charm in his smile and his blue eyes."

"Not having love—which she would perhaps have preferred—she would put satisfied pride in its place. She would try to be useful to the country over which she was to reign."

"To a proud and active nature that might bear a distant resemblance to a sort of happiness."

### Lovely bride

EUGENIE was certainly a fairy-tale bride.

"She was tall and beautifully made, with long legs, slender waist and shoulders ravishingly rounded. Her face was unusual with deep blue eyes under shell-like lids. Her hair was of tawny fairness and her complexion was transparent as though lighted from within."

"Her feet were very small and very slender; she moved with swift and seemingly unconscious grace."

"On the wedding day all the bells in Paris were pealing their loudest. Minute by minute the guns of the Invalides rent and shattered the air."

"Descending from the coach before Notre Dame, Eugenie turned to the square and, as though in a drawing-room, she made her great Court curtsy to the vast crowd, so supple, so low bending that it almost seemed as if she would never be able to recover. A storm of acclamation answered her curtsy."

"As the Imperial pair entered the church five hundred musical instruments, backed by the grand organ, played a solemn march."

"THE women gazed at her in amaze. Her dress was white velvet, with a little coat bodice sewn with brilliant and an endless train of English point lace."

"Upon her wavy hair, half hidden by the veil, sat the diadem of sapphires and diamonds that Josephine wore at her coronation with Napoleon Bonaparte. Her waist was girdled by the sapphire belt given by Napoleon to Marie-Louise."

"She was very pale. She knelt



"LADIES of the Court with Eugenie in a painting by the famous artist, Winterhalter."



down so limply on her prie-dieu that the Emperor at her side imagined that she was going to faint. But she straightened up her little pale head, reassured him with a gentle, almost timid, smile, and dropping her forehead into her hands began to pray." Then:

"She rose to her feet, lighter of spirit. The Archbishop, advancing with upraised hands, pronounced the sacramental words and handed to the Emperor the ring, which he placed on Eugenie's finger."

"The organ blared under the lofty vaults lit up by the lights from the great windows . . .

"Open doors brought back the skies. Cataracts of sound from the organ. A clamor that sent a shiver down the spine. Along the quays bathed in honeyed light came the procession once more returning to the Tuilleries Palace . . .

"Eugenie, Empress of the French."

By Octave Aubry. (Cobden-Sanderson.) Our copy from Angus and Robertson.



Poor lonely Sue! Life's no fun at all for a girl without telephone calls or dates. (But what must wait to play Monopoly to dull teeth and dingy gums—a drab, lack-lustre, unattractive smile?)



There's hope for Sue. Her small sister could teach her the importance of gum massage to a winning smile. (For Little Ann has already learned in school that gums as well as teeth need special care.)



Life's a lot of fun when a girl has a lovely, appealing smile! How popular Sue could be—how many good times she could have—if she would start with Ipana and massage today. (For Ipana Tooth Paste with massage is especially designed to help the health of the gums as well as to keep teeth bright and sparkling.)

Ipana and massage is a modern way to help keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling!

HOW SWIFTLY masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheater of life's fun.

Don't be foolish—don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist at once. You may not be in for real trouble, but your dentist—and only your dentist—should make that decision. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums, deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—

and, like so many dentists, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer—more resistant to trouble.

Buy an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste to-day. Adopt the easy, common sense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

Regular Size 1/4 . . . Super Size 2/4

### CHANGE TO



**IPANA AND GUM MASSAGE**



"Another day started—oh, dear, I dread that breakfast struggle! I just can't face another tantrum, and yet Tommy must be made to eat."



"Excuse me, Mrs. Page," says the next door neighbour. "We're off to the country and I hate leaving food in the house. Will you take this new packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles? I'm sure Tommy likes them—my Peter won't eat anything else! He likes to hear that 'SNAP' 'CRACKLE!' and 'POP!' when the milk is poured on!"



"Can I have some more Rice Bubbles, Mum?" "Can you have more, my angel—you can have as much as you like!" replies Mother, thrilled that all her breakfast worries are over. "Those Kellogg's Rice Bubbles have made a new boy of you, darling!" No wonder, Mrs. Page—Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are full of nourishment, and they're so deliciously appealing to "cranky" appetites.



CHOCOLATE CRACKLES—three packets: 3 lbs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups), 2 1/2 lbs. fine coconut (1 cup), 8 lbs. icing sugar, 2 1/2 lbs. cream (2 tablespoons), 8 oz. Cocoa Melchior. Mix dry ingredients together, melt Cocoa and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spread on paper cup containers, and allow to set. Enough for 36 or 38 Chocolate Crackles.



# Betty's "racey" narratives

## Lady punter who plunged £3000

By BETTY GEE

Bookmakers' complaints about our modest bets, which they sometimes refuse to accept, remind me that Sydney's biggest lady bettor, who operated ten years ago, used to put "it" on in thousands. She was dubbed Madam X.

Sometimes she had £3000 in a single bet on a racehorse, and so far as history discloses was the biggest lady bettor Australia has ever known.

SHE once bid too high for the greatest of Australian bookmakers of all time, Jim Hackett, sen., and he had to cut her bet.

Think that over, you "bookies" who sneer at my five-shilling bets.

Sydney and Melbourne have seen some big women bettors come and go. They didn't last long.

But Madam X did, because she hitched her waggion to a Turf star who was well-high invincible when in his best form—Amounis.

Occasionally her betting was led astray on lesser dumb animals, and she lost much of her Amounis winnings. Otherwise the bookmakers might have been out of pocket many tens of thousands.

The mouthpiece of one big Sydney firm declared that in Amounis' winnings she had collected £10,000 from this one concern.

At the commencement of betting on the Cantala Stakes of 1929 at Flemington, Jim Hackett, sen., quoted Amounis at 5 to 2. Madam X claimed £5000 to £3000. Such a demand was too great a stunner even for the King of the Australian Turf. It was the only time he was "stopped."

Hackett knew the horse's would shorten under public demand and that few others in the race would be backed, so he laid Madam X £1250 to £500 at the original 5 to 2, and £1000 to £500 at 2 to 1. Madam X made big bets with other bookmakers, and lifted more than £5000 from the ring over the one race.

### Big odds early

HER biggest Amounis wins, however, were achieved on set events when betting began months before the race.

For instance, he stood at 20 to 1 at one stage before he landed both his Epsom Handicap coups in 1928 and 1929. He was also at lucrative odds early in the Caulfield Cup betting. He won two Cantala Stakes and a Williamstown Cup besides.

By faith alone she once won a small fortune on him in a 6-furlong race at Canterbury, when even his owner and trainer would not invest.

He stood at 10 to 1 in the betting. Madam X couldn't resist making her wagers to big lumps at such handsome odds about her old favourite.

It was the Canterbury Stakes. Amounis poked his old snout in front as they kept across the judge's line and got the verdict from a New Zealand crack, Paganelli, by a short half-head.

On one notorious occasion, when the southern bookmaker, Jack Molloy, was operating on Sydney courses, she approached him for a bet of £500 on a horse. He said, "Would you like it again, Madam?" Thus challenged she said, "And once again if it suits you." It was agreed, and where the intended bet was only £500 it became £1500.

When Amounis came to the end of his amazing Turf career Madam X wisely ceased big betting.

She is an occasional visitor to Randwick, and gets pleasure out of an occasional small investment.

The appellation Madam X was adopted by a Sydney paper when the lady punter made a request that one of her true names in the punting columns should cease.

The average lady punter develops a tough poker face.

Madam X, greatest bettor of them all, remained the sweetest, handomest woman on the Turf. And said is, though I haven't seen her for six months.

We go to Warwick Farm for our

stable that he is so fast on the flat, and so swift over the hurdles, that he'll beat the field by 50 yards. I hope he's right.

There is a Corinthian race for amateur riders. The owner gets a £50 trophy and the gentleman jockey who rides the winner a £10 trophy.

That seems a sort of back-hand arrangement. The owner does nothing, yet he gets five times as much as the amateur rider who is solely responsible, with, of course, the aid of the horse, for the win.

My tip straight from the stable of Mick Pohn is Melorado.

If little Will Lappin rides Pulrang in the last race I'm going to back him. In fact I'm going tandem with him all day and back whichever horses he rides during the afternoon.



WHEN BOOKIES refuse our modest five shillings they should remember that one of our sex plunged £3000 in one swoop.

## Try This for Seven Days for Eczema

Thousands of people who suffer from itching skin, Eczema, and unsightly eruptions will be glad to know that Moore's Emerald Oil, the clean, powerful, penetrating, antiseptic oil, will banish their trouble in seven days or less.

For years you may have been using ointments and salves and while these helped to relieve the itching soreness, and pain, they often choked the pores and did not allow the poisonous matter to escape.

Moore's Emerald Oil overcomes this objection, for the oil penetrates down through the pores to the cause of the trouble and leaves the pores open and free to discharge all poisonous secretions. Emerald Oil is highly concentrated, and only a few drops are required at an application. You can get it at any progressive chemist's.

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Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.  
MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

## The Dark Ages

Continued from Page 7

**M**AKE what you eat of me!" she retorted in head-long, gallant self-dedication.

He caught her to him. She did not know the man who kissed her. A complete stranger had emerged suddenly from behind the figure of the beloved and honored Melster.

"You see—I do love you. And you must forgive me, little Nina, because you don't know what love means. Well, that's something I won't try to teach you. One day you may learn—please Heaven, you will. But first you must be my great singer." He had gone back to the piano. "Do you trust me?" he asked.

"I always do."  
"In that case," he said, laughing at her across the piano. "You will now sing the duet with me. And you will kindly not spoil my performance by singing flat again."

She laughed back, happy as she had never been. Disaster had broken over her like a sudden thunderstorm over the Monchberg. It had passed. The sun was out again. With him beside her she could not fail.

She was still humming Mimi's aria to herself as she came down the dark, narrow stairs. But she wasn't thinking of Mimi. She was thinking how wonderful it would be to write home and tell them not to worry. She was safe. She was to marry the world's greatest lyric tenor. He was going to make a great singer out of her. One day they would all have to come to the Salzburg Festival to hear her. They would never have to worry again.

There was a young man standing under the courtyard light.

She was so startled that afterwards she felt that they must have been looking at each other for a long time before she even moved. She felt somehow very small and helpless.

"Who are you?" she asked. And he answered absurdly, "I don't know. I rather think I'm a ghost. Are you?"

"I should call it an intruder," she said severely.

"Oh, no." He shook his head at her. "There's no question of intrusion, either. You see, my mother used to live here—in this house. In fact, she was born in it. I daresay she used to scream in it. Afterwards she sang from that balcony. My father heard her. And then they were married. . . . In fact, I thought it might be my mother coming down the stairs," he said. "And I knew just how my father felt. . . ."

"Please don't be ridiculous," she said.

"I can't help it. If there was more light in this place I daresay I could do better. You see, my mother was awfully pretty, too. And she had your sort of voice. Even after I was born she sang once in the Festspielhaus. . . ."

It was getting more and more difficult to be annoyed.

"Then you're an Austrian. . . ."

"Bis of me. The nice bis. The others are just poor American. . . ."

Stefan followed her out of the archway into the street. The thought of the Oestreicher Hof and the long black car made him less sure of himself.

"I'm sorry. Couldn't you forget it—I mean, my being American? I'm trying to. I don't want anyone to know. I want to talk German. And Austrians won't let Americans talk German. My father never learnt a word—not even from mother—except 'Ich liebe dich.' He can still say that. . . ."

She had to laugh.

"All right. I'll forget. It doesn't matter anyway. . . ."

"Oh, but it does. My name's Helde—Stefan Helde. I'd take off my hat to you, but I don't happen to have one with me. . . ."

"My name's Nina Eberhardt. And I can't think why I've told you. . . ."

"Friends ought to know each other's names," he said gravely. "I



SIMPLE CHARM

GLENDIA FARRELL. Paramount player, chooses bright blue crepe with a white dot for her afternoon frock. It buttons down the front, while rows of white stitching form a border which extends around the tailored collar.

expect I ought to know yours. I expect you're a great singer. . . ."

"I'm not. Not yet. My teacher, Franz Wolf, is. . . ."

"Was that fellow singing with you Franz Wolf. . . ."

She was pleased with him for being awestruck. She was awestruck herself. She wanted to tell him. "He and I are to be married. . . ."

But no one was to know that yet. Not till after his concert in the Mozarteum next month. Then they would go away together before settling down to real life.

"Do you think," Stefan asked, "he would teach me, too?"

"If you have a voice. . . ."

"Oh, I have a voice. . . ."

She said, "Oh, please—we shall have the police out. . . ." and he stopped at once.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"It's a nice voice. . . ."

She felt that if she didn't say so he might start all over again. "I'll ask him, if you like—if you're serious. . . ."

"I'm awfully serious. . . ."

"He's giving a little Lied-Fest for his friends in his studio to-night. You can come, if you like. I'll introduce you. . . ."

He took her firm, outstretched hand.

"You're wonderful. And isn't it wonderful we've met?"

An hour later Stefan Helde marched into the lobby of his hotel and said to the manager:

"I have to break it to you," he said, "that I have just become a poor singer. In the meantime, as a high-minded artist, I abhor your disgusting luxury. Find me an attic full of cockroaches and aspirations. And for goodness sake hide my car."

He was giving the essence of his voice. Perhaps he would never sing like this again. He was singing for the first time to a woman.

Wolf knew suddenly that he was pleading with her and all the futility of pleading. He finished the gentle love song with a subdued passion, almost with a command, and she turned at once towards him, docile to his artist's authority. He smiled back at her. How stupid to have felt that moment's desperate fear.

"I understand that you are a singer, too, Herr Helde. Why not sing to us?" Miss Eberhardt told me you know the aria from the first act of the Boheme. Try it with her," Helmbach said.

The boy crimsoned and laughed. But it was as though he knew that he had been challenged.

"I'm an amateur," he said, "I'll spoil it all for you, Fraulein Nina. But I'll mean well. . . ."

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Strong; gaily hand-painted, poker-worked edge.

Save 28 Blue Crosses

Send 7d. to cover freight and packing.

### HAIR BROOM

Fine, close-set bristles. Sturdily made; will give years of service.

Save 104 Blue Crosses

### HOW TO GET YOUR GIFT

Take your crosses to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in particulars, enclose with crosses and stamps to cover freight and packing (on gifts marked \*), and address to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, BOX 4207 Y.G.P.O., SYDNEY.

DO NOT SEND A LETTER, BUT USE PRINTED FORM

Name (IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Address

Enclosed Crosses

State which gift you require

Freight and Packing

### \* SAUCEPAN

2½ pint size, "Strong-Lite" 99% pure aluminium, splendidly finished, with coloured heat-proof knob.

Save 56 Blue Crosses

Send 4d. to cover freight and packing.

### BREAD SAW

Heavy Stainless steel, made in Sheffield, England.

Save 44 Blue Crosses

Many other gifts available

Write for a List to Lintas Depot.

### \* KETTLE

3 pint size, "Strong-Lite" 99% pure aluminium, heat-proof knob and handle.

Save 152 Blue Crosses

Send 5d. to cover freight and packing.

### CASSEROLE

9" in diameter, "Strong-Lite" 99% pure aluminium, Strong, close-fitting lid with coloured heat-proof knob.

Save 104 Blue Crosses





## H

HE began humbly. The voice was sweet-toned but untrained. It would never, Wolf knew, amount to much. But the boy himself had something—a headlong, joyous sincerity.

Her voice flowed into his. It ought to have been grotesque—her ordered artistry and this boy's rough, blundering attack. Somehow it was only touching.

Suddenly Franz Wolf broke off. He left their voices in mid-air, like words that have been shot in full flight and have not yet fallen.

"Listen!" he said.

They heard then what he had heard—the sound of men marching and singing.

"When the blood of the Jew flows things will be better . . ."

The room glowed for a moment with the sinister reflection of torchlight. Then the fire faded out. The stern procession that had poured along the Kai at the end of the quiet street was absorbed again into the distance. Still Franz Wolf did not move. It was Helmbach who drew the curtains.

"So they have come," he said. "We might have known it. We are in the track of the storm . . ."

But the boy and the girl whose song had been broken in two did not hear him or feel the dread that filled the room like a stifling gas. They were smiling at each other.

"Let's go and drink a cup of Schwarz mit Schlag at the Bazaar . . ."

"I wish," he pleaded, "and talk about ourselves."

They had so much to talk about. He told him about her father and how her people were poor and that Franz Wolf was teaching her for nothing as he did so many poor students. (Somehow she was glad that she could not tell anyone that in a few weeks she would be married to him). Wolf wasn't only a great singer. He was a great man. And Stefan agreed, then they went back eagerly to themselves.

There was one thing more that he couldn't tell him.

"I'm teaching him because you

asked me," Wolf had said to her. "I am so happy I want everyone to have what they want. If I could give your young American a true ear and a future, I would. But I can't. And somebody's got to tell him. I think perhaps that you will hurt him less."

But she hadn't done it. It was all wrong, of course. Stefan was poor and wasting his time and money. But the thought of what the truth involved made her feel sick and weak.

It was as though her distress affected everyone. People in the cafes sat in close anxious groups and talked in low voices, looking over their shoulders and starting uneasily at the faintest unusual sound. Bands of young men in brown uniforms swaggered in together and sang songs. When they sang the "Horst Wessel" they stood up and everyone in the cafe stood up hastily as though a whip had been cracked.

"Die Fahne hoch . . ."

"I wish Nazis didn't have to shout so," Stefan said crossly. And a man at the next table hissed. "For the Lord's sake, do you want to get us all arrested?" Stefan didn't like that either. He didn't like being told what he could and couldn't say. He didn't like having to stand up when he didn't want to stand up.

"I wish, Nina," he said, "we could both go home . . ."

It was her great chance. She could have told him then and there that he couldn't really sing at all. And instead of telling him she had gone back with him to his shabby room in the Graf's shabby old house, where he had a piano, and had tried to make him hear the essential difference between a flat and a natural.

Stefan never sang any better. He didn't seem to know or care much. He was a happy sort of person who seemed to believe that everything must come right in the end for him.

Wolf had promised to keep him on till after his concert. Only the days went faster and faster.

## The Dark Ages

Continued from Page 36

And finally, incredibly, it was the last day. People had come to Salzburg from all over Austria. There was a rumor that the Meister was making his farewell. The Festhalle was to be decorated with flowers in his honor. The hotels were full.

That night Wolf went through his programme for the last time. He accompanied himself and his friend old Helmbach and Nina and Stefan sat in the shadow, listening.

"Rosenlein, Rosenlein rot," Wolf sang. There was new laughter in his singing. He said he loved her. Nina knew now what he meant. Tears came into her eyes so that she could not see Stefan beside her. But she knew that Wolf had suddenly stopped singing and that the laughter was dead in him. The door had opened. A tall man in the Nazi uniform stood on the threshold.

"Herr Wolf—?"

"I have a message for you. I am to await an answer."

Wolf tore the letter open. It was the messenger who watched him with a sort of blank-faced hostility. Wolf lifted his eyes to meet it.

"The answer," he said, "is 'No.'"

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pleaded, "He asked me to get you away—across the frontier."

"If he is brave enough to fight then I am brave enough to stand by. A minute ago I was still free. Now it's as though I were his wife already . . ."

Their eyes met. In his was a young, tragic recognition of their common code. He turned and they went back down the Nonnsteige. They did not speak again. He went ahead of her, forging a way for her through the feverish crowd. Something had happened in their absence. Flags had broken out of the windows. Troops were on the march, mud-stained, blank-faced men at parade step who drove the people back against the houses like the foaming waters of a narrow channel at the passage of a swift remorseless warship. Stefan and Nina struggled across the Mozart Platz into a deserted side street. Involuntarily she looked up and read the name, "Judenhaus." It was as though her heart had been caught in a cold vice. "The wheel turns," Franz Wolf had said, "even now we may be in the shadow . . ."

"But Stefan—" she whispered— "those weren't Austrian soldiers—they were Germans—"

He nodded somnolently.

"I know," he said.

The orchestra played the overture to "The Melstersingers." They played raggedly. They were picked men who had come from all over Austria for this event. They had been well rehearsed. But they were afraid. Old Helmbach, their conductor, was afraid. And his fear infected them.

Nina sat with Stefan in the first row. She looked about her, thinking how suddenly and terribly life could change its course. The close atmosphere vibrated with some hot and secret passion. Under the apparent attention stirred an exasperated unrest that as the last note sounded exploded in a roar of cheering.

Please turn to Page 38

I'VE DISCOVERED ZEBO'S ADVANTAGES— HAVE YOU ?



Mrs. F. HOUGHTON,  
of 6 Gildland Rd., Thornton Heath

ZEBO LIQUID STOVE POLISH soon shows you how easily and quickly stoves and grates can be cleaned. Just shake a little on to a cloth or brush, give the stove or grate a brisk polish, and it shines and sparkles. An occasional rub over with Zebos keeps your stoves and grates bright and shining all the week round. With Zebos there's no need for elaborate preparations. You use it straight from the tin. There's no waste, it doesn't dry up in the tin and it saves time. Zebos lasts a long while, too!



**ZEBO**

Also ZEBRA

In Paste and Packets

The Modern Polish  
for Stoves and Grates

# INFERIORITY COMPLEX BANISHED!



- How is a list of the more serious troubles which may be traced back to the subconscious mind. (See diagram below.)
1. Indigestion and Stomach Disorders.
  2. Lack of energy.
  3. Nervous Troubles.
  4. Drowsy Heads.
  5. Stammering.
  6. Nervous Coughs.
  7. Unsteady Feet.
  8. Poor Memory.
  9. Self-Consciousness.
  10. Fear, Anxiety, Worry.
  11. Dread of Meeting People.
  12. Stage-Fright.

## YOUR TWO MINDS

For one thing that we consciously remember there are a thousand things that we remember without knowing them. These last memories are in the SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND and are largely instrumental in dictating our habits both good and bad.



## FREE BOOK

This book will show you the causes of your inability to succeed, your self-consciousness, your lack of personality, your failure to win and retain friends, to impress others. It will show you how you can master your fears, forebodings, anxieties and shyness, and transform your weakness into strength. It is your key to a joyous future. It is secret, to happy companionship. This book, through the manipulation of the information it contains, will mean the dawn of a new life for you. Send for it to-day, enclosing 2d. stamp for postage, etc.

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# RHEUMATISM

To put an end to that awful agony you must



Get to the Cause—  
**WEAK KIDNEYS**

So much hard-earned money is wasted on incorrect treatment of rheumatism simply because most sufferers do not know the true cause of this serious trouble. The acute pain of rheumatism is directly due to sluggish kidney action and consequently you need a specially prepared kidney remedy to wake these vital organs to healthy action. That remedy is De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Let us explain why these famous kidney pills overcome the most difficult long-standing cases of rheumatism.

When kidneys are weak or sluggish they allow pain-causing impurities and poisons (especially excess uric acid) to accumulate in the system. These pain-causers lodge in the joints and muscles, irritate sensitive nerves and thus you have pain day and night.

## THIS REMEDY GIVES RESULTS

The only way to end your pain is to strengthen the kidneys and enable these vital organs to carry out their natural work of driving pain-causing poisons from the system. That is exactly what De Witt's Pills will do. The special medicaments from which these pills are made pass unchanged in the stomach, to the kidneys. In 24 hours from the first dose you have proof that these pills are acting through the kidneys. Take two to-night and get relief in the morning. Persevere with this finest of all kidney remedies and the cause of your intense rheumatic pain will be removed. People who have been crippled, even bed-ridden, with this cruel ailment bless the day they started with De Witt's Pills, as you will, too.

# DE WITT'S KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/6, 3/- and 5/6.



## TO REMOVE STAINS from FALSE TEETH

"Steradent" removes stains and discolourations from dental plates. You simply fill the cap of the tin with "Steradent" and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water (not hot) to cover the dentures. Stir well. Put in your dentures and leave them while you dress or oversleep. Take them out and rinse thoroughly under the tap. Every stain disappears. Please retain their whole appearance. Shiny, discoloured teeth become clean and natural-looking. Price 2/6. Double size 5/6. At all chemists.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 2d. in stamps for trial sample to Rectids (Grey Seal) Ltd., Box 233, R.B., G.P.O., Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

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REC'D TRADE MARK  
cleans and sterilizes false teeth

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In many homes baby does not appear to be the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 2d. sent for postage to Dept. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.



**WHAT - A FOOD RELIEVE CONSTIPATION?**

**ABSOLUTELY. WHAT'S MORE. THIS FOOD IS THE SAFE WAY!**

**Not a drug—not a medicine—**  
**but a crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal that**  
**relieves constipation naturally**

**WHY** do so many people today have to rely on purgatives to keep "regular"? Doctors say it's the fault of our modern diet. You see, to keep regular the bowels must have something they can "take hold of"—what doctors call "bulk."

But the trouble is, our modern diet contains little "bulk." Meat, fish, eggs, potatoes, white bread, milk—our daily staples—contain almost no bulk at all! They are so completely absorbed into the system that the residue they leave is too slight to move the bowels naturally. This is the cause of common constipation.

Harsh purgatives won't help. They don't get at the cause of the trouble. And, as any doctor will tell you, the unrestricted use of purgatives is harmful.

**What you need is "bulk"**

What you need is to eat regularly foods with enough "bulky" residue for the bowels to "take hold of." Then you'll get natural and permanent relief from constipation. Fruit and vegetables are especially valuable—but by themselves they seldom supply all the bulk you need.

That's why doctors recommend Kellogg's All-Bran—the delicious nut-sweet breakfast food that has natural "bulk." Kellogg's All-Bran acts on your bowels in the same way as fruit or vegetables, but much more surely and thoroughly!

It forms a soft, bulky mass that these muscles find easy to "take hold of." And it does more; as it passes

**BUT** Helmbach knew that the cheers were not for him or for his orchestra, sunk in an oppressed apathy.

His head jerked up. The dreaded moment had come. He saw Franz Wolf stride out on to the platform. Helmbach made a gesture, automatic as the salute of a soldier who has received his death sentence, and the orchestra stumbled to its feet. He could feel the audience rife behind him like a monstrous wave at the point of breaking. They had come to pay this man a tribute—to hear a beloved voice perhaps for the last time. But all day long for many days elements within them, unknown to them, had been whipped and goaded into action. They had crossed in a moment the narrow frontier between love and hate.

They wanted to kill, destroy, revenge themselves on some one victim for their starved, frustrated lives. They howled at him. And he waited patiently, without defiance and without cringing. He looked down for a moment and saw Nina. She thanked heaven she could look straight back at him. For as in a flash of revelation she saw that all his life, lurking behind all his triumphs, this moment had lain in wait for him. Now, but for her, he would meet it alone. And he wasn't only Franz Wolf. She saw that, too. He had become a symbol. He was the anvil on which all their loyalties, their boasted deencies were to be tested.

They had screamed themselves

out. Only sporadic cries broke through the deepening silence. Wolf made a faint gesture to the conductor. As at an awaited signal men in brown uniforms poured down the aisles and took up their stations beneath the platform and along the walls. Orchestra and audience were hemmed in by them.

A man who wore the insignia of an officer climbed on to the platform. He spoke loudly, harshly so that his voice carried to the furthest corners of the hall.

"You have chosen to defy us, Jew. As an atonement your first song will be our national song. You will sing 'Horst Wessel.' Being what you are, you will not know the words. They are here for you. The orchestra will accompany you. They have their orders..."

Franz Wolf took the paper handed him. He half turned to the orchestra. The first violinist was a personal friend. The man would not meet his eyes. He turned to Helmbach. The old conductor shook his head faintly. It was as though he had said aloud, "It's no use. We are not strong enough."

So that he knew them. They had already surrendered. And they were waiting for him to justify them—to throw down his weapons in the dust with theirs.

He went to the piano and opened it. He laid the song they had given him, without defiance or resentment, on one side. It was not important. He sat motionless and absorbed for a moment like a man who among his friends is to sing to them for a last time and must make his choice carefully and well. They were breathless now.

A voice shouted in thin mockery, "Sing, Jud, sing doch!" And as if in obedience he struck a succession of quiet chords. And he began to sing.

But it was not "Horst Wessel." He had chosen in farewell Schubert's tender yet exultant tribute to music itself. He had often sung it at the end of a concert. It was like a wreath laid at the feet of an art that he had loved and was serving loyally to the end. It was also a last appeal to those enemies—a call to remembrance of all that had once united them.

A sigh, faint as a breeze, rose up and died away again. The brown uniformed men, too, were silent, bewildered and uncertain, caught by the serenity of his voice, the loftiness of his invocation. He paid this last tribute of gratitude for the knowledge and love of beauty that had been vouchsafed to him.

Nina knew that people around her

## The Dark Ages

Continued from Page 37

were crying. They had risen to their feet. They were still silent. But it was the silence of serene heights where for a little while they had dreamed together. They understood what he had done. At the last moment, stampeded to the edge of chaos, he had recalled them. He had stood between them and the abyss. He had fought them back. They could have knelt to him.

A word of command cracked. The brown-clad figures sprang back to life. Panic stricken they hurried themselves on the platform. But the hunted man had ceased to be alone. He had raised a flag and the cowed leaderless musicians behind him had rallied to it. They were not young. They were not fighters. They had no weapons but their frail and precious instruments. But they threw themselves in front of him. They made their frail bodies into a fortress.

It was strange to Nina how clear and quiet Stefan's voice sounded through the unleashed tumult.

"Get your passport. Go to my place and wait for me. We've got to save him—for all our sakes."

He, too, leapt up on to the platform.

**A** LEAN black car, its lights dimmed, slid like a stealthy fugitive out of the dark, empty street. It bore a foreign registration number. It passed without question.

"If they're after us they'll be watching the road to Budweis," Stefan said. "They know the Czechoslovakian frontier is our only way out. Maybe, if we cut across country, we'll fool them."

He sounded hard and resolute but not as though he believed himself. He had scarcely spoken since his headlights had picked Nina out, standing in the shadow of a wall. She sat close to him.

Wolf sat on her other side. She had caught one glimpse of the tragic, battered face. She had not dared to look at him again.

They were beginning to climb. The mountain road swept them through tunnels of white ghostly trees. Wolf put his hand to his face. There was blood on it. He said quietly, "We are being followed, Stefan."

"Looks like it..."

"Let me out. You are risking your freedom—perhaps your lives. If they have me they will be satisfied. You are foreigners. They will be glad to let you escape..."

"No," Stefan said between his teeth. He gave a little laugh. "I

could show them a clean pair of heels. But we've got to turn back to the town. All the bridges will be watched—we've one chance..."

He swung recklessly into a rough clearing and switched off the lights. "Maybe they'll go by," he said.

But it wasn't even a chance and they knew it too.

They left the car. It was as though by unspoken consent they chose to face the enemy standing and face to face.

Wolf drew apart. He knew that Nina and Stefan were looking at each other. He could not see their expression. But he knew that they were saying good-bye. They loved each other. He knew that, too, suddenly and with certainty. Perhaps he had known before. It was so right and natural. But they were trying to save him who was a danger and an obstacle to their happiness. So that for them, too, there was something greater than happiness. There were things, inherited from their past, which they could not betray—without which they could not live. A warmth glowed in his frozen heart. His world lay in ruins. And he was too old, too tired. But they were young. They would rebuild it—perhaps better, and stronger.

The lights came round the last curve. They poured up the straight, instinctively Nina drew close to Stefan. Then in the sudden glare whose reflection enveloped them like a fire she saw Stefan's aghast face. And he was staring past her.

Wolf stood in the middle of the road. His arms were outstretched. He might have been saluting in farewell someone he greatly loved, but joyfully, without despair. "Graz Gott, Salzburg..." Nina thought, a branch snapped somewhere in the forest. Wolf seemed to have heard it, too. He half turned. And then quite slowly he sank down. He seemed suddenly to have fallen asleep.

Stefan drew Nina into his arms. He hid her face against him.

He saw the ghastly shadows hover over the man they had shot down. It would be no murder. Tomorrow, in the papers, there would be the announcement that another traitor had committed suicide. He would be found slumped over his desk, no doubt, with a revolver in the floor beside him.

Stefan lifted Nina into the car.

He drove out on to the road. For a last time they too, looked back over the city. He bent and kissed her cheek and steadied his voice with a fierce effort.

"One day," he said, "you shall go back and sing for him."

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## Stop those COLD-WEATHER Skin Miseries

86. "I use Vaseline Jelly to keep the corners of my mouth from getting cracked with the cold." 5/- to Mrs. Chamberlain of Kent Street.



to Miss Hayes of Cromwell Road.



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Look for this name on the jar

**Vaseline**  
PETROLEUM JELLY





# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are determined to find out who is trying to stop **ELLEN:** From collecting her legacy. The sudden disappearance of an old woman who said her name was **MRS. WOODS:** And that she had come to collect a box she had left in the house thirty years ago, deepens

the mystery. She looks like the former owner of the house, who has been dead for thirty years, and as a result Ellen is frightened. Mandrake follows Mrs. Woods into the cellar, where she is digging, and by various tricks discovers that the old woman is really a man dressed as a woman. Ellen rushes to the scene with **DON:** Her fiancé. **NOW READ ON.**



DRIVING OFF THE ROAD, MANDRAKE AVOIDS THE SPEEDING CAR....

TO BE CONTINUED





New loveliness with  
**HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S  
BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD**

For a delightfully fresh, clear, young-looking skin, free of fatiguing lines, and glowing with beauty, use Helena Rubinstein's unique BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD. It lends your beauty lasting loveliness. Just apply it for a few minutes each day. Watch how quickly it transforms faded tan, freckles, discolourations, or a dull, sallow skin into a radiantly fair, transparent complexion. 4/6.

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twice daily?**

No greater prescription for dental hygiene can be given than this: "Euthymol twice daily—dentist twice yearly."

Seems a lot of bother, doesn't it? And yet it is vitally necessary, for it is in the mouth that the fearsome dental decay germ does its deadly work. Lurking stealthily and unsuspected, these dreadful bacteria eat into the beautiful enamel of the teeth, infect the gums and poison the blood stream.

Euthymol provides scientific tooth cleanliness, and actually kills the deadly dental decay germ in 30 seconds contact. Start each day and each night with a clean, wholesome mouth. For double insurance, check up every six months with your dentist. Don't gamble with health—Euthymolise your mouth twice daily!

Obtainable at chemists  
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1/3 per tube.

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TOOTH PASTE



A PARKER DAVIS PRODUCT

**Oh! Such desirable lips . . .**

A flame with the witchery of a million lights dancing on their taunting, jungle redness . . . sweetly tender and lusciously soft in the glow of their caress . . . and never do they betray, with tell-tale marks, the caprices their enchanting colour so readily provokes . . . for SAVAGE is a truly "permanent" lipstick! It clings savagely. Five shades:

TANGIERINE, FLAME, NATURAL, REDDISH, JUNGLE

**SAVAGE LIPSTICK**

**What Women are Doing**

**Making hand-woven eyelashes is novel new hobby**

WHEN a sudden breeze robbed her of one of her expensive imported artificial eyelashes, Miss Dorothy Dunkley, of Melbourne, thought of a hobby which, she claims, is new to Australia—the manufacture of hand-woven eyelashes for stage, screen, and social wear.

Although Miss Dunkley had studied every branch of make-up in Hollywood and Australia, she had never tried to weave hair, so she had many difficulties to overcome.

First she had to discover the correct material to be used. Hairs were plucked from human heads, from goats and other animals, and even from vegetables till she found the ideal thread.

A simple machine was necessary to manipulate the tiny filaments, so Miss Dunkley invented a small apparatus which consists of frames of spring steel gripped to a small flat board with grooved clamps of metal.

These frames hold the basic threads in place, their spring allowing the tightening of each hair.

Miss Dunkley says that the making of eyelashes by hand could never be more than a hobby, as the work is far too tedious, each strip taking an hour to clip, weave, trim and curl, and the work severely strains the eyes.

As gifts for her friends, Miss Dunkley is producing three grades of eyelashes—those for the stage of fairly heavy texture, for screen work of a lighter type, and for social wear finer still.

**Formed unique patrol of Girl Guides**

BELIEVED to be the only mounted patrol of Girl Guides in the world, a troop was formed recently in the south-east of South Australia by Miss K. Bateman, C.C. commissioner of training attached to Guide Headquarters in Adelaide.

The Guides ride their horses into Kingston, headquarters of the company, once a week. For some of them this involves journeys of up to 50 miles. Sometimes the Guides are accompanied by their parents and brothers and sisters, and a big picnic is held.

Miss Bateman, who is a Scots-woman, spent a year at Broken Hill reorganising the Guide Movement there before she was appointed to Adelaide Headquarters some months ago.

As well as organising the mounted Guides she has enrolled several aboriginal children at Kingston as Guides and Brownies.



MISS DOROTHY DUNKLEY applies the deft handwork needed to complete a set of artificial eyelashes.

**Voluntary hospital work for twenty years**

TWENTY years of voluntary service to the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children has just been completed by Mrs. L. Wootton and Mrs. F. Callaghan, of Sydney.

They have devoted one day a week during that time to helping at the hospital from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and have assisted the nurses in many ways.

They feed the children at meal times, take the little patients to the X-ray or dental clinics, cut up fruit for them, and put away the clean linen.

Shopping also comes into the list of their duties, and many times after consultation with the anxious little buyers, the kindly helpers visit nearby shops. If it is permitted by the hospital even a penny cake of chocolate will be bought, as the helpers never refuse to "shop" for the patients.

The Royal Alexandra Hospital has about 100 voluntary helpers, each of whom visits the hospital one day a week, and works under a schedule prepared by a "captain" who is chosen from among them.

Mrs. Wootton and Mrs. Callaghan both helped to form the voluntary helpers' organisation, and their devoted service to the hospital was recognised recently when an official letter of thanks to mark their twenty years' service was sent to them by the Hospital Board of Management.

**Brilliant young violinist to tour Australia**

BORN in Paris, Jeanne Gaudier, the brilliant young violinist, who has been engaged by the A.B.C. to give a series of recitals in Australia, carried off the first prize at an international gathering of prodigies at the age of nine years.

In 1914 she obtained her first prize at the National Conservatory in Paris. At the same time she concentrated on technical and historical aspects of her art.

Her first appearance was in Spain during the great war, when she received a tremendous ovation.

A born musician, thoroughly conversant now with every facet of her art, Jeanne Gaudier has achieved remarkable success everywhere.

She has given concerts in England, France, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Rumania, Greece, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, North America, Ireland and Holland. Her repertoire includes many of the best known modern compositions for violin and orchestra, and also ancient and modern Spanish music.

**Russian dancer to live in Australia**

A NIECE by marriage of the famous dancer, Pavlova, Madame Borovansky, a leading member of the Covent Garden Russian Ballet Company, has decided to live in Australia permanently.

She was formerly a member of Pavlova's company, and danced under the name of Nicolaeva.

Madame Borovansky and her husband have established an academy of Russian ballet in Melbourne in association with Miss Eunice Weston, and her young pupils are often entranced with tales of the great Pavlova.

Madame Borovansky was born in Moscow, and her talent for the ballet was first noticed when she was learning deportment at a dancing academy.

Tall and fair, with a beautiful figure, she has danced in almost every capital of Europe.

After Pavlova's death she lived for some time in Berlin and Paris.

She is determined to speak English fluently, and is reading nothing but English books.

Madame Borovansky is keenly interested in cooking. "I have a difficulty here," she said. "My husband is a Czech, so I must cook special dishes for him. We often have the Czechoslovakian national dish, pork and cabbage, and what you call dumplings."

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terrible COLDS!"**

**NURSE'S GRATEFUL LETTER**

"I want to thank you for the wonderful cough and cold medicine, Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture. I bought the first bottle last winter. For the old gentleman I am taking care of, for he has had terrible colds every winter. The first dose helped, and after the third dose cold was gone—it does such quick work." — Mrs. C. Davis.

Don't take chances. For even the most stubborn,acking huge-on cough swiftly yields to the powerful influence of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting), the largest selling medicine for coughs, colds and bronchitis in bitterly cold Canada.

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**Buckley's CANADIOL  
MIXTURE**





They came for Bridge . . . but the beauty of the room trumped everything.

"We modernised with Masonite" Barbara explained. "See that dado round the walls? That's Masonite Tempered Presdwood . . . strong as steel. The built-in radio, bookshelves and electric fire are all in Tempered Presdwood, too."

"And what about this lovely floor?" Somebody asked.

"Again Masonite Tempered Presdwood: waxed slightly darker than its natural colour. Knocks and Bumps don't affect Tempered Presdwood. We've used various forms of Masonite all through the house: even for much of the furniture.

That arm chair Mary is sitting in, is a case in point. The walls in the rest of the home are Masonite Presdwood and Quartboard. Marvellous what you can do with Masonite! Economical, too!"

Then Barbara showed them how the four non-splintering, grainless Masonite boards will take any colour finish. Told how easy they were to apply because they came in such handy sizes (4 feet wide up to 12 feet long) . . . definitely inexpensive too! Why don't YOU do as Barbara did . . . MODERNISE WITH

### The Kitchen:

Masonite Temptile up to cupboard height; lacquered a glossy black. Working surfaces and floor are steel-strong Masonite Tempered Presdwood. Walls about cupboard are Presdwood in light cream. Cupboards are also Presdwood—primrose toned.

### The Bathroom:

The walls are of Masonite Temptile and Masonite Tempered Presdwood . . . finished in cream and green with a high gloss lacquer. Where the Masonite sheets are butted together, horizontal chromium strips have been used to attractive effect.



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# ETIQUETTE

## WEDDINGS . . . . romantic tradition and charming ritual

### DO YOU KNOW?

WHO pays for the bride's and bridesmaids' bouquets? WHO issues the invitations? HOW are the guests seated in church?

These and many other questions are answered by Mrs. Massey Lyon, noted writer on social procedure, in this instalment of her book.

By MRS. MASSEY LYON

(published by special arrangement)

WHERE is the wedding to be held? That, of course, is one of the first matters to be decided upon.

When that is arranged, one of the contracting parties, usually the bridegroom, must apply for a wedding licence through the minister of the church chosen.

The type of wedding decided upon influences the whole procedure, and, incidentally, the expense which falls upon the parents of the bride.

A morning wedding usually means a quiet one. Only near relatives and old friends on both sides are asked to the wedding breakfast which follows, which is really simply a luncheon party, plus the wedding cake and perhaps champagne.

The distinction between those asked only to the church and those who return to the bride's home for luncheon is clearly understood, and there is nothing invidious about it.

If only a small number is asked invitations are merely written, but more usually they are printed, as for

larger weddings, but with no mention of any entertainment after the ceremony in church. For those to be asked to the wedding luncheon afterwards a letter with this further invitation is enclosed.

The minister who has solemnised the marriage should always be invited, whether known personally or not.

Early afternoon weddings are followed by a reception at the bride's home, the house of a relative, or a public hall.

### Questions of cost

INVITATIONS, which are issued by the bride's parents, are printed on sheets of ordinary white notepaper, and now often in black lettering, the plainest and lightest being the best form, in place of the silver once universally used.

For very quiet weddings—the invitations are written by the bride's mother, an indication to their recipients that very few people are asked.

Invitations should be sent out two or three weeks before the wedding day, and answers should be plainly written on ordinary notepaper.



BRIDEGROOM gives his newly-made wife his left arm on leaving the church. In Australia at an afternoon wedding the bridegroom can wear a navy-blue suit, plain tie, and black shoes.

When the invitation has to be refused, the letter should include the reason.

The main expense of the wedding is met by the bride's parents.

The bridegroom pays for the licence and any extra fee he may like to give to the officiating clergy. He, of course, provides the ring, and the car which takes his newly-made wife away from the church after the ceremony, back to her home for the reception, and to railway station or boat on the first stage of their honeymoon.

He also provides the car that takes him and his best man to the church, and gives presents to the best man and the bridesmaids, as well as paying for the bride's and bridesmaids' bouquets.

The bride's parents provide cars for the bride and her father, her mother, bridesmaids and any guests staying in their house for the occasion, to and from the church; any decorations in the church; the organ or choir music; awnings at the church door and the carpeting outside the church; then the reception, with decorations, perhaps an orchestra, and refreshments according to the scale chosen.

Church decorations may be carried out by the bride's girl friends or by a florist. The carpet is, as a rule, provided by the church, to be hired for the occasion, and is, by tradition, red.

The number of bridesmaids should be regulated by the type of wedding.

It is distinctly bad form at a quiet wedding to which only a few people are asked to have a train of bridesmaids. In such circumstances, there should be no more than one or two at the most.

At larger weddings a group, generally of six, sometimes of eight or ten attendants is often seen. If pages are included in a bridal retinue, the bride gives them presents.

When a bride has no mother, a near relation will take the place of her mother in organising the wedding. Invitations are then sent out only in the father's name. When both parents are dead invitations are sent in the name of the married sister or relative who will act as hostess.

In the case of a fatherless girl whose mother has married again, the invitations are sent out in the mother's name.

The wedding dress is of outstanding importance.

At a morning wedding traditional wedding dress would be bad form.

Correct dress is one suitable for travelling.

For a quiet wedding the dress should be of the type chosen for a garden-party with a decorative hat and, in winter, furs.

A BOUQUET or informal bunch of flowers is usually carried by the bride, but not by the bridesmaid. The bride "goes away" either in this frock with a coat, or in a travelling ensemble.

If traditional bridal dress is worn at a quiet wedding, it should be of simple type.

For a big wedding in the afternoon or evening, cream, ivory, gold and pastel colors sometimes take the place of traditional white. The addition of a train is a matter for individual choice.

The bridal veil may be of varying lengths, sometimes taking the place of a train.

The choice of her attendants' dresses rests with the bride.

Bridesmaids provide their own frocks and the bridegroom provides their bouquets.

According to English custom the bridegroom

wears morning suit—grey striped trousers, black morning coat, grey tie, grey gloves, and high hat—for an afternoon wedding.

Evening dress—long-tailed coat, white waistcoat, and white tie—is correct for an evening wedding.

(In Australia, where men's fashion rules are less rigorous, the bridegroom at an afternoon wedding can wear a navy-blue suit, plain tie, and black shoes.)

The bridegroom and other men attending the wedding wear a buttonhole, usually a white gardenia or carnation.

Women guests at an afternoon wedding wear the same type of clothes they would wear to a gala afternoon function.

At an evening wedding evening frocks are worn under furs or evening coats, with some form of head-covering—a small hat of net trimmed with flowers, perhaps, or a twist of veiling or tulle.

Sometimes, but not necessarily, the mothers of the bride and bridegroom carry bouquets. White gloves should be worn by all the guests.

Choice of the bride's "going away" dress will depend on whether she is leaving for her honeymoon by car, train or boat.

Continued on next Page

## It's Not Her Fault She's Finicky, Fussy and Often Off Her Food . . . .

The Doctor knows it's—

## Faulty Elimination

And doctor knows best. Constipation is easy to recognise and correct. Faulty elimination, or incomplete bowel action, is insidious and dangerous. Food waste remaining in the bowel pours unsuspected poison into the system, over-taxing those blood-cleansing organs, the liver and kidneys. They become sluggish, and "crankiness," listlessness, and loss of appetite—those danger signals of childhood—quickly follow.

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Genuine Laxettes are sold only in tins. From all chemists and stores, 1/6 the large tin, or 6d. the sample tin.



# LAXETTES

Rectify Faulty Elimination





BRIDAL BOUQUETS are of different types, according to the type of frock chosen. This shoal of *Lilium auratum* would be suitable with a wedding frock cut on classic lines.

THE father "gives the bride away" at the wedding ceremony.

If her father is dead, or is unable to be present, the bride is given away by her brother or a near relative, or her mother.

If her mother is giving her away another male relative will take the bride to the church, her mother waiting in the front pew to step out and take her place at the bride's left for the first part of the ceremony.

Wedding guests should arrive a little before the hour given on the invitations. Male friends and relatives of the two families act as ushers in the church.

Relatives go straight to their seats, for there is no "receiving" in a church—a point on which some indication is sometimes felt.

A nod or bow of greeting may be interchanged, or it is a graceful act on the part of, for instance, married sisters of the bride to cross the nave and speak to the bridegroom's parents.

### Arrival of bride

THE last to arrive is the bride's mother, who is escorted by her son or son-in-law, or some other male relative.

Her arrival is the signal that the bride is soon coming, for the bride's mother leaves the house immediately ahead of her. She is conducted to her seat by one of the ushers, and leaves the outside seat vacant for her husband, who will step back into it after giving their daughter away.

The bridegroom, with best man in attendance, should arrive at the church at least a quarter of an hour before the hour named. They usually enter by a side door or through the vestry.

Ten minutes or so before the appointed time the bridegroom with his best man enters the church and takes his place near the altar on the right-hand side, in readiness to step forward in front of the sanctuary steps when the bridal procession begins its progress up the nave.

The best man stands behind and a little to the right of the bridegroom. To him falls the responsibility of having the ring in readiness to hand to the bridegroom at the right moment. He also takes charge of the bridegroom's hat and gloves.

The best man is usually the brother, relation or close friend of

the bridegroom. A married man can perform this service, but it is more usual for a bachelor to be chosen.

Sometimes several groomsmen are included to act as escorts to the bridesmaids afterwards. They stand beside the best man at his right.

The best man's duties end only with the departure of the bridal couple.

It is his final duty to see them off, making sure their train or boat reservations are in order and tickets not forgotten.

The bridesmaids, and pages if there are any, assemble near the main door of the church ten minutes before the hour of the ceremony. They come separately in cars provided by their parents or themselves.

If the bride's sister is one of the bridesmaids she may arrive with their mother.

The bridesmaids form a double row through which the bride and her father pass, the bride leaning on her father's right arm, her small trainbearers following her if they are included in the bridal retinue.

### Procession to altar

IF there are choristers at the ceremony, they follow the bride and her father and the trainbearers in the procession to the altar.

The bridesmaids follow the choristers to the sanctuary steps, where the bridegroom awaits the bride.

The choristers and clergy continue up into the choir, but the bride and her father stop at the foot of the steps, where she takes her place on her bridegroom's left hand, her father standing on her left and a little behind her until he has performed his part in the service, when he retires and occupies the seat reserved for him in the front pew.

The chief bridesmaid, who stands behind the bride, steps forward and takes her bouquet and gloves, which should be removed immediately before the position before the altar is taken up, then steps back into her place again.

The pages—who have laid down the train—and bridesmaids remain standing in the same position until the end of the service.

They should not kneel down at any time; nor should they advance to the altar steps when, at the appointed time in the service, the bride and bridegroom do so.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridegroom gives his left arm to his wife for the first time, and they pass into the vestry for the signing of the register.

At the same time those who are to sign the register go into the vestry, too. For this the father of the bridegroom should first step out of his place and conduct the bridegroom's mother, but without taking arms.

Next will follow the bride's father with the bride's mother (or those who represent them), followed by the best man, who should act as informal escort to the chief bridesmaid, and any others whom it has been decided should also sign.

The signing of the register gives the first opportunity for congratulation and affectionate greetings.

During this time an anthem is sung or voluntary played on the organ for the guests who are waiting in the church, and who should be sitting down.

A signal from the vestry gives the organist the cue to start the "Wedding March."

At the first notes the newly-married couple emerge from the vestry into the church. The others who have signed come into the nave and go back to their seats until the bridal procession has passed down.

## Etiquette — By Mrs. Massey Lyon

Continued from Previous Page

The bridesmaids, except those who have been in the vestry, separate as soon as they see the bride emerging, and form again a double line through which she and her husband will pass.

The chief maid or any others who have been in the vestry go to their places in readiness to fall in behind the bridal pair in the same order as they approached the altar.

The bridegroom gives his left arm to his bride (a reminder of the days in which the right, the sword arm, was left free for defence).

Immediately behind the attendants comes the mother of the bride, escorted by the bridegroom's father, followed by the other parents and near relatives.

But there is no special precedence in leaving the church, other than that accorded to the parents of the two "principals," and then for the practical reason that the bride's mother has to get back to the house in advance to assume her duties of hostess.

### Next Week

Do you plan a luncheon party, formal reception or buffet refreshments after your wedding?

Are you sending a wedding present to a bride-to-be?

These and other questions concerning weddings will be dealt with in the next instalment of "Etiquette."

## HELP STOMACH DIGEST FOOD

With Triple-Action Remedy and You'll Eat Like a Horse

Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this work minute glands in mouth, stomach, liver and pancreas, each play their part. When you eat heavy, greasy, coarse or rich foods, or when you hurry nervously through your meals, your digestive system becomes upset and either too much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out. Then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pains after food—in fact you feel wretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline powders and artificial digestants are often useless, but thousands of people have found Mother Seigel's Syrup gives quick relief and comfort. Mother Seigel's Syrup is a combination of herbal extracts which stimulate the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and once this is accomplished eating becomes a pleasure and that sour, sick, depressed condition becomes a thing of the past. Ask for and insist on getting genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup.

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AT THE FRONT...  
IT REDUCES  
YOUR HIPS

without cumbersome  
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You who are not so slim—you realise that it takes more than a few ounces of elastic to keep your figure within bounds. But you hate the thought of cramping your style with many bones and lacings. And there's no need to—not when an Adjustolift will slim you down so effectively. Try one on at any good corset department. Notice how the patented Adjustolift belt lifts UP and IN at the front. No lacings—you fasten the belt to flat little loops at each side. To tighten the corset later on, there's a spare row of loops which allow easy adjustment—hence the name "Adjustolift."

Adjustolift Controlettes and Wrap-ons are made for every figure type (except the slim ones). Prices? Decidedly reasonable.

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A little Brasso and a soft cloth gives your brass a richer quality, gives it a brilliant lasting shine. There is only one BRASSO—sold in a tin like this.



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# This Winter

## LET FEMàLURE MAINTAIN YOUR SKIN-BEAUTY...

Biting winter winds play havoc with tender skins—face, hands and throat need added protection in winter months. Daily household tasks—hands in and out of hot water make special care essential to avoid chapped and roughened skin. FemàLure Liquid Lotion Crème is a delightful day protector for your delicate skin and complexion—it vanishes quickly into the skin, leaving behind a delicate fragrance and a smooth satin finish so essential for a powder base. It stimulates the relaxing fibres and restores that youthful freshness to your complexion. FemàLure Liquid Lotion Crème keeps your skin soft, white and alluring.



## FEMàLURE

### LOTION CRÈME AND LIQUID COLD CREAM



For your regular night beauty massage use FemàLure Liquid Cold Cream, a revitalising Liquid Cold Cream, containing fine oils that melt away the impurities in the skin pores and supply food for removing the tissue waste of the day—this prevents lines and wrinkles from forming. Massage your skin with this splendid Liquid Cold Cream tonic every night and keep your youthful complexion and alluring loveliness.

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A LUXURY EVERY WOMAN CAN AFFORD

EH, BERT, ON YOUR WAY DROP THIS ONE AT NO. 44 FOR ME, WILL YA—I WANT TO LISTEN TO THE KRAFT DILLY REVUE!



## KRAFT "DILLY" REVUE

Starting Wednesday, May 24, 8.30-9 p.m.

# 2GB

## Continental cooking is now in demand

### Radio listeners seek advice on appetising new dishes

There is a definite trend in Australia to-day towards greater variety and piquancy in home cooking, according to Mrs. Dorothy Jordan, who conducts cookery sessions for 2GB.

Among the many inquiries received from listeners, she says, is an ever-increasing number in search of recipes for Russian or French dishes.

MRS. JORDAN claims, too, that women are gradually becoming more cookery-conscious.

"They want to know all the little details which distinguish good cooking from the merely mediocre," she says.

"Such small details as the proper addition of cheese to omelettes or the making of holes in omelettes to ensure complete cooking are little points which many housewives previously have not worried about.

"A little research will enable anyone to turn out, at reasonable cost, appetising new dishes in the Continental style.

"Appetising food can make what would otherwise be just an everyday meal a pleasant adventure."

Mrs. Jordan frequently traces for the benefit of listeners the historic development of cookery.

For instance, Crepes Suzette, those tasty French pancakes garnished with a special brandy sauce, are said to have been named by King Edward VII.

He was eating one during a stay in France when he noticed a pretty little girl nearby. He was told that her name was Suzette, and promptly named the dish after her.

Another historic French dish, Coutelets à la Maintenon, was named by King Louis XIV after the celebrated Court favorite, Madame de Maintenon.

### Dinner dish

HERE is a new dinner dish recommended by Mrs. Jordan to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly:—

Trim boned cutlets, and fry very quickly to brown. Put in casserole dish, leaving plenty of room for sauce, which should have a milk base, plenty of seasoning, and a taste of garlic.

Allow sauce to thicken, remove from stove, and include the beaten yolk of an egg. Place sauce over



MRS. DOROTHY JORDAN

cutlets, then place in quick oven. Cooking should be complete when the sauce browns at the top.

Incidentally, a little Madeira wine cooked with chopped mushrooms and pepper should be served as well.

Mrs. Jordan is playing a prominent part in the work of the National Defence League. She lectures each week to women on the problems of catering for large numbers of people in an emergency, and on invalid and hospital cookery.

The cookery sessions from 2GB are now broadcast for half an hour on Mondays and a quarter of an hour on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. The session begins each day at 10.15 a.m.

## Davis Cup team leaves

Continued from Page 25

SEVEN weeks' gymnasium has reduced his weight a stone, and he has had to buy a brand-new wardrobe of tennis clothes—which includes eight pairs of tennis flannels.

In his thousands of miles of travelling—his total mileage must be nearly a quarter of a million—Jack Crawford has always travelled as a tennis player, never as a tourist.

"What would I like to see if I went to America as a tourist?" he said. "I'd like to see Hollywood, and meet some film stars."

"People who can act well must be very interesting to talk to. And I'd like to see some tennis, purely as a spectator."

Frequent travelling has made all the members of the team, even the "baby"—long, lean, 20-year-old Bromwich—very methodical about their packing.

"Marjorie has packed for me," said Crawford, "but we've worked out a system between us, so that I know where everything is, even if I'm not there when she's doing the packing."

"Naturally we would have liked our wives to be with us," said Harry Hopman, the captain-manager, "but if we bring back the Cup we'll feel the separation has been worth it!"

"Harry would not let me near his packing," Mrs. Hopman said. "He has his own particular ideas about it, and likes to do it himself."

### Will take pictures

ADRIAN QUIST'S luggage is a bit more complicated. As well as two wardrobe trunks and several suitcases he travels with a moving picture camera, a huge bag of golf clubs and his squash racquets.

All the family, including the fox terrier, Peter, supervised Bromwich's packing, but the real work was done by his mother.

The Bromwich family are very tennis-minded. His mother has played A grade tennis, and is still a good player.

His grandmother, Mrs. Atkinson, who says her age is "in the sixties," plays, too. "I play with the younger children. I wouldn't dare play with John!" she said.

Bromwich's father, sister Myee, aged 24, and Jo, aged 15, are all tennis players.

Hopman and Crawford are taking their wives' portraits with them.

Quist is taking an unusual souvenir of home with him—a white sweater emblazoned with a large

cow's head, crossed swords, and the initials O.P. and P.T.

The "O.P." means "old fossils," a mysterious organisation of a few friends, but the meaning of the other initials Quist refused to divulge.

Two Adelaide girls will welcome the American mails—Quist's sisters, Ronda and Valerie. But they won't want any more tennis news than results. They do not play themselves, but go to see his matches.

Quist is the handsome bachelor of the team, and is very indignant about the description. He was as silent at the Sphinx when asked if he was taking any photographs with him.

When he isn't playing tennis, golf, or squash, he hopes to do lots of dancing.

"Oh, the American girls," he replied when asked who were the best dancers in overseas countries. He is not a jitterbug, but does the Lambeth Walk—"more or less."

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# Cards on the Table

Continued from Page 6

"I SUGGEST that it might come about this way—murder of a certain form of murder is mentioned, and Mr. Shaitana surprised a look on someone's face. He was very quick—very sensitive to expression. It amuses him to experiment—to probe gently in the course of apparently aimless conversation—he is alert to notice a glance, a reservation, a desire to turn the conversation. Oh, it is easily done. If you suspect a certain secret, nothing is easier than to confirm your suspicion. Every time a word goes home you notice it—if you are watching for such a thing."

"It's the sort of game that would have amused our late friend," said Battle, nodding.

"We may assume, then, that such was the procedure in one or more cases. He may have come across a piece of actual evidence in another case and followed it up. I doubt whether, in any of the cases, he had sufficient actual knowledge with which, for instance, to have gone to the police."

"Or it may not have been the kind of case," said Battle. "Often enough there's a fishy business—we suspect foul play, but we can't ever prove it. Anyway, the course is clear. We've got to go through the records of all these people—and note any details that may be significant. I expect you noticed, just as the Colonel did, what Shaitana said at dinner."

"The black angel," murmured Mrs. Oliver.

"A neat little reference to poison, to accident, to a doctor's opportunistic, to shooting accidents. I shouldn't be surprised if he signed his death-warrant when he said those words."

"It was a nasty sort of pause," said Mrs. Oliver.

"Yes," said Poirot. "Those words went home to one person at least—that person probably thought that Shaitana knew far more than he really did. That listener thought that they were the prelude to the end—that the party was a dramatic entertainment arranged by Shaitana leading up to arrest for murder as its climax! Yes, as you say, he signed his death-warrant when he baited his guests with those words."

There was a moment's silence. "This will be a long business," said Battle with a sigh. "We can't find out all we want in a moment—and we've got to be careful. We don't want any of the four to suspect what we're doing. All our questioning and so on must seem to have to do with this murder. There mustn't be a suspicion that we've got any idea of the motive for the crime. And the devil of it is we've got to check up on four possible murders in the past, not one."

Poirot demurred. "Our friend, Mr. Shaitana, was not infallible," he said. "He may— it is just possible—have made a mistake."

"About all four?"

"No—he was more intelligent than that."

"Call it fifty-fifty?"

"Not even that. For me, I say one in four."

"One innocent and three guilty? That's bad enough. And the devil of it is, even if we put at the truth it may not help us. Even if somebody did push their great-aunt down the stairs in 1912, it won't be much use to us in 1937."

"Yes, yes, it will be of use to us," Poirot encouraged him. "You know that. You know it as well as I do."

Battle nodded slowly. "I know what you mean," he said. "Same ball-mark."

"Do you mean," said Mrs. Oliver, "that the former victim will have been stabbed with a dagger too?"

"Not quite as crude as that, Mrs. Oliver," said Battle turning to her. "So I don't doubt it will be essentially the same type of crime. The details may be different, but the mentalities underlying them will be the same. It's odd, but a criminal gives himself away every time by that."

"Man is an unoriginal animal," said Hercule Poirot.

"Women," said Mrs. Oliver, "are capable of infinite variation. I should never commit the same type of murder twice running."

"Don't you ever write the same lot twice running?" asked Battle.

"The Lotus Murder," murmured Poirot. "The Clue of the Candle Wax."

Mrs. Oliver turned on him, her eyes beaming appreciation.

"That's clever of you—that's really very clever of you. Because, of course, those two are exactly the

same plot—but nobody else has seen it. One is stolen papers at an informal week-end party of the Cabinet, and the other's a murder in Borneo in a rubber planter's bungalow."

"But the essential point on which the story turns is the same," said Poirot. "One of your nearest tricks. The rubber planter arranges his own murder—the Cabinet Minister arranges the robbery of his own papers. At the last minute the third person steps in and turns deception into reality."

"I enjoyed your last, Mrs. Oliver," said Superintendent Battle kindly. "The one where all the Chief Constables were shot simultaneously. You just slipped up once or twice on official details. I know you're keen on accuracy, so I wondered if—"

Mrs. Oliver interrupted him.

"As a matter of fact I don't care two pins about accuracy. Who is accurate? Nobody nowadays. If a reporter writes that a beautiful girl of twenty-two dies by turning on the gas after looking out over the sea and kissing her favorite Labrador, Bob, good-bye, does anybody make a fuss because the girl was twenty-six, the room faced inland, and the dog was a Sealyham terrier called Bonnie? If a journalist can do that sort of thing I don't see that it matters if I mix up police ranks and say a revolver when I mean an automatic, and a dictograph when I mean a phonograph, and use a poison that just allows you to gasp one dying sentence and no more. What really matters is plenty of bodies! If the things getting a little dull, some more blood cheers it up. Somebody is going to tell something—and then they're killed

first! That always goes down well. It comes in all my books—camouflaged different ways, of course. And people like untraceable poisons, and idiotic police inspectors and girls tied up in cellars with sewer gas or water pouring in (such a troublesome way of killing anyone really) and a hero who can dispose of anything from three to seven villains single-handed. I've written thirty-two books by now—and of course they're all exactly the same really as M. Poirot seems to have noticed—but nobody else has—and I only regret one thing—making my detective a Finn. I don't really know anything about Finns and I'm always getting letters from Finland pointing out something impossible that he's said or done. They seem to read detective stories a good deal in Finland. I suppose it's the long winters with no daylight. In Bulgaria and Rumania they don't seem to read at all. I'd have done better to have made him a Bulgarian."

She broke off. "I'm so sorry. I'm talking shop. And this is a real murder." Her face lit up. "What a good idea it would be if none of them had murdered him. If he'd asked them all, and then quietly committed suicide just for the fun of making a schemer!"

Poirot nodded approvingly. "An admirable solution. So neat. So ironic. But, alas, Mr. Shaitana was not that sort of man. He was very fond of life."

"I don't think he was really a nice man," said Mrs. Oliver slowly. "He was not nice, no," said Poirot.

"But he was alive—and now he is dead, and as I told him once, I have a bourgeois attitude to murder. I disapprove of it."

He added softly: "And so—I am prepared to go inside the tiger's cage . . ."

"Good-morning. Superintendent Battle."

Dr. Roberts rose from his chair and offered a large pink hand smelling of a mixture of good soap and faint carbolic.

"How are things going?" he went on.

Superintendent Battle glanced round the comfortable consulting-room before answering.

"Well, Dr. Roberts, strictly speaking, they're not going. They're standing still."

"There's been nothing much in the papers, I've been glad to see."

"Sudden death of the well-known Mr. Shaitana at an evening party in his own house." It's left at that for the moment. We've had the autopsy—I brought a report of the findings along—thought it might interest you

"That's very kind of you—it would be—h'm—cervical third rib, etc. Yes, very interesting."

He handed it back. "And we've interviewed Mr. Shaitana's solicitor. We know the terms of his will. Nothing of interest there. He has relatives in Syria, it seems. And then, of course, we've been through all his private papers."

Was it fancy or did that broad, clean-shaven countenance look a little strained—a little wooden?

"And?" said Dr. Roberts.

Please turn to Page 54

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**FLORILIN YEAST PLUS**

PEOPLE born at this time of the year belong to the zodiacal sign Gemini, which rules the heavens between May 22 and June 22.

People with the moon in the sign Gemini, or with this sign rising in the east at the moment of birth, are also strongly Geminian by nature, and can express the versatile characteristics of this constellation even more than those born directly under its rulership.

The birth-sign itself endows the individuality, or "inner self"; the moon-sign and the rising-sign are responsible for the personality or self-expression. And astrology has shown that a person can so hide his "self" behind the personality that his true nature is never guessed at, even by close associates.

Geminians are some of the cleverest people of all in this regard.

To start with they are dual-natured, a condition that can, and

## WRITTEN IN THE STARS

### ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

**Gemini endows two distinct sides to the nature. Because of this the majority of Geminians seem to respond to their zodiacal symbol, "The Twins."**

should, be turned to good account, and not frittered away in useless meanderings along the mental and practical pathways of life.

In short, Geminians should realise that this duality endows them, in a sense, with a double dose of character and mental ability; that they are above average when it comes to

versatility and adaptability, and that therefore they have twice as many chances of achieving success and happiness in life as most other people.

Having realised these things, they should try to concentrate their abilities, as well as their mental faculties, by striving to finish what they start; to be patient, persistent, and to attend to routine and detail.

Unfortunately, these are usually the qualities Geminians lack. They are so quick-witted and clever that they grow careless and seem to forget that the real successes of life are based on steadfast and reliable characteristics.

The majority of those belonging to this sign are good company, witty, cheerful, fond of excitement and change, and, in most cases, so fluent in speech that they earn a name as chatterboxes.

If not checked during the first half of life, such people can become garrulous and irritating as they grow old. At the same time it must be admitted that their chattering is friendly, kindly, and with a genuine, if fleeting, interest in everyone they meet.

Children who are not carefully trained oft-times earn a name as tellers of untruths. Admittedly, they do seem to tell more "fib" than other children, but it will usually be found that the "fibs" originate more from a love of using their imaginative faculties than a deliberate intent to lie.

All Geminians possess a goodly amount of the story-teller's mental make-up, and to suppress this faculty is to deaden their natural exuberance and intellectuality. Far better to devise some interest through which the imagination can work to express itself advantageously.

### Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21). Be sure to get important matters which cannot wait some weeks started or completed as soon as possible. June 3 very fair, June 7 and 8 poor.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21). Unspectacular. June 4, 5 and 6 (early) just fair.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22). Your stars are with you at this time, provided they have your co-operation. Let your imaginative faculties wander, but keep them chained down, otherwise they will lead you astray. June 6 (after noon), 7 and 8 can produce results. Work hard.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23). Good times are coming for most Cancerians, so that wise members of this sign will get busy with plans for changes, asking favors and seeking advancement. June 9 and 10 just fair.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24). June 3 quite fair; June 7 and 8 poor.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23). Count ten before you say or do anything this week, especially on June 3, 9 and 10. Make no rash



SHADES of the Victorian era. Teddy Tintling's ample black matt crepe frock with a riotously gay floral trim. Propping out the full skirt is a black tulle petticoat featuring tiny floral crepe frills and a coquettish little pocket.

changes or promises. Try to guard against delays and annoyances. Don't criticise.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24). This is your time to get busy and start those things you hope to make last. Be diligent on June 6 (after 2 p.m. only), 7 and 8, for hard work then can produce lasting results. Ask favors.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23). Watch the future more than the present, but use the present for making plans in readiness for later action. June 9 and 10 just fair.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22). Exercise care and forethought to keep out of trouble on June 9 and 10. Take no risks; avoid arguments, partings, upsets and losses. Don't be too quick-tempered or frank.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20). Try to get all important matters straightened out before June grows old. Make the most of June 4, 5 and 6 (early). Work hard and plan wisely.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19). Don't waste time on impracticable matters. Get busy on June 6 (after noon), 7 and 8. Be sure to start some new ventures, make changes and seek advancement then. Consolidate your affairs.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21). Silver linings may be missing from the clouds of most Pisceans this week; caution is advised. Let routine suffice. Be especially cautious on June 3. Delays and difficulties likely.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

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# The Movie World

June 3, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1 MEETING ABOARD SHIP, Irene and Boyer fall in love.



2 BOYER'S grandmother (Maria Ouspenskaya) gives them kindly advice.



3 ARRIVING in New York, Irene meets Boyer's fiancée, Astrid Allwyn, from whom he has decided to part.



4 HEART-PANGS for Boyer as he witnesses affectionate greeting between Irene and her fiancé, Lee Bowman.



5 IRENE, crippled in an accident, unknown to Boyer, faces future without her lover.

6 STILL IN LOVE with Boyer, who believes her faithless, Irene refuses Bowman.

## Moviedom News

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood.

### For art's sake

ONE of the secrets of Bette Davis' success is that she doesn't mind what she looks like so long as she gives a faithful portrayal of character.

In "The Knight and the Lady" she has an extraordinary make-up. The film shows Queen Elizabeth at the age of 45, and Bette tackles the job fearlessly.

Her forehead and nose are built up to match authentic portraits of the spinster Queen.

### Domestic bliss

LARA BOW and her husband, Rex Bell, are still happy on their immense ranch near Searchlight, Nevada. Their place comprises thousands of acres of land, with over 10,000 cattle. Debts have been paid off, and the couple face a future of financial security.

The one-time "It girl" has developed into a splendid mother, devoted to her two children.

### Dishonest "double"

THE police are looking for a dishonest gentleman who looks like James Cagney.

Acting the film star to perfection, he calls on tradesmen, saying he is Cagney, and cashes cheques, usually for amounts up to \$10.

The thief has left a long trail over western States, but has not yet been apprehended.

### Horse play

WHEN you see "The Wizard of Oz," technicolor film of the well-known fantasy, you will wonder how they get horses colored vivid red, purple, blue, and green.

It isn't a trick of photography. The horses were actually that color when photographed. But the studio used harmless vegetable pigments to dye the horses, as requested by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

### "Gentle" reminder

LAURETTE COLBERT recently joined the MGM studios to appear in "It's a Wonderful World."

That incurable practical joker, director "Woody" Van Dyke, and James Stewart decided that she should have a constant reminder that she is now working under the Metro banner.

So they presented her with a lion cub. Its name—Leo, Junior.

### Big chief Rooney

MICKEY ROONEY, considered Hollywood's No. 1 boy star, returned from a tour of the west bearing honorary credentials as a Cherokee Indian chief, as well as a Texas Ranger, and leader of a girls' kiltie band!

Schools along the route closed to permit children to greet the young star at railway stations.

## Dramatic Conflicts of Love

No ordinary romance occupies Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in RKO's new film, "Love Affair."

They are, respectively, a luxury-loving woman of the world and a Continental play-boy, both engaged to people of wealth, and with no money themselves. They fall desperately in love at first sight—and for the first time.

The experience is new and thrilling, and changes the course of their lives. For love's sake, they give up their chances of luxury and an easy future, and, through their own individual efforts, seek to make something of their lives.

### Rash critic

RUDY VALLEE lost his temper while conducting his orchestra at a Los Angeles hotel, when a male guest loudly shouted that he did not like the crooner's music.

Rudy up and pushed him off his chair.

Among the guests who witnessed the altercation were Loretta Young, Binnie Barnes, Mary Brian, and Edward Arnold.



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## This year's grand total of Happy newlyweds in Hollywood

NEVER BEFORE IN ONE SHORT HALF YEAR HAVE SO MANY FAMOUS FILM STARS BEEN LINKED IN MATRIMONY

From BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

**W**EDDING bells have been working overtime in the film colony this year.

From January to June Hollywood has endured a series of shocks as one pair of famous film stars after another have hied themselves to the altar.

Not one, but half a dozen eligible young men about town have disappointed other love-lies by marrying the girls of their choice.

And some of the most brilliant matches between reigning film stars have taken place this year.

Most of the weddings have been celebrated secretly, or, at most, in the presence of a dozen or so select friends.

Nelson Eddy sprang the first surprise by taking his first step into matrimony with Mrs. Ann Franklin, divorced wife of a movie director. They were married on January 19.

March 31 saw a happy ending for Hollywood's most famous off-screen romance with the marriage of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard.

Three weeks later, on April 22, Doug Fairbanks, jun., married Mrs. Mary Lee Hartford, pretty, divorced wife of an American multi-millionaire.

And next day, Tyrone Power silenced speculation upon his many more or less serious romances by marrying French star Annabella, with a quiet, dignified ceremony at the bride's home in Hollywood.

Earlier in the year Wayne Morris, supposedly secretly pining for love of film actress Priscilla Lane, confounded the gossips by his spectacular midnight wedding with "Bubbles" Schinasi, tobacco heiress.

Hedy Lamarr, brunette edition of Joan Bennett, married Joan's ex-husband, Gene Markey.

Eddy's marriage was the most surprising of all. He has always eschewed off-screen romance. Rumor, skillfully guided by the publicity department, once credited him with an interest in Jeanette MacDonald, but it was so palpably untrue that the story was dropped long before Jeanette married Gene Raymond.

Eddy's courtship of Ann Franklin was a triumph of reticence—and completely fooled the gossips. Actually, Ann, right under their noses, was wearing a very large diamond, a present from Eddy, on the third finger of her left hand.

She, however, was a very good friend of his mother's, and more often than not the three of them did the Hollywood rounds together.

The marriage of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard was that rare thing in Hollywood—the union of two film stars of equal standing, both at the height of their careers.

It also brought to a happy ending

one of Hollywood's few long-distance romances.

Clark first met Carole when he played opposite her in several pictures.

She was married to William Powell, he to Rhea Langman, his second wife.

Later they met at a party, when Gable was separated from his wife, and Carole divorced. For over two years they spent every free moment together. Both eschewed parties.

No elaborate celebrations attended the wedding. They were quietly married at Kingman, Arizona, at the home of a Methodist minister, with only the minister's wife and a local teacher for witnesses.

They returned after a one-day honeymoon, so that Gable could continue work on "Gone With the Wind." A studio party was the only official celebration.

Tyrone's marriage with Annabella ended the career of a very popular young man about town.

It also stunned even his most intimate friends, who had seen far more threat to his bachelor status from Janet Gaynor, his previous girl friend.

Tyrone's romance with Annabella was never taken quite seriously.

His love affairs with Loretta Young, Sonja Henie, and other stars from his studio had savored too much of the guidance of the studio bosses.

litty—under the studio bosses.

Doug Fairbanks dealt the blow of the year to Hollywood hostesses when he filed application to wed three days before his marriage.

Doug was the most popular escort in the colony—former squire of Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Janet Gaynor, Merle Oberon.

As had Eddy, Doug had managed to keep Mrs. Hartford's name out of the gossip columns, by heaven knows what ingenuity. The announcement of his wedding was the first hint he gave of his interest.



● TYRONE POWER, Hollywood's No. 1 glamor boy, is shown above with the new Mrs. Power, the French star, Annabella, at a Hollywood premiere.



● ABOVE: A recent picture of Nelson Eddy and his bride, the former Mrs. Ann Franklin, who began this year's cycle of Hollywood marriages by a surprise elopement in January. They have just returned from a concert tour of the States.

● AT LEFT: The candid camera focuses on a popular off-screen twosome at the races—Bob Taylor plunged in gloom, Barbara Stanwyck smiling in triumph.



## NOW HISTORY

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## New movie drama

PRODUCERS TO-DAY ARE RECREATING  
THE LIVES OF FORMER HEROES AND  
HEROINES FOR ROUSING FILM EPICS

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York

**T**HERE'S a new movie cycle in Hollywood—and heroes and heroines long dead are providing it.

Ever since the phenomenal success of the screen presentations of the lives of "Zola," and "Pasteur," producers have been scrambling for first rights on stories of famous figures from history.

Special accent is on great men of science. Give credit to "Pasteur" for this.

Alexander Graham Bell, American inventor of the telephone, takes movie form in the person of Don Ameche in a new film of this name.

"Triumph Over Pain," a film to come on the Paramount lists, is the story of Dr. William Morton, who perfected anaesthesia.

Columbia are making a screen drama of Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, and also founder of the Nobel prizes.

The "Life of Dr. Edison," great man of science, will appear in two parts, one portraying Edison's youth, the other his later years.

Fighting rebels and patriots figure largely in the studio programmes.

"Juarez" is the title for a new film soon to be released on the colorful history of Maximilian, who was sent from Spain to establish an Empire in Mexico, and failed through the patriotic endeavors of Mexican Juarez.

Bette Davis has the role of the Empress, so Brian Aherne's Emperor, and Paul Muni is the patriot, Juarez.

Just as colorful is the story of Jan Masaryk, founder of Czechoslovakia, which M.G.M. have listed among their films to come.

American history is coming in for its fair share of limelight, too.

Now completed is "Man of Conquest," story of Sam Houston, who led the revolt of Texas against Mexican rule in America's pioneering days. Richard Dix has this role.

Women, too, have a special place in the new screen cycle.

First comes the "Life of Vernon and Irene Castle," latest Rogers-Astaire film, and a life of Jane Addams, while English Anna Neagle, star of "Victoria the Great," is coming to America to do a life of Marie Lloyd, famous English music hall entertainer.

● Bette Davis in imperial robes as Maximilian's Empress Carlotta for Warners' latest biographical drama, "Juarez." Paul Muni is co-starred in the film.



● This demure, dark-haired beauty is blonde Bette Davis, crowned with a dark wig for her new picture, "Juarez." For this film Bette shaved off her own corn-colored tresses.



**B**LONDE or brunette—that is the question Hollywood glamor girls will soon have to face up to when they begin a new picture. Ever since blonde Joan Bennett donned a black wig and emerged a startling new screen personality, producers have been experimenting with the color schemes of their stars by the simple expedient of adding a wig.

Results have been startling ... and highly satisfactory.

After her phenomenal success in "Trade Winds," Joan Bennett is to continue brunette on the screen. She will appear under a dark wig for her next picture, "The Man in the Iron Mask."

You see, on this page, two portraits of a demure black-haired beauty in imperial costume. Believe it or not, it's blonde Bette Davis topped with a black wig and shorn of her tresses. Bette had to be a brunette for her role as the Spanish Empress Carlotta. So she, in her usual fashion, did the thing properly, literally shaved her own hair off to make room for her \$500 wig.

Bette takes every opportunity off-screen to wear her new wig—as a change—and to cover her almost bald head.

Norma Shearer first took a blonde bow under a powdered wig in "Marie Antoinette." She liked it so well that now she's gone blonde again for her new picture, "Idiot's Delight." Her new wig is elaborately coiffured a la Claudette Colbert.

It's given her a new gaiety, a slightly synthetic glamor in keeping with her role as the cabaret entertainer. And, what's more, a new screen personality.

### Bewigged beauties face the cameras





• LEFT: Ten-day-old Bonnie Belle with nurse and mother in attendance on the set of "Made For Each Other." RIGHT: Bing Crosby with three of his progeny. He has been turning down screen offers for them since they were babies.



## Most lavishly-paid film actors are babies

**I**F you reckon remuneration by second and minute, it's the little unknown babes in arms, without knowledge of acting, who are the best-paid players in Hollywood.

And they enjoy far better working conditions than any pampered hero or heroine.

The ten-day-old baby who played in "Made For Each Other" had only to lie comfortably in the arms of Carole Lombard for three minutes

**NOT EXCEPTING THE BOX-OFFICE FAVORITES, THEY EARN THE MOST MONEY WITH THE LEAST EFFORT, AND "WORK" IN LUXURY CONDITIONS.**

all told to earn £15, and her working time was only 23 seconds in duration.

It would seem, at first glance, an easy matter to procure a baby to work in a picture. Just a matter of walking into the street and borrowing the first attractive baby—or per-

haps one from the many happy little families in the film colony itself.

But things aren't as easy as that. All sorts of regulations govern the use of babies in pictures.

One unwritten law is that the small actors should be children of parents in need, so that, when no special talent is needed, the most deserving cases can benefit.

When small babies are needed for a motion picture, the casting office does not send out a call to exclusive Los Angeles nurseries, but to small, outlying maternity hospitals where most of the inmates are charity patients.

Hollywood pays a good price for the talent it uses, and many a doctor's bill has been paid by that studio cheque.

The system by which new-born babes are made into cinema stars was recently revealed by the Selznick International Studios when the baby was needed for scenes in "Made For Each Other."

It also highlights the elaborate safeguards that have been erected to ensure the safety of infants "working" before the camera.

Three days before the studio "call sheet" announced "Baby scenes, stage 14," Selznick's assistants were touring hospitals where prospects had been lined up for the occasion. The child in "Made For Each Other" is a boy. For purposes of photography, however, sex made little difference.

Ten-day-old Bonnie Belle (the name of the parents and hospital are kept secret by studio rule) was selected from among fifteen infants to work three days for £15.

On the day Bonnie Belle was to make her screen debut, a shiny black car pulled up to the hospital door. In the car were the trained nurse, the welfare worker, and an assistant director. A 48-hour work permit already had been arranged through the Los Angeles Board of Education, which maintains rigid supervision over all children employed in motion pictures.

But before Bonnie Belle could so much as approach the studio gates she first had to be taken before a physician appointed by the Board of Education for a thorough physical examination.

Having passed the examination, Bonnie Belle was taken to the studio to face the camera. Everything was waiting for her at the studio. A small nursery, fully equipped, was on the sound stage.

The set, an ordinary-sized bathroom, was surrounded completely by tarpaulin drapings to ward off all draughts. It was a warm day, and no special heating was needed.

The baby was carried to the set by a nurse. Carole Lombard and James Stewart, stars of the film, with Lucile Watson, were in their appointed places in the bathroom set. Small lights—the smallest possible—were trained on them. All these lights were connected to a



• Carole Lombard with another money-making youngster, Jackie Taylor, who plays her year-old baby in "Made For Each Other."

dimming system, controlled by one man.

"Ready for the baby—dim the lights!" ordered Director John Cromwell. "Roll the camera!"

The lights went out. The camera was rolling along in semi-darkness. As the stars spoke their lines, the script secretary counted the seconds on her stop-watch. An infant is not permitted to be under the film lights more than 30 seconds at a time. None of the scenes ran longer than 24 seconds. The shortest was 14.

Actual camera time never was longer than 12.5 seconds. Figures mentioned here include all the elapsed time from the instant the lights were raised until they were dimmed again.

Within 15 minutes all scenes were made. Total working time of the baby under the lights was three minutes—23 seconds her working day.

When she left the studio, Bonnie Belle was taken back to the physician's office for re-examination. No baby may be used in pictures without being examined after working, as well as before.

In the business office of the studio they made out a cheque for £14/14/-. The other 5/- was for her social security—old-age pension, and, of all things, unemployment insurance!

There are other avenues where babies in arms earn big money.

Photographic agencies pay £5 and more for the negative of a personable child, and there are always the national snapshot contests, which seem perennially to be won by a picture of an infant splashing around in his tub.

Advertising agencies have been in the market for baby pictures ever since a national survey showed that a small child will sell more breakfast food, more tyres, and more toothpaste than any other illustrative motif, not excepting the ubiquitous girl-in-the-bathing-suit, who comes next.

Many young couples have feathered their nests and indulged their parental pride as well by allowing Junior to gurgle at the world between the covers of national magazines, or on the labels of a baby-food or cough syrup.

Though many of the parents who farm their children out this way consider the cash returns as little

more than safety-pin money, some hard-pressed families look to such occasional breaks as a means of meeting necessary expenses.

There is a Free Maternity Clinic in New York, for instance, that accepts calls from agencies and advertisers who are looking for a child of some specified size, age, and even color to pose for commercial photographs.

The clinic's files are then hurriedly consulted, a postcard despatched to the needy mother, and arrangements made with both parties. The gratuity the mother receives for the use of her child as a photographic model usually feeds both of them for a week.

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No. 1 BLOCK "OLD GOLD"—one of the four excitingly new No. 1 BLOCK varieties—is a rich, dark chocolate, particularly satisfying and sustaining. Voted to-day's No. 1 outdoor chocolate. The other No. 1 BLOCK varieties are "Extra Cream," "Fruit and Nut" and "Nut Milk"—all in the smart new packs.

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# PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer.

## ★ GRAND ILLUSION

(Week's Best Release.)

Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, Erich von Stroheim. (France.)

Do not confuse "Grand Illusion" with the ordinary Great War film. In theme and acting it is different—and great.

It is a living story of men who meet in different ways to long imprisonment, enjoy comradeship, live or escape—and agree with the "legend" that war itself is the "grand illusion."

Extraordinarily vivid and simple, "Grand Illusion" centres about three figures—those of two captured French aviators and the commandant of the German prison camp.

Between the two Frenchmen, rugged Jean Gabin and smooth, smiling Pierre Fresnay, yawns the gulf that divides the peasant from the aristocrat. Fresnay and Erich von Stroheim, the German commandant, are united in the sympathies of their noble class.

Yet Fresnay helps Gabin to escape—accompanied by a Polish Jew. Their journey towards the Swiss border, their sanctuary in a farmhouse where Gabin falls in love with owner Dita Parlo, and their flight again are depicted with suspense and power—but with the simplicity of real life.

"Grand Illusion" is the third French picture with English captions to be shown here.

Take special note of Jean Gabin—he is magnificent, even in such ancient company; and spare appreciation for the direction, which sees the whole with the humanity of real life.—Savoy; showing.

## ★ THE OKLAHOMA KID

James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart. (Warners.)

JAMES CAGNEY wins the two stars for this film. Apart from Jimmy's swaggering, humorous banter, the film is just another Western on a large scale—with a story that owes too much territory.

Settlement of the Sherokee Strip, in Oklahoma, opens the plot. The bright men who build the town have to strike a bargain with villain Humphrey Bogart and his henchmen. When they attempt to run Bogart out of the place, his power enables him to frame and hang the upright mayor—who turns out to have a strange link with the "Oklahoma Kid."

The "Kid," otherwise Mr. Cagney, swears the mayor, cleans up the claims, and wins the girl—in his own convoluted way.

The first reel and the last reel of the film are grand—mainly because Jimmy is in charge of operations; incidentally, he is as good in Westerns as he is in gunman roles—at least, he makes you enjoy his work as much. Pity he falls in love with such a dull heroine as Rosemary Lane.—Piano; showing.

## ★ CAFE SOCIETY

Madeline Carroll, Fred MacMurray. (Paramount.)

In essence, "Cafe Society" is just the old story of the poor newspaper reporter and the rich girl. But it is directed with wit, acted by Madeline Carroll and Fred MacMurray with charm and zest—and sets up to easy, glamor-entertainment.

Background is that New York social group which must be seen at every first night, every new restaurant, and on every newspaper front page. It trembles before the gossip columnists who record its doings.

Back from Europe, Madeline is interviewed by Fred MacMurray, an ordinary reporter, contemptuous of her crowd. Madeline is a leader of "Cafe Society"—or was. A guided columnist, brilliantly played by Alan Jefferies, tells her that she is no longer interesting.

To get into the limelight again, Madeline elopes with MacMurray—who promptly finds out the reason for this romantic marriage.—Prince Edward; showing.

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.

★ One star—average entertainment

★★ Two stars—above average

★★★ Three stars—excellent

## ★ LET US LIVE

Maureen O'Sullivan, Henry Fonda. (Columbia.)

THIS is the story of two innocent men, who are convicted of a murder and sentenced to death. The fiancée of one of them sets to work to find the real killer.

It is no new angle, but this film goes deeper than the usual melodrama. By concentration on the reactions of the innocent man, his shining faith shattered by man's injustice, it is at once an absorbing psychological study and a serious indictment against the judiciary system and legal red-tape.

Henry Fonda is convincing as the innocent victim, who finally emerges from his experience an embittered man. And Maureen O'Sullivan, distracted, valiant, is a touchingly pathetic figure.

It's been done before—and much better—by such films as "Fury" and "They Won't Forget," but it still makes moving entertainment.—Mayfair; showing.

## ★ BLOCKHEADS

Laurel and Hardy. (Hal Roach-MGM.)

"BLOCKHEADS" would have been much more suitable as a two-reel comedy than the full-length feature film, which, alas, it is. But, even if it were cut until all the best parts were left in—if such were possible—

## Shows Still Running

\*\*\*Pygmalion. Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G.B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 35th week.

\*\*\*Mayerling. Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux in fine French film of tragic love story. Embassy, 4th week.

\*\*\*Gunga Din. Cary Grant and Doug Fairbanks, Jun., in grand action drama. Regent, 5th week.

\*\*\*Yes, My Darling Daughter. Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn in delightful modern comedy. Century, 3rd week.

sible—it would not be especially funny.

As usual, Laurel and Hardy spend their time extricating themselves from various scrapes. Hardy is the married man, who invites his friend Laurel home to meet the wife. Unfortunately, she is not impressed, and goes out to leave them cook the dinner. The wife of a big-game hunter who lives in the opposite apartment comes to help, and her pyjama-clad presence complicates matters when Mrs. Oliver Hardy (Minna Gombell) and the game hunter (Billy Gilbert) arrive home. And you know the rest . . .

There are a few amusing new gags in the film, but not even the staunchest Laurel-and-Hardy fans will find it in great matter for laughter.—State; showing.

## ★ THE GIRL DOWNSTAIRS

Franchot Tone, Franciska Gaal. (MGM.)

ALL very romantic, and quite amusing, this little tale of a young man-about-town who falls in love with a scullery maid—and reforms. Light and frothy, it yet has

## SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO



BETTE DAVIS and LLOYD NOLAN BEGAN THEIR CAREERS TOGETHER AT THE SAME THEATRE. SHE AS AN USHERETTE AND HE AS A STAGEHAND.

BUT I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONE SUPPOSED TO SAY 'AH!'

CLAIRE OWEN GOT INTO PICTURES ON HER OWN LEGS. . . WHEN A GOOD LOOKING SET OF PINS WAS NEEDED FOR A VACCINATION SCENE IN 'DR. JENNER'

ERROL FLYNN'S FENCING TECHNIQUE IS THE ONLY MOVIE DUELLING TO RECEIVE THE APPROVAL OF GOOD FENCERS.

## Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

THEY are having as much trouble with Gable's waltzing in "Gone With the Wind" as they did with his top dancing in "Idiot's Delight." Clark and Vivien Leigh spent fourteen hours waltzing for a scene in his new film that will last only sixteen seconds on the screen.

BINKIE BARNES went to hospital as a result of an accident at tennis. She was playing at a party in Hollywood, at which she was hostess, when Gilbert Roland knocked her down with a terrific serve.

LOUISE CAMPBELL will have the feminine lead opposite Bing Crosby in "The Star Maker," a picture based on the life of Gus Edwards, well-known song-writer and impresario, who discovered Eddie Cantor and many other American musical comedy stars. Linda Warren, a 13-year-old singer, will have her first important screen role in the picture.

the appeal of the "King Ophelus and the Beggar Maid" story.

The film is set in Switzerland, against the sophisticated background of the Nationale Theatre and the Cafe Metropole.

Franchot Tone has the role of the young man who falls lightly in love with rich girl Rita Johnson. But her father doesn't like him, so, to get past barred doors and servants' hostility, he poses as a chauffeur.

In this guise he meets scullery maid Franciska Gaal, and cultivates her acquaintance as a means of meeting Rita. Then he finds he loves the little scullery maid instead. You'll like Tone as the gay young lothario. Franciska Gaal, hesitant with her English, is also charming. And there's some very bright comedy from Franklin Pangborn, not the hotel manager, but a very dignified gentleman's secretary.—State; showing.

ERROL FLYNN's next picture will be "The White Rajah." Instead of "The Sea Hawk." "The White Rajah" is an original story by Flynn himself, which he sold to the studio some time ago. It is based on the life of Sir James Brooke, well-known British Army officer who became the Rajah of Sarawak.

ON completion of his role as Ashley Wilkes in "Gone with the Wind," Leslie Howard will return to England to start work on the first of a series of pictures which he and Walter Putter will co-produce for RKO. Howard will star in the pictures, all to be made in England, and will also share direction with Putter.

DARRYL ZANUCK paid \$20,000 for the film rights of "Grapes of Wrath," the new novel by John Steinbeck. Steinbeck is the author of "Of Mice and Men," which, as a play, ran for such a long time in New York.

GEORGE RAFT, very pleased with himself since his horse Nadir won its first race at the Hollywood course, is going in seriously for racing. He's arranging to buy four more horses.

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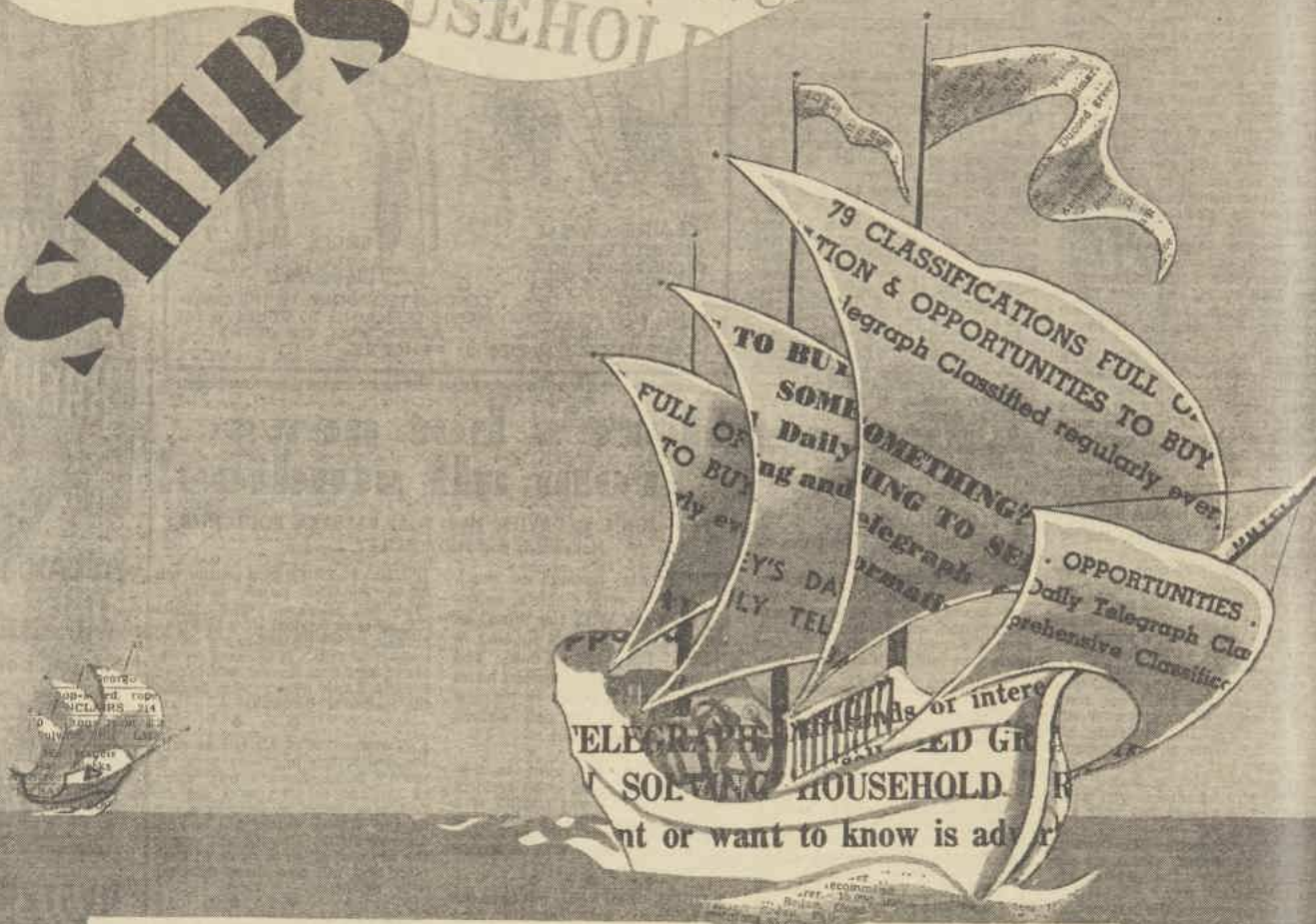
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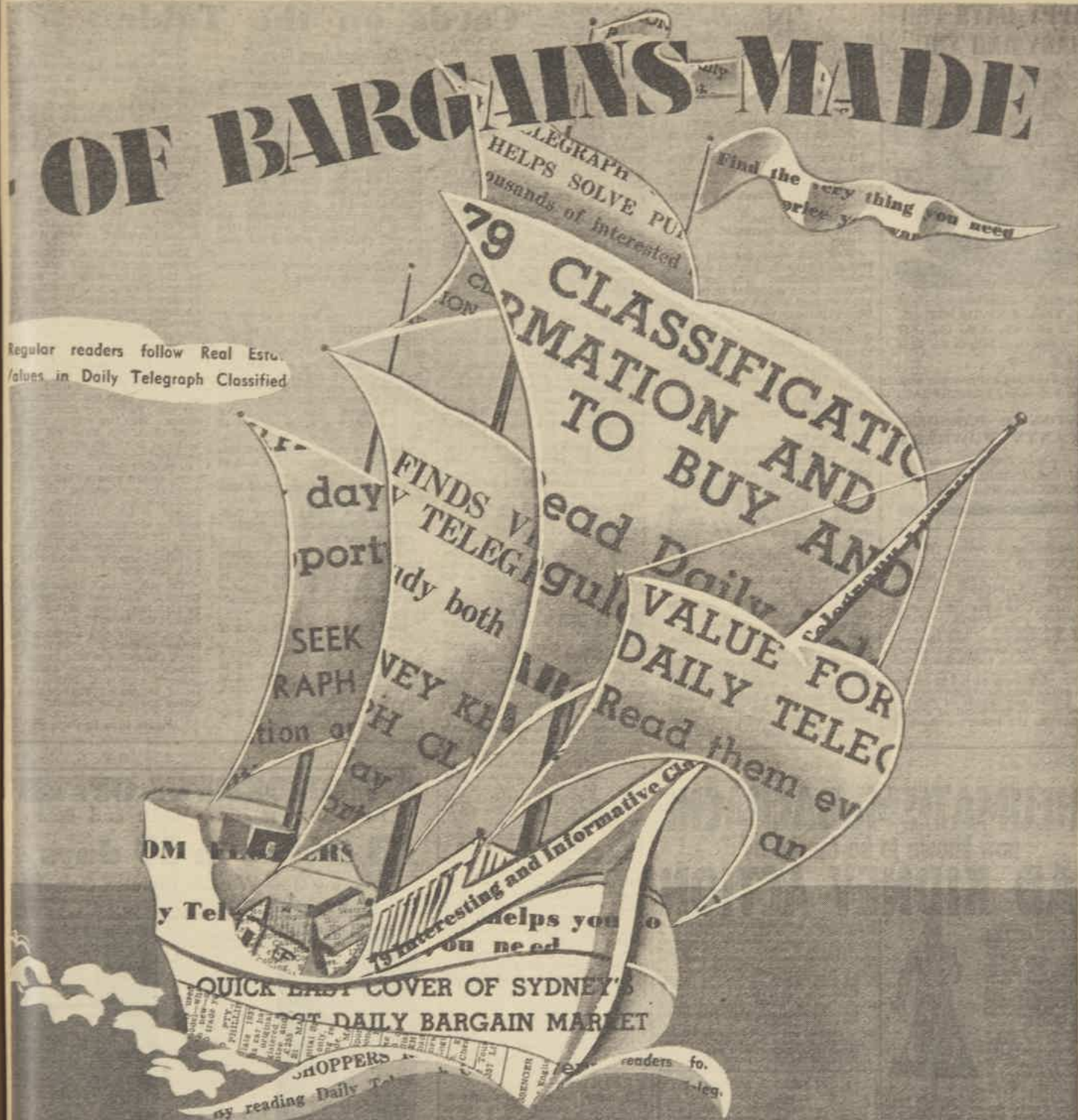
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## "NOTHING," said Superintendent Battle, watching him.

There wasn't a sigh of relief. Nothing so blatant as that. But the doctor's figure seemed to relax just a shade more comfortably in his chair.

"And so you've come to me?"

"And so, as you say, I've come to you."

The doctor's eyebrows rose a little and his shrewd eyes looked into Battle's.

"Want to go through my private papers—eh?"

"That was my idea."

"Got a search-warrant?"

"No."

"Well, you could get one easily enough, I suppose. I'm not going to make difficulties. It's not very pleasant being suspected of murder but I suppose I can't blame you for what's obviously your duty."

"Thank you, sir," said Superintendent Battle with real gratitude. "I appreciate your attitude, if I may say so, very much. I hope all the others will be as reasonable, I'm sure."

"What can't be cured must be endured," said the doctor good-humoredly.

He went on:

"I've finished seeing my patients here. I'm just off on my rounds. I'll leave you my keys and just say a word to my secretary and you can rattle to your heart's content."

"That's all very nice and pleasant, I'm sure," said Battle. "I'd like to ask you a few more questions before you go."

"About the other night? Really, I told you all I know."

"No, not about the other night. About yourself."

"Well, man, ask away. What do you want to know?"

"I'd just like a rough sketch of your career, Dr. Roberts. Birth, marriage, and so on."

"It will get me into practice for 'Who's who,'" said the doctor drily. "My career's a perfectly straightforward one. I'm a Shropshire man, born at Ludlow. My father was in practice there. He died when I was fifteen. I was educated at Shrewsbury and went in for medicine like my father before me. I'm a St. Christopher's man—but you'll have all the medical details already, I expect."

"I looked you up, yes, sir. You an only child or have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I'm an only child. Both my parents are dead and I'm unmarried. Will that do to get on with? I came into partnership here with Dr. Emery. He retired about fifteen years ago. Lives in Ireland. I'll give you his address if you like. I live here with a cook, a parlourmaid and a housemaid. My secretary comes in daily. I make a good income and I only kill a reasonable number of my patients. How's that?"

Superintendent Battle grinned.

"That's fairly comprehensive, Dr. Roberts. I'm glad you've got a sense of humor. Now I'm going to ask you one more thing."

"I'm a strictly moral man, superintendent."

"Oh, that wasn't my meaning. No, I was just going to ask you if you'd give me the names of four friends—people who've known you intimately for a number of years. Kind of references, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I think so. Let me see now. You'd prefer people who are actually in London now?"

"It would make it a bit easier, but it doesn't really matter."

The doctor thought for a minute or two, then with his fountain-pen he scribbled four names and addresses on a sheet of paper and pushed it across the desk to Battle.

"Will those do? They're the best I can think of on the spur of the moment."

Battle read carefully, nodded his head in satisfaction and put the sheet of paper away in an inner pocket.

"It's just a question of elimination," he said. "The sooner I can get one person eliminated and go on to the next, the better it is for everyone concerned. I've got to make perfectly certain that you weren't on bad terms with the late Mr. Shaitana, that you have no private connections or business dealings with him, that there was no question of his having injured you at any time and your bearing resentment. I may believe you when you say you only knew him slightly—but it isn't a question of my belief. I've got to say I've made sure."

"Oh, I understand perfectly. You've got to think everybody's a liar till he's proved he's speaking the truth. Here are my keys, superintendent. That's the drawers of the desk—that's the bureau—that little one's the key of the poison cupboard. Be sure you lock it up again. Perhaps I'd better have a word with my secretary."

He pressed a button on his desk. Almost immediately the door opened and a competent-looking young woman appeared.

"You rang, doctor?"

"This is Miss Burgess—Superintendent Battle from Scotland Yard."

Miss Burgess turned a cool gaze on Battle. It seemed to say:

"Dear me, what sort of an animal is this?"

"I should be glad, Miss Burgess, if you will answer any questions Superintendent Battle may put to you, and give him any help he may need."

"Certainly, if you say so, doctor."

"Well," said Roberts, rising, "I'll be off. Did you put the morphia in my case? I shall need it for the Lockheart case."

He bustled out, still talking, and Miss Burgess followed him.

She returned a minute or two later to say:

"Will you press that button when you want me, Superintendent Battle?"

Superintendent Battle thanked her and said he would do so. Then he set to work.

His search was careful and methodical, though he had no great hopes of finding anything of importance. Roberts' ready acquiescence dispelled the chance of that.

Roberts was no fool. He would realize that a search would be bound to come and he would make provisions accordingly. There was, however, a faint chance that Battle might come across a hint of the information he was really after, since Roberts would not know the real object of his search.

Superintendent Battle opened and shut drawers, rifled pigeon-holes, glanced through a cheque-book, estimated the unpaid bills—noted what those same bills were for, scrutinized Roberts' pass-book, ran

## Cards on the Table

Continued from Page 45

through his case notes and generally left no written document unturned. The result was meagre in the extreme. He next took a look through the poison cupboard, noted the wholesale firms with which the doctor dealt, and the system of checking, relocked the cupboard and passed on to the bureau. The contents of the latter were of a more personal nature, but Battle found nothing germane to his search. He shook his head, sat down in the doctor's chair and pressed the desk button.

Miss Burgess appeared with commendable promptitude.

**S**UPERINTENDENT BATTLE asked her politely to be seated and then sat studying her for a moment, before he decided which way to tackle her. He had sensed immediately her hostility and he was uncertain whether to provoke her into unguarded speech by increasing that hostility or whether to try a softer method of approach.

"I suppose you know what all this is about, Miss Burgess?" he said at last.

"Dr. Roberts told me," said Miss Burgess shortly.

"The whole thing's rather delicate," said Superintendent Battle.

"Is it?" said Miss Burgess.

"Well, it's rather a nasty business. Four people are under suspicion and one of them must have done it. What I want to know is whether you've ever seen this Mr. Shaitana?"

"Never."

"Ever heard Dr. Roberts speak of him?"

"Never—no, I am wrong. About a week ago Dr. Roberts told me to enter up a dinner appointment in his engagement-book. Mr. Shaitana, 8.15, on the 18th."

"And that is the first you ever heard of this Mr. Shaitana?"

"Yes."

"Never seen his name in the papers? He was often in the fashionable news."

"I've got better things to do than reading the fashionable news."

"I expect you have. Oh, I expect you have," said the superintendent mildly.

"Well," he went on. "There it is. All four of these people will only admit to knowing Mr. Shaitana slightly. But one of them knew him well enough to kill him. It's my job to find out which of them it was."

There was an unhelpful pause. Miss Burgess seemed quite uninterested in the performance of Superintendent Battle's job. It was her job to obey her employer's orders and sit there listening to what Superintendent Battle chose to say and answer any direct questions he might choose to put to her.

"You know, Miss Burgess," the superintendent found it uphill work but he persevered. "I doubt if you appreciate half the difficulties of our job. People say things, for instance. Well, we mayn't believe a word of it, but we've got to take notice of it all the same. It's particularly noticeable in a case of this kind. I don't want to say anything against your sex but there's no doubt that a woman, when she's rattled, is apt to lash out with her tongue a bit. She makes unfounded accusations, hints this and that, and rakes up all sorts of old scandals that have probably nothing whatever to do with the case."

"Do you mean," demanded Miss Burgess, "that one of these other people has been saying things against the doctor?"

"Not exactly said anything," said Battle cautiously. "But all the same, I'm bound to take notice. Suspicious circumstances about the death of a patient. Probably all a lot of nonsense. I'm ashamed to bother the doctor with it."

Please turn to Page 55

## RHEUMATISM & BACKACHE now known to be caused by BAD KIDNEY ACTION

Few medical discoveries of recent years can have a more far-reaching effect upon the health of the nation than that of an eminent doctor, who found that Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Pains in Back, Crises under Knees, Loss of Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles, Burning, Smarting Passages and Getting Up Nights, etc., were caused by faulty Kidney action, and you'll never be fit and well again until you take the right steps to put your kidneys in order.



Your kidneys have a most important function—they filter and cleanse the blood—work day and night—and it is only when the kidneys are overloaded with poisons, acids and germs which they are unable to eliminate that you suffer as you are today. Take Cystex—the right medicine for your trouble—and you'll soon be as fit and active as before the dread disease fastened itself upon you.

### YOU MUST GET WELL IF YOU TAKE CYSTEX

Cystex will make and keep your kidneys and blood pure, clean and uncontaminated—free them from all toxic acids (including the crystal-forming uric acid) which causes aches and pains in joints and muscles, and from accumulations of poisonous waste matters and germs which make you feel depressed and ill.

### BETTER IN 24 HOURS

Cystex is a positive speedy and guaranteed remedy for all ailments having an origin in faulty kidney action which causes poor elimination of toxic acids, poisons and waste matters from the system. Within 24 hours after taking the first Cystex tablet you'll feel decidedly better—pain will have ceased or considerably lessened—while in a few days you will feel fine. All this is guaranteed.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways  
The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone

and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet containing no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in three ways to end your troubles:

- (1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
- (2) Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
- (3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease, attacks on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

### NOW FEELS A DIFFERENT WOMAN

"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles although I am 63 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it." (Sgt.) M. L. Kesin, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.

RELIEF AFTER FIRST DOSE  
"My joints were all stiff. I had leg pains, my back ached day and night. My bladder was weak, I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back." (Sgt.) Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland.

NOW ABLE TO WALK  
WITHOUT STICK  
"I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, pains in leg and back. In fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains anywhere. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaint." (Sgt.) J. McPherson, Nangahine Station, N.S.W.

GUARANTEED TO PUT YOU RIGHT  
OR MONEY BACK  
This is the only fair and honest way of selling a medicine. Go to your chemist or store today for Cystex. If it does not put you right, return the empty packet and your money will be refunded in full. Act now! In 24 hours you will feel better and be completely well in 1 week. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes: 1/9, 4/-, 8/-.

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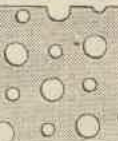
This is a  
**GUARANTEED**  
Remedy  
**Cystex**  
For the KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND RHEUMATISM

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## Cards on the Table

Continued from Page 54

"I suppose someone's got hold of that story about Mrs. Graves," said Miss Burgess wrathfully. "The way people talk about things they know nothing whatever about is disgraceful. Lots of old ladies get like that—they think everybody's poisoning them—their relations and their servants and even their doctors. Mrs. Graves had had three doctors before she came to Dr. Roberts and then when she got the same fancies about him he was quite willing for her to have Dr. Lee instead. It's the only thing to do in these cases, he said after Dr. Lee she had Dr. Seale, and then Dr. Farmer—until she died, poor old thing."

"You'd be surprised the way the smallest thing starts a story," said Battle. "Whenever a doctor benefits the death of a patient somebody has something ill-natured to say, and yet why shouldn't a grateful patient leave a little something, or even a big something, to her medical attendant?"

"It's the relations," said Miss Burgess. "I always think there's something like death for bringing out the meanness of human nature squabbling over who's to have what before the body's cold. Luckily, Dr. Roberts has never had any trouble of that kind. He always says he hopes his patients won't leave him anything. I believe he once had a legacy of fifty pounds and he's had one walking-stick and a gold watch on nothing else."

"It's a difficult life, that of a professional man," said Battle with a sigh. "He's always open to blackmail. The most innocent occurrence lend themselves sometimes to a scandalous appearance. A doctor's got to avoid even the appearance of evil—that means he's got to have his wits about him good and sharp."

"A lot of what you say is true," said Miss Burgess. "Doctors have a difficult time with hysterical women."

"Hysterical women. That's right," thought in my own mind, that that was all it amounted to."

"I suppose you mean that dreadful Mrs. Craddock?"

Battle pretended to think.

"Let me see, was it three years ago? No, more."

"Four or five, I think. She was a most unbalanced woman! I was glad when she went abroad and so was Dr. Roberts. She told her husband the most frightful lies—they always do, of course. Poor man, he wasn't quite himself—he'd begun to be ill. He died of anthrax, you know, an infected shaving brush."

"I'd forgotten that," said Battle untruthfully.

"And then she went abroad and died not long afterwards. But I always thought she was a nasty type of woman—man-mad, you know."

"I know the kind," said Battle. "Very dangerous. They are. A doctor's got to give them a wide berth. Whereabouts did she die abroad—I don't seem to remember."

"Egypt, I think it was. She got blood-poisoning—some native infection."

"Another thing that must be difficult for a doctor," said Battle, making a conversational leap, "is when he suspects that one of his patients is being poisoned by one of their relatives. What's he to do? He's got to be sure—or else hold his tongue. And if he's done the latter, then it's awkward for him if there's talk of foul play afterwards. I wonder if any case of that kind has ever come Dr. Roberts' way?"

"I really don't think it has," said Miss Burgess, considering. "I've never heard of anything like that."

"From the statistical point of view, it would be interesting to know how many deaths occur among a doctor's practice per year. For instance now, you've been with Dr. Roberts some years—"

"Seven. Well, how many deaths have there been in that time off-hand?"

"Really, it's difficult to say," Miss Burgess gave herself up to calculation. "She was by now quite shrewd and unsuspicious. Seven, eight—of course, I can't remember exactly—I shouldn't say more than thirty in the time."

"Then I fancy Dr. Roberts must be a better doctor than most," said Battle genially. "I suppose, too, most

of his patients are upper-class. They can afford to take care of themselves."

"He's a very popular doctor. He's so good at diagnosis."

Battle sighed and rose to his feet. "I'm afraid I've been wandering from my duty, which is to find out a connection between the doctor and this Mr. Shaitana. You're quite sure he wasn't a patient of the doctor's?"

"Quite sure."

"Under another name, perhaps?" Battle handed her a photograph. "Recognise him at all?"

"What a very theatrical-looking person. No, I've never seen him here at any time."

"Well, that's that," Battle sighed. "I'm much obliged to the doctor, I'm sure, for being so pleasant about everything. Tell him so from me, will you? Tell him I'm passing on to No. 2. Good-bye, Miss Burgess, and thank you for your help."

HE shook hands and departed. Walking along the street he took a small note-book from his pocket and made a couple of entries in it under the letter R. Mrs. Graves? Unlikely.

Mrs. Craddock? No legacies.

No wife. (Pity.) Investigate deaths of patients.

Difficult.

He closed the book and turned into the Lancaster Gate branch of the London & Westsex Bank.

The display of his official card brought him to a private interview with the manager.

"Good-morning, sir. One of your clients is a Dr. Geoffrey Roberts, I understand."

"Quite correct, superintendent."

"I shall want some information about that gentleman's account going back over a period of years."

"I will see what I can do for you."

A complicated half-hour followed.

Finally Battle, with a sigh, tucked away a sheet of pencilled figures. "Got what you want?" inquired the bank manager curiously.

"No, I haven't. Not one suggestive lead. Thank you all the same."

At that same moment, Dr. Roberts, washing his hands in his consulting-room, said over his shoulder to Miss Burgess:

"What about our rigid sleuth, eh? Did he turn the place upside down and you inside out?"

"He didn't get much out of me, I can tell you," said Miss Burgess, setting her lips tightly.

"My dear girl, no need to be an oyster. I told you to tell him all he wanted to know. What did he want to know, by the way?"

"Oh, he kept harping on your knowing that man Shaitana—suggested even that he might have come here as a patient under a different name. He showed me his photograph. Such a theatrical-looking man!"

"Shaitana? Oh, yes, fond of posing as a modern Mephistopheles. It went down rather well on the whole. What else did Battle ask you?"

"Really nothing very much. Except—oh, yes, somebody had been telling him some absolute nonsense about Mrs. Graves—you know the way she used to go on."

"Graves? Graves? Oh, yes, old Mrs. Graves! That's rather funny!" The doctor laughed with considerable amusement. "That's really very funny indeed."

And in high good humor he went in to lunch.

Superintendent Battle was lunching with M. Hercule Poirot.

The former looked downcast, the latter sympathetic.

"Your morning, then, has not been entirely successful," said Poirot thoughtfully.

Battle shook his head.

"It's going to be uphill work, M. Poirot."

"What do you think of him?"

Please turn to Page 56

Well over 40—  
yet brimful of  
**PEP!**



TAKE a tip from this happy woman. She's long past 40, but she hasn't let herself drift into the backwaters of life.

"I've been using Kruschen Salts for rheumatism," she writes. "I had it very bad in my feet and arms. Now I can walk miles, and no pain. Although I am long past 40, I am much better in health. People laughed when I told them I'd started taking Kruschen. But I have the laugh now. Kruschen has made a new woman of me. I feel bright and happy where I used to feel pain."—(Mrs.) R. R.

You, too, can find new Zest in Life!

Start sipping a pinch of Kruschen into your tea, or into a glass of hot water, first thing every morning. Within one week, you'll have vim and vigour that everyone will envy. Sluggishness goes. You get that "Kruschen feeling" which has brought joy to millions. Kruschen Salts is obtainable at Chemists and Stores, prices 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

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## BETTY WAS FRAIL AND NERVOUS —READ WHAT HAPPENED THEN



### ... And Now Read What These Mothers Write:—

"My little girl, age seven, has always been rather nervous, underweight and a light sleeper. A week ago she began drinking 'Ovaltine' and it is hard to believe she is the same child now. That tired, languorous feeling is gone, her appetite has improved 100%, and it is a pleasure not to have to scold her about eating. Also she sleeps splendidly. 'Ovaltine' has certainly taken a great worry off my mind."

Another delighted mother writes:—

"Alice Ruth, who is eleven, has been a pale, nervous little girl all her life. Always very restless at night. Then I decided to give her 'Ovaltine.' She is no longer nervy, but

put on weight and is now a very strong, sturdy little girl—thanks to 'Ovaltine.'"

These letters cover, of course, only two individual cases. Naturally, we do not claim or guarantee that similar results will occur in every case where "Ovaltine" is used. But this letter is so typical of thousands we have received, that we believe a thorough trial of "Ovaltine" is justified by every intelligent mother in similar cases of nervousness, poor appetite and underweight.

"Ovaltine" is a pure food beverage made from malt, milk and eggs, and is widely recommended by doctors everywhere. Already it has gained world-wide recognition as an important food for building up children—and is particularly noted for the remarkable increases in appetite, weight and nerve poise which so frequently occur when it is added to the daily diet.

For the sake of your child, try "Ovaltine." You simply make it with milk—either hot or cold. All children love the delicious flavour of "Ovaltine."

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of packing and postage.

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## To Relieve Catarrh Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness, or who are growing deaf of hearing and have head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can now be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in every instance has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, put out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home and is made as follows:—

Secure from your chemist 1 ounce Parmit (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

Parmit is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalize the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh in any form, or distressing rumbling, hissing sounds in their ears, should give this recipe a trial.

## Cards on the Table

Continued from Page 55

"Of the doctor? Well, frankly, I think Shaltana was right. He's a killer. Reminds me of Westaway. And of that lawyer chap in Norfolk. Same hearty, self-confident manner. Same popularity. Both of them were clever devils—so Roberts. All the same, it doesn't follow that Roberts killed Shaltana—and as a matter of fact I don't think he did. He'd know the risk too well—better than a layman would—that Shaltana might wake and cry out. No, I don't think Roberts murdered him."

"But you think he has murdered someone?"

"Possibly quite a lot of people. Westaway had. But it's going to be hard to get at. I've looked over his bank account—nothing suspicious there—no large sums suddenly paid in. At any rate, in the last seven years he's not had any legacy from a patient. That wipes out murder for direct gain. He's never married—that's a pity—so ideally simple for a doctor to kill his own wife. He's well-to-do, but then he's got a thriving practice among well-to-do people."

"In fact, he appears to lead a thoroughly blameless life—and perhaps does so."

"Maybe. But I prefer to believe the worst."

He went on:

"There's the hint of a scandal over a woman—one of his patients—name of Craddock. That's worth looking up, I think. I'll get someone on to that straight away. Woman actually died out in Egypt of some local disease, so I don't think there's anything in that—but it might throw a light on his general character and morals."

"Was there a husband?"

"Yes. Husband died of anthrax."

"Anthrax?"

"Yes, there were a lot of cheap shaving brushes on the market just then—some of them infected. There was a regular scandal about it."

"Convenient," suggested Poirot.

"That's what I thought. If her husband were threatening to kick up a row. But there, it's all conjecture. We haven't a leg to stand upon."

"Courage, my friend. I know your patience. In the end, you will have perhaps as many legs as a centipede."

"And fall into the ditch as a result of thinking about them," grinned Battle.

Then he asked curiously:

"What about you, M. Poirot? Going to take a hand?"

"I, too, might call on Dr. Roberts."

"Two of us in one day. That ought to put the wind up him."

"Oh, I shall be very discreet. I shall not inquire into his past life."

"I'd like to know just exactly what line you'll take," said Battle curiously, "but don't tell me unless you want to."

"Du tout—du tout. I am most willing. I shall talk a little of bridge, that is all."

"Bridge again. You harp on that, don't you, M. Poirot?"

"I find the subject very useful."

"Well, every man to his taste. I don't deal much in these fancy approaches. They don't suit my style."

"What is your style, superintendent?"

THE superintendent met the twinkle in Poirot's eye with an answering twinkle in his own.

"A straightforward, honest, zealous officer doing his duty in the most laborious manner—that's my style. No frills. No fancy work. Just honest perspiration. Stolid and a bit stupid—that's my ticket."

Poirot raised his glass.

"To our respective methods—and may success crown our joint efforts."

"I expect Colonel Race may get us something worth having about Despard," said Battle. "He's got a good many sources of information."

"And Mrs. Oliver?"

"Bit of a loss-up there. I rather like that woman. Talks a lot of nonsense, but she's a sport. And women get to know things about other women that men can't get at. She may spot something useful."

They separated. Battle went back to Scotland Yard to issue instructions for certain lines to be followed up. Poirot belook himself to 200 Gloucester Terrace.

Dr. Roberts' eyebrows rose comically as he greeted his guest.

"Two sleuths in one day," he asked. "Handcuffs by this evening, I suppose."

Poirot smiled.

"I can assure you, Dr. Roberts, that my attentions are being equally divided between all four of you."

"That's something to be thankful for, at all events. Smoke?"

"If you permit, I prefer my own."

Poirot lighted one of his tiny Russian cigarettes.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked Roberts.

Poirot was silent for a minute or two puffing, then he said:

"Are you a keen observer of human nature, doctor?"

"I don't know. I suppose I am. A doctor has to be."

"That was exactly my reasoning. I said to myself, 'A doctor has always to be studying his patients—their expressions, their color, how fast they breathe, any signs of restlessness—a doctor notices these things automatically almost without noticing he notices! Dr. Roberts is the man to help me!'"

"I'm willing enough to help. What's the trouble?"

Poirot produced from a neat little pocket-case three carefully folded bridge scores.

"These are the first three rubbers

the other evening," he explained. "Here is the first one—in Miss Meredith's handwriting. Now can you tell me—with this to refresh your memory—exactly what the calling was and how each hand went?"

Roberts stared at him in astonishment.

"You're joking, M. Poirot. How can I possibly remember?"

"Can't you? I should be so very grateful if you could. Take this first rubber. The first game must have resulted in a game call in hearts or spades, or else one or other side must have gone down fifty."

"Let me see—that was the first hand. Yes, I think they went out in spades."

"And the next hand?"

"I suppose one or other of us went down fifty—but I can't remember which or what it was in. Really, M. Poirot, you can hardly expect me to do so."

"Can't you remember any of the calling or the hands?"

"I got a grand slam—I remember that. It was doubled, too. And I also remember going down a nasty smack playing three no trumps. I think it was—went down a packet. But that was later on."

"Do you remember with whom you were playing?"

"Mrs. Lorrimer. She looked a bit grim, I remember. Didn't like my overcalling, I expect."

"And you can't remember any other of the hands or the calling?"

Roberts laughed.

"My dear M. Poirot, did you really expect I could? First there was the murder—enough to drive the most spectacular hands out of one's mind—and, in addition, I've played at least half a dozen rubbers since then."

Poirot sat looking rather crestfallen.

"I'm sorry," said Roberts.

"It does not matter very much," said Poirot slowly. "I hoped that you might remember one or two, at least, of the hands, because I thought they might be valuable landmarks in remembering other things."

"What other things?"

"Well, you might have noticed, for instance, that your partner made a mess of playing a perfectly simple no-trumper, or that an opponent, say, presented you with a couple of unexpected tricks by failing to lead an obvious card."

Dr. Roberts became suddenly serious. He leaned forward in his chair.

"Ah," he said. "Now I see what you're driving at. Forgive me. I thought at first you were talking pure nonsense. You mean that the murder—the successful accomplishment of the murder—might have made a definite difference in the guilty party's play?"

Poirot nodded.

"You have seized the idea correctly. It would be a clue of the first excellence if you had been four players who knew each other's game well. A variation, a sudden lack of brilliance, a missed opportunity—that would have been immediately noticed. Unluckily, you were all strangers to each other. Variation in play would not be so noticeable. But think, M. le docteur, I beg of you to think. Do you remember any inequalities—any sudden glaring mistakes—in the play of any one?"

There was silence for a minute or two, then Dr. Roberts shook his head.

"It's no good. I can't help you," he said frankly. "I simply don't remember. All I can tell you is what I told you before; Mrs. Lorrimer is a first-class player—she never made a slip that I noticed. She was brilliant from start to finish. Despard's play was uniformly good, too. Rather a conventional player—that is, his bidding is strictly conventional. He never steps outside the rules. Won't take a long chance. Miss Meredith—" He hesitated.

"Yes? Miss Meredith?" Poirot prompted him.

"She did make mistakes—once or twice—I remember—towards the end of the evening, but that may simply have been because she was tired—not being a very experienced player. Her hand shook, too."

He stopped.

"When did her hand shake?"

"When was it now? I can't remember. I think she was just nervous. M. Poirot, you're making me imagine things."

He stopped.

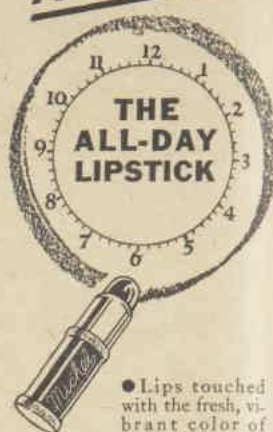
"When was it now? I can't remember. I think she was just nervous. M. Poirot, you're making me imagine things."

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"When was it now? I can't remember. I think she was just nervous. M. Poirot, you're making me imagine things."

To be continued

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The illustration shows how, reading same cause a dental plate to become loose. Have your dentist re-adjust your plate to your tissue changes so that it will again rest on a good, firm foundation, feel tighter and more comfortable. And until your dentist does this, daily sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plate to help safeguard your eating and talking from the annoyance and embarrassment of a loose, wobbly, slipping plate. These sands overcome loose plate worry in this simple way. This pleasant powder forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gum ridge, so you rest and talk in greater comfort. Being mildly alkaline (non-acid), FASTEETH soothes tissue made tender by chafing of a loose plate and allays inflammation due to excessive acid mouth. Does not sour. Checks bad plate odor (denture breath). No party taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH from any chemist.

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ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER

## Gain Fulness of Beauty

Rich Complexion; High Spirits. "My complexion has greatly improved since I have taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," states Miss M.M. of Townsville, Queensland. "I have been in a very weak state of health and had pains and aches in back and stomach. My skin was sallow and I was always tired and irritable."

"I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking these pills for a fortnight felt greatly improved. I am much stronger, brighter, livelier, feel and look wonderfully well. My complexion is not sallow now and I can recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to anyone who is feeling weak and run-down."

No young girl or young woman can gain the fulness of her youth and beauty if she is bloodless and anemic. It is the rich red blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always help to create that banishes pimples and boils, gives you red lips, pink cheeks, lustrous eyes, firm flesh, a good appetite, and the fine energy to play games, do your work properly, and look attractive and fit. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle.

## Revelry

The new  
SOFT-TEXTURED  
Face Powder

The smooth loveliness  
of expensive  
Beauty Salon care!

Only an exquisitely soft face powder can give your complexion that adorable soft matt finish which is the secret of the smart Englishwoman's faultless beauty. The same extravagant quality used in expensive London Beauty Salons is now available in Revelry Face Powder for 1/-.

You can look suddenly smarter  
and prettier with this new  
Revelry shade *Apricot*

A warm, slightly deeper shade gives your complexion a beautifully natural warmth and freshness. Don't hesitate to try the new APRICOT shade! It suits all colourings. Exclusive to REVELRY.

REVELRY FACE POWDER  
In all shades 1/-



### COUPON

For Large Sample of REVELRY FACE POWDER.  
Post this coupon with your name and address to: J. & F. ATKINSON PTY. LTD., BOX 5534 BR. B.P.O., SYDNEY, FOR A HANDSOME SIZE BOX OF REVELRY FACE POWDER, WITH DAINY POWDER DUVY. Enclose 2d in stamps for packing and postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Mark Shade Required:—ROSE, SUNTAN, NATURAL, OR THE NEW APRICOT.

ATKINSONS of LONDON  
and at Sydney

56.29.25.



# THE HOMEMAKER

June 3, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

That...

## Dazzling fairness of skin

It must be yours when you walk down the aisle in your wedding gown. So clear your skin with the mild bleaching treatment described below.

By...  
JANETTE



A LOVELY skin, clear and creamy, with delicate coloring is one of the greatest assets of Louise Hovick, film player.



**P**ERHAPS there is no lovelier ensemble than bridal array. Shimmering white satin... filmy head-dress... orange blossom... flowers...

If you are a bride-to-be in a few weeks then you are probably already in the midst of wedding gown-making and other exciting preparations. But what of your skin? Nothing looks less attractive than a poor complexion when it comes into contrast with the pristine beauty of the white or ivory of a wedding ensemble.

You may be worrying about your skin, but the trouble is possibly nothing more than a grey left-over appearance from last summer's tan that you haven't managed to get rid of and is making your skin look drab.

So the only thing for it is to bleach. For there is no doubt whatever about it—if you hope to look devastating in your wedding gown your skin must be clear and creamy, with delicate coloring of lips and cheeks.

### Light in tone

If you favor the pink or cyclamen tones in make-up, for instance, then it is essential for your skin to be light in tone.

Bleaching is an easy, though slow, matter. It isn't expensive, and it doesn't take much time each day, but it must be done conscientiously over a period of from two to three weeks. Of course, the length of time depends largely on how discolored your skin may be.

Any quick working bleach that will turn the skin from bronze to white in one or two applications is obviously too strong for the human epidermis. So prepare to do the job gradually for the best results, but make a start right away. That important date may arrive any moment.

Even if you are one who is planning to get a good tan again next summer, it will be fun to be femininely white during the winter, and then start on the summer's browning so as to be all one color.

One excellent way to bring the

ABOVE: To get her skin into good condition this girl has a course of facials.

RIGHT: Lemon-juice has a bleaching effect on the skin. This girl uses it to whiten her ears.



BEFORE starting any bleaching treatment Florence Rice, MGM player, first cleanses her skin thoroughly with cleansing cream. Gauze soaked in lemon-juice and water is then applied for five or ten minutes.

skin back to a soft whiteness is to apply warm water and lemon juice night and morning.

Use soft gauze pads. The solution should be half water and half lemon juice.

Do not apply the pads until you have thoroughly cleansed the skin. Then keep them on for five minutes, relax and let nature take its course.

Then rinse your face with cool water. Use this same method for a "back to normal" skin treatment on the neck, arms, and hands, to make the bleaching uniform.

The hands, which are a little tougher, can have a slightly stronger solution. Take straight lemon juice and mix it with salt for good results.

After you have finished your daily bleaching regime, it's quite soothing to apply a cream or lotion.

This will prevent the lemon from having a drying effect, and will take away any roughness that may be left from outdoor activities.

Try to arrange to give yourself the nightly treatment just before retiring, then the skin lubricant can be left on overnight. Select a preparation which experience has taught you agrees with your particular skin.

If you have no preference and want an old favorite, olive oil is good. Smooth the lubricant into your face, neck, and arms.



**"DAMP-SET"**  
YOUR OWN WAVE WITH  
**VELMOL**

It works on hair of any texture... on any wave, natural or permanent... and takes but four minutes... Here is the wonderful waving fluid... VELMOL, for so long the secret of Hollywood's screen stars only... but now available to Australian Women... It's the marvellous new way to "damp-set" your hair in deep, firm, sparkling waves or curls... and saves many shillings and many hours of time.

And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb and a little VELMOL. (A bottle is only 2/- as any chemist, store or hairdresser.) "Damp-setting" keeps the hair fascinatingly fresh... keeps waves so firm and neat... yet never "stiff" and "greasy." Holds a finger wave for days... makes a "perm" last longer... Ask for VELMOL!







ABOVE: Modernised bedroom in which walls, floors and most of the furniture are of pressed wood. Right above: The new lounge-dining-room. Here, too, walls, floors, ceiling and built-in bookcase fittings are of the same pressed wood structural material.



## MODERN HOME for a bride

SHE wanted an up-to-date house, but the bridegroom hadn't enough money to build her one. So he got busy on his old childhood home and turned it into the most delightful of modern houses.



Piping hot Welsh Rarebit is great stuff for chilly days . . . and no trouble to prepare when you use Kraft Welsh Rarebit! Just open up a packet or two of Kraft Welsh Rarebit, slice on toast and melt under the griller . . . only three minutes and you have a bubbling, golden brown rarebit all ready to serve!

NEW KRAFT RECIPE BOOK, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It" . . . to obtain your copy simply send in name and address and 3d. in stamps to Kraft Walker Cheese Company, Dept. (A-35), 58 Clarence Street, Sydney.



By OUR HOME  
+ DECORATOR +

In a recent issue of The Australian Women's Weekly this section featured details and pictures of an old home modernised by the use of pressed wood boards.

To-day we show you another house in which the drab, very out-of-date interior was completely rejuvenated recently for a bride who would have nothing but the most modern type of house.

The pictures on this page show you the result. No bride could have been more thrilled than the chateau of this home when her husband carried her over the threshold and let her glimpse her new domain for the first time.

In the bedroom and living-room, the old walls are now covered with tempered pressed wood. Notice the way the boards have been arranged horizontally, being cut in widths to eliminate waste and at the same time enhance their decorative value.

Floors, too, are of tempered pressed wood. So is most of the furniture in these two rooms—the beds and dressing-table in the bedroom have been finished with egg-shell lacquer.

### All Washable

THE kitchen is a miracle of rejuvenation. Originally very old-fashioned it is now a joy to behold, with walls, floor and ceiling all washable.

Temprile pressed wood, which looks like tiling, has been used to cupboard level with tempered pressed wood above. Working surfaces and cupboards are of tempered and standard pressed wood respectively.

The bathroom is another wonder of modernisation. The bath is built in and recessed with the aid of pressed wood, and the old plaster on the lower part of the walls is covered with washable temprile boards to give the effect of tiles.

The reasons why such economical modernisation is possible with pressed wood is because it is inexpensive in the first place. It is also easy to work—any handy man can install it, for it comes in convenient lengths up to 12 feet. Pressed wood is structurally flexible, yet permanent, dry and clean, and will not chip, crack or warp.

It provides an ideal surface for paint, lacquer or other finishes.



THE tiled effect in this modern kitchen as well as cupboards and walls are of various types of pressed wood.



Dynamel interior of cupboard in white so that you can see where you put things.

Dynamel's mirror-smooth finish can be scrubbed with soap and water. Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel. Choose from 34 lovely colors on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart at all paint stores.



Do you love adding touches of color to your home?

Then post this coupon for your copy of "The Colorful Home." 1,001 new ideas from Anne Stewart!

**FREE!**

Anne Stewart,  
Taubmans Home  
Decorative Service,  
75 Mary St., St. Peters.

Please send me your enlarged and entirely new book, "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

AGB



# Your fruit trees need attention now . . . .



MUMMIFIED peaches. These should be removed from the tree when pruning.

PEACH and nectarine trees are losing their foliage with every puff of late autumn wind and that should suggest to gardeners that it is time to sharpen up the saws and secateurs in preparation for pruning time.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

NOT only is pruning time for early stone fruits approaching, but the season for the first application of fungicidal sprays will soon be here.

Peach and nectarine should be pruned early, for many of them flower in July and August.

Two of the worst diseases affecting these fruit trees are leaf curl and brown rot.

Leaf curl is easily controlled if the gardener will spray trees with bordeaux or lime sulphur mixture just before the buds begin to swell.

It is rarely necessary to make more than one application, although if the trees were neglected for several years two good sprayings at winter strength are advisable.

Leaf curl causes the leaves to thicken up and become distorted, and as it attacks leaves, twigs, flowers and young fruits, causing the fruit to fall prematurely, it must be regarded seriously.

Brown rot is most difficult to control. The first step when pruning the trees is to remove all mummified

(dead and dried up) fruits from the trees.

Take out all dead wood, prune the tree to a nice, useful shape, opening the crown to admit the sun during summer, and then give the trees a good spraying with lime sulphur at winter strength.

Six sprayings are advised during the season for brown rot control, the last being just as the fruit reaches maturity.

These sprayings will also control several other fungus diseases affecting early stone fruit.

## TO REMOVE HAIR—WITHOUT Razors

Electric Needles or Smelly Depilatories

An amazing discovery of Science. Dissolves away superfluous hair completely in 3 minutes—leaves skin soft and smooth as velvet. No ugly stubble like the razor leaves—no coarse regrowth. Simply spread on this dairy sweet-creaming cream—wash off with plain water—the hair is gone. This priceless discovery is sold everywhere under the trademark New "VEET". So quick, clean and easy to use. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New "VEET". 2/6 and 4/6 (double size), at all Chemists and Stores.

**FREE:** By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 187X), 168/172 Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

### Needlework hint

When ironing cut-work or crochet, place over the worked part a cloth or handkerchief to prevent the point of the iron from tearing the work.

## HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

### Icing cakes

Before icing a cake, dredge over with flour. This prevents the icing from running off and makes the process much easier.

### To color shoes

You can turn brown shoes into black quite successfully without any extra expense. First of all, wipe the shoes over with a damp flannel and a little good soap to remove old polish and dirt. Then sponge the leather with liquid ammonia and leave to dry. When the shoes are dry you will be able to give them a good polish with black cream or with whatever polish you prefer.

### Washing woollens

Woollen garments will retain their fluffiness and will not shrink if a teaspoonful of glycerine is added to the warm water in which they are washed and rinsed.

### Flannel trousers

You can wash men's grey flannels or white flannels at home quite successfully, but the difficulty is to keep the crease in its right place.

The best thing to do is to run a lacing thread down the trousers where the crease is and leave this in during the wash. You will then find it quite easy to press the trousers into shape again after the wash.

## You Will Put On Flabby Fat

### IF YOU ARE CONSTIPATED

Bagging, flabby fat grows rapidly in people who suffer from constipation. The retention of digestive wastes and poisons in the system causes unhealthy fat, with loss of fitness, good looks, figure, and brings a crop of unpleasant ailments. Flatulence, sick headache, liverishness, pimples, bad breath and depression being just a few.

Get back your fitness and dispel unhealthy fat by correcting constipation. Pinkettes are ideal for the purpose. These gentle little laxative pills naturally and effectively clear away the waste accumulations, without gripping and purging. Compounded of safe, harmless vegetable ingredients. Pinkettes strengthen and exercise the bowels, stir the liver, assure a good flow of bile which is essential for the proper, regular evacuation of food wastes. Disperse constipation and unhealthy fat by taking Pinkettes to-day. At chemists and stores. 1/3 bottle.

### Tortoiseshell

Don't wash tortoiseshell or you will destroy the surface polish. Here is a good cleaning mixture. Mix some jeweller's rouge with a little olive oil. Rub it gently into the shell, working one way all the time. Polish with a dry duster, then with a leather on which you have put a little dry jeweller's rouge.

### Moist salt

When salt becomes caked add a pinch of ground arrowroot and the salt will remain dry and fine whatever the temperature may be.

### Simple polish

A lasting polish may be easily made by crushing one ounce of shellac, and dissolving it in one pint of methylated spirit. Apply with a soft brush. This polish is suitable for painted woodwork, stairs, floors, and linoleum. It saves labor. If the work to be polished is dirty, clean with warm soapy suds first, and dry well.

### Old bathing caps

Now that the bathing season is over, here is a good and economical use to which you can put your old bathing cap. It will make an excellent container for your wash-leather, especially when travelling. After using the leather wring it out in warm water and roll it up in the bathing cap. In this way it can be kept always ready for use.

### Washing hosiery

Stockings should be washed frequently, as there is a certain acid in perspiration which causes silk to rot quickly. New stockings should be washed in warm water, to which a little vinegar has been added, before wearing. This strengthens the silken mesh and the stockings will wear better.

## The A.B.C. of Cookery

**Oatcakes:** Hot tea cakes, dough made with currants and fried.

**Omelette:** Beaten up eggs, cooked like pancakes in a thin layer in frying pan and rolled up. May be sweet or savory.

**Onion Juice:** Flavoring used for certain salads and savory dishes, obtained by slicing onion or grating, then squeezing out the juice.

**Oxidation:** Combination of substance with oxygen, thereby making a new product.

'B.O.'? But how can I — when I bath so often . . .

BUT—

. . . you can't be sure of protection from "B.O." (Body Odour) however many baths you take with ordinary soaps. Stale perspiration may still linger in the skin pores unless you use Lifebuoy's protective lather.

Lifebuoy contains a special purifying element which aids in cleansing away every trace of impurities from the pores. That's why Lifebuoy leaves your skin so cool, fresh and dainty—perfectly safe from "B.O."

. . . and LIFEBOUY does more than stop "B.O."—it's a mild beauty soap, too!

Besides giving you unfailing protection from "B.O.", Lifebuoy lather is wonderfully mild and gentle to the skin. Tens of thousands of Lifebuoy users have discovered that—and now there's scientific proof; the conclusions reached by a famous Australian Skin Specialist after making 6,000 tests. He says, "Lifebuoy is one of the mildest soaps available . . . certainly milder than many soaps recommended for babies and women." See how fresh, alive and alluring Lifebuoy will keep your skin. And remember—Lifebuoy's clean, refreshing scent vanishes when you rinse, but its protection remains.



**LIFEBOUY SOAP**

PREVENTS "B.O." (BODY ODOUR)

L.485.15



Give your skin clear,  
**GLOWING BEAUTY**



with Pears  
**Tonic Action**

#### ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to water thickness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.



A.B.P. PEARS LIMITED

10.185.72

#### HOLIDAYS

Anywhere—Any Place—Any Time  
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY  
TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St.,  
Sydney.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME  
... By a DOCTOR

## CHRONIC HEADACHES are a DANGER SIGNAL

**D**OCTOR, I've come to you about my headache. My head has been aching almost continually for two or three months.

Two or three months?

Yes. I suppose I should have come to you before.

You certainly should.

I don't suppose it's anything serious. I took the usual headache remedies and obtained great relief, but the pain returned.

That is not unusual. Headaches may be due, of course, merely to a temporary condition caused by errors in diet, insufficient sleep, or something of the kind. These can be cured without difficulty by taking standard remedies.

There are some types of headache, however, that cannot be cured in the ordinary way. They call for special treatment by a doctor.

You see, a persistent headache is not a disease in itself but a symptom—a danger signal.

In effect, it is a warning from the body which says: "There's something wrong with me. Go to a doctor and find out what it is."

If you merely take a drug and forget about it, you are like someone who hears an alarm and then switches it off and goes to sleep again. Do you see what I mean?

Yes. I think I understand. I suppose it's only common sense, really.

Exactly. The sensible thing to do when you hear an alarm is to investigate the reason for it and the sensible thing to do if you have

persistent headaches is to find out what is causing them.

It may only be some minor disorder, but, on the other hand, it may be something far more serious. And it's no good trying to do your own diagnosing. Only a doctor can decide what is wrong and only a doctor can put it right.

It's hard enough for a doctor to find the cause sometimes, so what can a layman expect to do?

### Find the Cause!

**T**HEN you don't believe in headache remedies, doctor?

Now, Margaret, I didn't say that. I don't believe in unnecessary suffering of any kind, and I don't blame anyone for trying to get rid of a painful headache.

What I was trying to explain was that people should not allow headache remedies that are merely drugs to lull them into a false sense of security.

If that happens, a disease may make such headway by the time it is discovered that it will be beyond cure.

Goodness, doctor! You're getting me scared! You don't think I've contracted an incurable disease, do you?

Frankly, no. You're looking too fit. Anyway, it's not long since I passed you 100 per cent. fit, is it? Still, I'll just make certain.

There are lots of minor things that can cause headaches, you know. Insufficient exercise is one, though not in your case, I'm sure.

Then there is eye-strain. By



DOCTORS advise protecting the eyes against any unnecessary strain. Here you see Joan Crawford, MGM star, wearing dark glasses to protect her eyes against strong sunlight out of doors.

love, that's an idea! You wear glasses for reading, don't you? How long is it since your eyes were examined?

Eyes examined? I don't remember. It was ages ago, anyway.

Well, I can't swear to it, of course, but I think you'll find that your glasses are the trouble. And that just bears out my point. If you'd come to me or seen a medical eye specialist when those headaches started, you'd probably have saved yourself a lot of pain and worry.

You may find that a pair of new glasses will make you feel a new woman and not only clear up your headaches, but make you feel better generally.

Eye-strain will cause fatigue, too, as it involves a constant drain on the nervous energy. So you see, relief from eye trouble means less strain on the nervous system.

I'll see about new glasses right away, doctor. Now you mention it, I have found reading and close work tiring, but didn't think it could be my eyes.

### For young wives and mothers

(TRUBY KING SYSTEM)

#### HOW TO TREAT FEEDING TROUBLES

**S**OMETIMES the normal healthy baby will return a teaspoon or so of its food immediately after a meal. This may be due to various causes, and proper treatment is essential to get rid of the trouble and safeguard baby from falling into ill-health.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau has prepared a leaflet on the subject of food vomiting by baby. Readers interested may obtain a copy of this leaflet free of charge by sending a request, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Enclose your envelope "Mothercraft."

**Sleep well  
- of course  
I will!**

The wholesome nourishment of finest malted oats brings her real refreshment and sweetest slumber.

**TOOHEYS  
OATMEAL  
STOUT**

'HERES TOEE



A **SPRAINED ANKLE** is so painful that it calls for an immediate application of Sloan's Liniment. As soon as Sloan's covers the skin, its quickly-penetrating warmth brings a rush of purifying, healing, fresh blood to the injured part. Sloan's makes Nature work faster to ease the pain, reduce the swelling, promotes healing. No painful rubbing is needed. Just a gentle patting on of Sloan's at intervals until the stiffness goes away. Accidents happen frequently. Buy Sloan's. Be prepared.

**SLOAN'S**  
Family LINIMENT

**MAKES  
NATURE  
WORK  
Faster**



NEEDLEWORK  
NOTIONS

It's so attractive . . . this

## New flower design

It is used to adorn all sorts of useful articles in demand round the home. And so easy to work, too . . .

**PICTURED** on the left are various items you can obtain from our Needlework Department traced with the new flower design all ready for working.

**CUSHION COVER:** This measures 18 by 18 inches and is traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen. Price is 3/6.

**GUEST TOWELS:** Measure 15 by 24 inches and are obtainable traced on cream linen or white huckaback. Also on blue, yellow, pink or green silk huckaback. Price is 2/3 each, or set of three, 6/-.

**CHAIR BACK:** Measures 15 by 12 inches and is obtainable on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green pure quality Irish linen. Price 2/6.

**SETTEE BACK:** Size, 30 by 18 inches, obtainable in linen to match chair back, price 4/6.

**EARLY MORNING SET:** Traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen. Traycloth, 12 by 17 inches, tea-cozy 13 by 10 inches, serviette 11 by 11 inches. Price of complete set, 5/3. Bought separately, prices are: Traycloth, 2/-; tea-cozy, 2/6; serviette, 1/-.

**TELEPHONE - BOOK COVER:** Traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen, price 2/-. Or traced on cream, blue or green Celine or crash, price 1/6.

Stranded cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 11d. a skein.

YOU CAN OBTAIN all these pieces traced ready for working from our Needlework Department. They include cushion cover, guest towel, chair back, early morning toast comprising traycloth, tea-cozy and serviette, and telephone-book cover.

• For addresses of Needlework Departments see Pattern Page in this issue

## A Postponed Wedding

Germs have no consideration for anybody—not even for bridegrooms.

A young barrister, who ought to have been married yesterday, spent the day in bed with 'flu instead. When his fiancée 'phoned to say that the wedding was postponed, I gave her a word of doctorly advice.

"When you marry Tom," I suggested, "give him Bemax with his breakfast every morning. It's a fine thing for warding off colds and 'flu."

The world's best protection against all ills is high resistance, and that's just what Bemax gives you. This is the only natural food really rich in health-giving Vitamin B (400 Units to the ounce against 20 or so in the next richest!). Modern food is sadly short of Vitamin B, but a tablespoonful of Bemax daily makes good the shortage. As a result, you always feel full of life and go.

Send for free copy of "Vitamins and Health" to B. Max (Dept. P.14), P.O. Box 3699 S.S., Sydney.

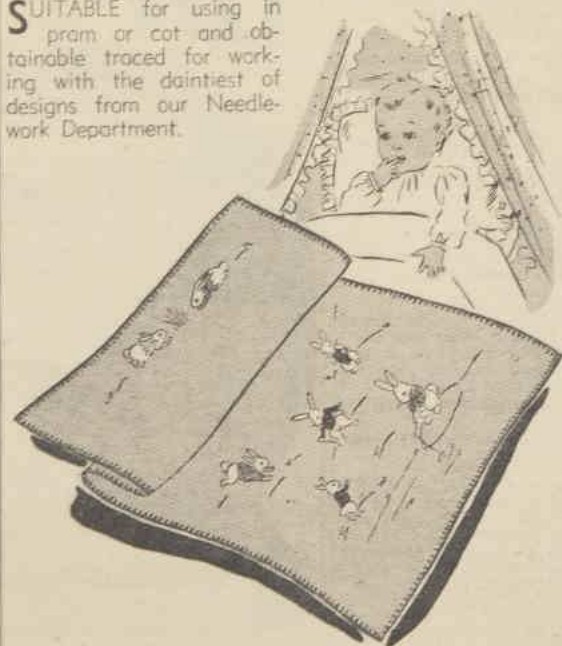
Bemax—From Chemists and Stores. 15 a tin—a month's supply for an adult.

## Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuoid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of Pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vacuoid with this guarantee.

## Dainty cover for baby's cot

**SUITABLE** for using in pram or cot and obtainable traced for working with the daintiest of designs from our Needlework Department.



THIS ATTRACTIVE COT OR PRAM COVER can be obtained traced for working on blue, cream, or pink Ingola from our Needlework Department.

If you are looking for a gift for a new baby, here's the very thing for you—a cot cover that can be used in either pram or cot.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on Ingola in cream, blue or pink.

The cover measures 24 by 36 inches and can be depended on not only to look charming but to provide plenty of warmth.

The price is 3/11, postage free.

To make up the cover, the edges should be turned in about a quarter inch and then blanket-stitched all round. This will give a nice firm edging.

The design should be worked in stem-stitch and satin-stitch and the cottons used should be in pastel shades to harmonize with the color of the cover.

SUPPERTIME COCOA  
GIVES THEM THIS ENERGY

Young Alec and Tommy have ambitions to be prizefighters. And they're going the right way about it, too—a supper-time cup of Bournville is part of their training!

"Whoopee! It's supper time!" And don't the children love it. They are up heaps of energy—just as most children do. But they replace it all with a cup of Bournville.

BOURNVILLE GIVES  
extra NOURISHMENT

Milk in itself is a valuable food, but when Bournville Cocoa, and a little sugar, is added to milk you obtain 45% more nutriment than from milk alone. Think what that means in nutritive value for the growing boy or girl. In Bournville Cocoa, you provide a beverage eagerly sought for when milk alone is refused. The rich, chocolaty flavour is the secret!

MAKE A BIG JUGFUL TONIGHT!

Cadbury's

## BOURNVILLE COCOA

A cup of Bournville is a cup of food . . . C74893

## 10 Salesmen were asked



What shoe polish do you prefer?

## 7 Salesmen replied -



"Nugget"—nothing else gives such a bright shine

## the 8 &amp; 9th added -



And the shine stays bright all through the day's work

## and the 10th - a man who studies details - added -



The tin opens with a twist—no dirty fingers.

QUALITY OF WAX is the secret of shine. The finest shining waxes in the world are blended in "Nugget," the greatest polish that ever glorified a shoe.

"NUGGET"  
SHOE POLISH



## This week's BEST RECIPES

NOW that our big cookery competition is over, and final results have been announced, our weekly Best Recipe competition, which is a year-round contest, begins again this week.

And here is this week's batch of prize-winners. If you were not one of the lucky prize-winners in the big competition, remember you can enter your favorite recipes all the year in our weekly contest.

First prize of £1 is awarded every week for the best recipe, with 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published. Let us have your recipes.

### PETER PAN PIES

**BISCUITS:** 2½ cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup butter, 1 cup milk.

**FILLING:** ½ lb. dried apricots, 4oz. prunes, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4oz. seeded raisins, 4oz. almonds (blanched).

Sift flour and salt into a basin. Cut in butter; add milk all at once, and stir carefully till all flour is dampened. Then stir vigorously until mixture forms a soft dough and follows spoon around the basin. Turn out immediately onto slightly floured board.

Roll to ¼ in. thick and cut with 3 in. floured biscuit-cutter. Place half of circles on ungreased baking sheet, brush with melted butter. Place remaining circles on top and brush with butter. Bake in a hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Separate halves of hot biscuits, spread bottom halves with prune-apricot mixture, place other halves on top. Decorate with remaining fruit mixture and whipped cream. Serve with a little syrup in which the fruit was cooked.

**TO MAKE FILLING:** Wash apricots and stone prunes. Place apricots, prunes, raisins, sugar, and half the almonds in a saucepan. Well cover with water and cook until tender, stirring occasionally. Remove from fire and add almond

essence. Place between biscuits while hot, and decorate with remaining almonds.

First prize of £1 to Miss Florence Arthur, David St., Alderley, Brisbane.

### ALMOND BISCUITS

Four ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 8oz. flour, 4oz. ground almonds, 2oz. chopped almonds, 2 eggs, 8 tablespoons icing sugar.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolks, sifted flour and ground almonds. Mix to a firm paste. Roll out to about ¼ in. thick, cut into fingers. Bake on buttered tray in moderate oven. Mix egg-whites and icing sugar to a smooth icing, spread on biscuits when they are cool, and sprinkle with chopped almonds.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Lamb, 54 Pier St., Perth.

### WINTER SALAD

Heart of firm white cabbage, 1 orange, 1 small onion, sultanas or raisins, small piece of carrot, ½ lb. cheese, 1 teaspoon sugar, pepper and salt, salad dressing.

Wash cabbage in salt and water and chop roughly. Peel and remove pith from orange; divide into segments and cut these in halves, removing seeds. Chop onion finely, add raisins, sugar, pepper and salt, mix all together and heap on individual dishes. Grate carrot over and top with cheese cut into cubes. Serve salad dressing separately.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Yates, 13 Thomas St., Port Pirie, S.A.

### SPICY APPLE RELISH

Two cups sugar, 2-3 cup vinegar, 6 large green apples, 1 medium-sized onion, 1 cup golden syrup, 1

cup chopped raisins, 1 1/3rd tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon mustard, 1 tablespoon ginger.

**SALADS** in winter time? Why not? When attractively served like this tempting-looking salad, cold dishes can be delicious eating all the year round. On this page you will find a recipe for a winter salad.

Core and quarter apples, chop coarsely, put in saucepan with syrup, sugar, and vinegar. Cook 1 hour, or until apples are transparent; add remainder of ingredients and mix well. Boil half an hour, stirring frequently. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal immediately. Leave 10 days before using.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Cullen, Culana, via Mingary, S.A.

### CARAMEL COOKIES

Two cups light brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup butter, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then nuts; add flour sifted with baking powder. Make into a roll ¼ in. thick and put in ice-box for a few hours. Slice thinly and bake till quite brown. If you haven't an ice-box, leave overnight and cookies will be quite firm by morning. The addition of candied cherries gives a pleasing appearance.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to D. Gleeson, 15 York St., Launceston, Tas.

### PARSLEY PIE

Make an ordinary good white sauce (not too thick), add butter, pepper, salt, a little cayenne or a little mixed mustard. Place aside and keep warm in the meantime. Wash about 2 handfuls of parsley. When drained, free from stalks but

## Knitted Cardigan, Skirt, and Hat . . .

Continued from Fashion Portfolio—Fourth Page.

### HAT

**Materials:** 2oz. "Patona" knitting wool, No. 3213, blue; pair No. 14 knitting needles and 1 No. 12 "Inox" crochet hook; spartan for stiffening, and taffeta for lining.

**Measurements:** Round lower edge, 22 inches.

**Tension:** 7½ stitches to an inch.

### CROWN

Cast on 6 stitches and work in stocking-stitch, increasing at each end of every row until there are 30 stitches on needle. Work 10 inches straight, then decrease at each end of every alternate row until 6 stitches remain. Cast off.

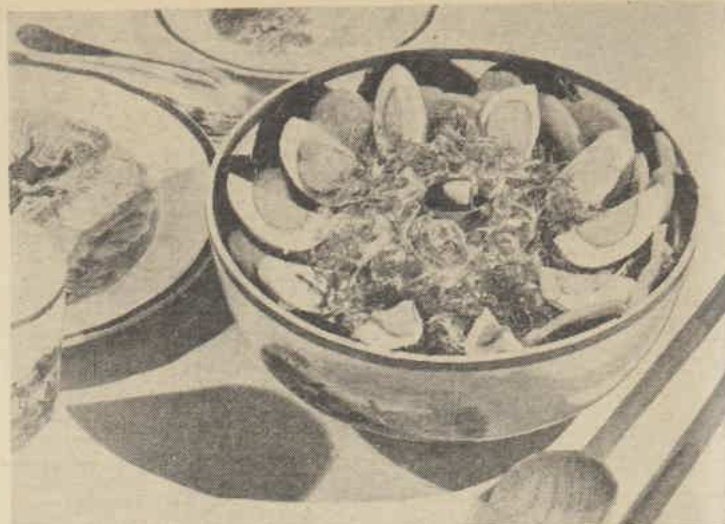
### SIDE PIECES

Cast on 30 stitches and work 4 inches straight in stocking-stitch. Now decrease at beginning of next and every following 4th row until 21 stitches remain, then at beginning of every following alternate row until 8 stitches remain. Cast off.

Make another piece the same shaping at opposite side.

### TO MAKE UP

Pin pieces out to shape and press with a damp cloth. Cut stiffening to fit crown piece, and cut three pieces of taffeta to correspond with knitting. Join knitted pieces as shown in diagram, taking 1-inch seams. Tack stiffening into position, then sew in lining. Work a row of d.c. all round lower edge.



do not chop. Cut up some small pieces of bacon or ham without fat and well cover the bottom of pie-dish. Place on this a liberal helping of small sprigs of parsley and pour the ready sauce over this. Place fine breadcrumbs on the top of pie, and knobs of butter. Bake in moderate oven 1 of an hour in a pan of hot water.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Gregory, 66 Cardigan St., Carlton, Melbourne.

### FUDGE SQUARES OR INDIANS

Two squares chocolate melted over hot water, 1 cup butter, 3 eggs well beaten, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Add butter to chocolate, stir until melted, add sugar slowly to eggs, add flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Add nuts, vanilla and chocolate mixture, spread in shallow pans. Bake for 15 minutes in

a moderate oven. Cut in squares while warm.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to L. Fitzpatrick, 16 Gilderthorp Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

### CANDY APPLE PIE

Two large tart apples, 1 cup firmly-packed brown sugar, 1 cup sifted flour, 1 cup butter, 1 cup ground nuts, 1 cup thick cream, whipped.

Pare apples and cut in thin slices; arrange layer of sliced apples in bottom of greased baking-dish, sprinkle with 1 cup brown sugar, and add another layer of apples. Combine remaining cup sugar, flour and ground nuts. Gradually stir into butter, creamed until soft and smooth. Roll or pat out into shape the size of top of dish, then place over filling, press edges down and cut gashes to permit escape of steam. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Serve warm with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Campbell, 111 Cascade St., Katoomba, N.S.W.



PORRINGER, CHARLES II 1661



## Even at breakfast. . . .

Breakfast atmosphere is most important! It, so to speak, sets the tune for the day to pipe to! And nothing helps so much to bring the right note of cheerful charm to breakfast as Silver on the table. Silver—polished, of course, with SILVO to a brightness that outshines the morning and lends a zest to appetites!

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# USE PRAWNS for VARIETY

... They make the savory sort of dishes men like so much.

THIS nourishing sea food—a favorite with the menfolk—can be used for making the most appetising luncheon and supper dishes.

Prawns make tasty cocktail savories, too. Try them sauteed lightly in butter. Serve on toothpicks and pass melted butter seasoned with lemon juice and pepper. Your guests will ask for more.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



CURRIED PRAWNS served with boiled rice. This dish will be a family favorite. See recipe this page.

## PRAWN MOUSSE

Pour half-cup boiling water onto 1 tablespoon gelatine. Mix 2 cups chopped shelled prawns with 1 cup minced celery, 1 cup diced apple, 2-3 cup mayonnaise, lemon juice, salt, cayenne to taste. Add gelatine, then fold in 1 cup cream. Pour into wetted mould. Leave till set and well chilled. Turn onto flat glass plate and garnish round base with salad vegetables.

## PRAWN STUFFED FISH

Whiting, white sauce, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, prawns, anchovy sauce, lemon, parsley.

Fillet fish, wash and dry. Place fillets on greased fireproof dish, skin side up. Add the chopped prawns to half the white sauce, season with salt and cayenne. Put a dessert-spoon of the mixture on the wide end of the fillet. Fold tail end over the sauce. Cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven. Lift onto hot dish. Add anchovy sauce to taste to remaining sauce, also few drops of cochineal. Reheat and pour over fish. Garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

## FILLETS OF FISH WITH PRAWN STUFFING

Two whiting, 1 pint prawns, 1oz. butter, 1oz. plain flour, 1 gill fish stock, 1 tablespoon cream, salt, cayenne, yolk of egg, 3 tablespoons sherry, parsley, egg-glazing, bread-crumbs, frying fat, tartare sauce, lemon.

Fillet fish and wash and dry; lay out flat. Season with lemon, salt, and cayenne. Roll round a piece of potato. Secure with small skewer. Roll in buttered paper. Put sherry, stock into a saucepan, add the fish carefully. Cook slowly for 10 minutes. Lift out and drain. Remove paper and potato. Make a sauce with the butter, flour, stock (in which fish was cooked), add to it the cream, chopped prawns, and yolk of egg. When fish is cold, fill with the mixture, dip in flour, egg-glazing, then toss in crumbs. Wet fry till golden brown. Drain well. Serve on a hot dish, garnished with lemon and parsley, and the tartare sauce.

## PRAWN PIE

Shelled prawns, white sauce, mashed potatoes, parsley, lemon juice, egg-glazing.

Mash potatoes very well, add little milk and butter. Line deep fireproof dish. Add the chopped prawns to sauce, season with salt, cayenne, and chopped parsley. Pour into potato-casing. Cover smoothly with potato. Glaze. Bake in moderate oven till potato is brown. Serve very hot.

## PRAWN COCKTAIL

Shelled prawns, tomato sauce, lemon juice, Worcester sauce, chopped gherkins, 1 tablespoon white wine, salt, cayenne.

Cut the prawns in halves. Mix all other ingredients well together. Put prawns in cocktail glasses. Pour over the sauce. Garnish with finely-chopped parsley. Serve very cold.



PRAWNS AND ASPARAGUS make a tasty luncheon or supper dish. Serve on well-buttered toast.

## TO BOIL PRAWNS

To boil fresh prawns put in salted water and boil 20 minutes or until shells turn pink. Let cool in water in which they were boiled.

## PRAWN MAYONNAISE

Arrange whole shelled prawns in circle on plate. Put spoonful of mayonnaise in centre. Pass small cucumber or radish sandwiches made of brown bread.

## PRAWNS A LA NEWBURG

One pint prawns, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon flour, 1 cup cream, 2 egg-yolks slightly beaten, 2 tablespoons sherry, salt and pepper.

Cook prawns 3 minutes in two tablespoons butter. Add lemon juice and cook 1 minute. Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add flour and cream; when thickened add egg-yolks, prawns and sherry. Season and heat.



AS AN APPETISER prawn cocktail makes a good start for a dinner, and is good for you, too. Recipe given on this page.

DID you know that prawns are good for you? You probably haven't thought very much about their nourishing value.

Prawns mean just an appetising kind of sea food that makes good salads and is a great favorite as a supper dish with the men when you serve this food at a party.

As it happens prawns, like other sea foods, are rich in iodine, the very necessary element for the maintenance of good health, as well as other valuable minerals.

Iodine is needed for the glands of the brain and lack of it results in nervousness and other troubles. All people need iodine, so if you have an ardent liking for prawns you can eat them and revel in the knowledge that you are eating good food.

In addition, here are some really delicious ways of serving this tasty sea food.

## PRAWN SALAD

Two cups shelled prawns, 1 cup mayonnaise, lettuce leaves, curled celery, tomatoes.

Cut the prawns in 2 or 3 pieces. Use a salad bowl with finely-sliced lettuce or put some in small individual bowls, place the prawn meat in the centre, and pour the mayonnaise over. Garnish with the edges with slices of tomato, or beetroot, curled celery, slices of radish, slices of hard-boiled eggs, gherkins, olives, etc. Serve very cold.

## PRAWNS AND ASPARAGUS

Place some cooked, shelled prawns on a slice of well-buttered toast and garnish the dish with asparagus tips and watercress, or egg, tomato and beetroot may be used in place of asparagus.

## CURRIED PRAWNS No. 1

One pound prawns, half an apple, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon coconut, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 pint stock, slices of lemon, 1oz. butter, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon mustard, lemon juice, 1lb. boiled rice.

Peel the onion and apple and chop finely. Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the onion and apple and fry till a golden brown. Add the flour, curry powder, sugar, mustard and coconut. Cook for 2 minutes longer. Then add stock. Stir till it boils and thickens. Cook for 5 minutes. Add the shelled prawns and simmer very gently for 20 minutes. Make a border of the boiled rice on a meat dish. Pour the curry in the centre. Garnish with slices of lemon on the rice. Sprinkle finely chopped parsley over the curry. Serve very hot.

## CURRIED PRAWNS No. 2

One pint prawns, 2 shallots, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 2oz. rice, 1 pint stock or water, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Melt the butter and fry the chopped shallots in it for 2 or 3 minutes. Add the flour and curry powder and stir in thoroughly before adding the stock. Bring to the boil, stirring all the time, and cook for 10 minutes. Then add the prepared prawns and lemon juice, and simmer gently for 15 minutes until the prawns are thoroughly heated through. Serve with a border of boiled rice decorated with one or two whole prawns.

## PRAWN SCALLOP

Shelled prawns, 1 cup white sauce, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, bread-crumbs.

Add salt, cayenne, and lemon juice to the sauce to taste, then add the prawns cut in halves. Butter fireproof dish or scallop shells. Sprinkle with crumbs. Pour in mixture. Sprinkle thickly with crumbs. Dot with butter. Put in hot oven to brown. Serve at once with lemon and sprinkled with chopped parsley.



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"The chaps used to call me 'Solemn.' I never used to enjoy things much. If there was any fun going they rarely used to rope me in. Then one day I started a new habit, started having a cup of 'Old Gold' Cocoa with my breakfast and another last thing at night. I began sleeping like a top, waking as fresh as a daisy.



FOR ALL DAY FITNESS AND ALL NIGHT SLEEP

... eating a simply magnificent breakfast, spending the day bursting with energy. I began enjoying all the fun. And—well—yesterday the chaps elected me President of our Sports Club! They call me 'Smile-a-Minute' now, and I like it, and I like the new outlook on life that 'Old Gold' Cocoa gave me!"

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**OLD GOLD**  
QUALITY COCOA

ONLY 6<sup>p</sup> 1/2 LB. TIN

—BUT WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

In 1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. Tins



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to work and play  
when you're free from  
**NERVES**  
BRAIN FAG and that DEPRESSED FEELING



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"Nerves" are caused by Mineral Starvation. Tissues become depleted of vital mineral elements due to the actions of poisons which form in the nerve cells. It is no use drugging them. That only makes their final condition worse.

But thousands of men, women and children have regained sparkling, clear-eyed health, youthful vitality and joy in living by taking Bidomak.

Bidomak is an easily assimilable liquid food supplement, containing in concentrated form those important mineral elements, Ferrum, Sodium, Calcium and Phosphorus, which are needed for the proper nourishment of the nerve cells. Bidomak works by increasing the supply of red and white corpuscles in the blood-stream. The vigorous white corpuscles eat up and remove germs and poisonous wastes. The red corpuscles bring food and revitalising oxygen to each nerve cell. Bidomak makes you feel better and look better. Get a bottle from your chemist or store to-day.

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"I got BIDOMAK for him, and after a few doses he started to eat and said he was beginning to feel like his old self again, and says monkey glands could not make him feel better than he does to-day.

"I, myself, was feeling a bit run-down, so I took a course, and feel great—I get about my work and finish it in no time and have an appetite for every meal."

(Signed) A. McCARTNEY, 333 Darling Street, Balmain, N.S.W. 18/1/38.



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# Medicine Man

By George Edward Allen



Australian Women's Weekly NOVEL, June 3, 1939



SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT  
BE SOLD SEPARATELY.



# MEDICINE MAN

By George Edward Allen



IF one of the operating rooms of a great New York hospital there was an air of pleasurable excitement. The case was a beautiful one from the visiting students' standpoint—a man's leg swollen to barrel size by a rare disease of the lymphatics—and the surgeon was going to attempt an audacious operation. And that surgeon was young Walter Granger, who always gave a good show.

With one exception, everything was ready. The great Lindstrom himself had come down from his laboratory and was tugging impatiently at his white beard. The pick of the nurses—and Granger could pick 'em, the internes agreed—were in position, with his instruments laid out in order. Granger's assistant, a man of twice his age and five times his reputation, stood there with his gloved hands and his forearms thrusting at right angles from his side like the flippers of a seal; and the anaesthetist was already pouring on the Waters of Lethe. Indeed, the only thing missing was the surgeon himself. Walter Granger was late, as usual.

Just then he sauntered into the room. "He thinks he's Charlie Mayo," one of the internes whispered to his companion.

"Him! That boy would try to tell old Charlie how to do it."

But Granger did not even glance at the spectators, nor notice the indrawn breaths and the slight jutting of chins that his arrogant entrance always caused. "Well!" he snapped at the nurse who was hurrying toward him with a sterile gown.

But before the nurse could adjust his mask he lifted his face in the strong light, as though to let them have a last good look at his handsome features. And they were handsome, the internes perceived. That was the devil of it. They were as cleanly cut as by Walter Granger's own scalpel. And he knew it, and knew that the nurses knew. His eyes had a sardonic gleam, but this did not prevent them being extraordinarily vivid and impressive eyes, black as his soul; and his black hair was beautifully combed.

"It doesn't interest me personally," he had said one evening, after calmly admitting his good looks. "But it counts more than an American College Fellowship in getting good-paying patients. If a Park Avenue matron wants an appendix removed wouldn't she prefer a handsome surgeon? The answer is obvious even to a mind like yours."

Only after he was gloved, gowned and masked, did he deign a glance to his audience. "What's happening here to-day, a strip-tease performance?" he asked sarcastically.

No one answered. It was impossible to answer without profanity.

"Well, I suppose you want to see some surgery. There's little enough of it around this veterinary hospital. But keep out of my way, and if one of you as much as coughs, out he goes."

He turned to the young interne who was acting as anaesthetist. "He's almost under, isn't he, doctor? Splendid, splendid. But you know, you rather remind me of the native servant who used to wash my hair out in Burma. Except that he poured on the water just a little more slowly and carefully than you pour on ether. Of course, if you're in a big hurry, you might simply sock him in the jaw."

The head-washing anecdote was one of Walter Granger's inventions. He had been born in Burma, his mother an American, married to an English Civil servant, but he had left there at the age of ten, as the internes who had grudgingly studied his life history knew perfectly well. But the anaesthetist only gritted his teeth behind his mask.

"Perhaps you intend to put under some of our young visitors as well," Walter went on. "They can cut the air in this room with a knife, if they can't cut anything else. . . . Scalpel!"

"How does he get by with it?" one of the internes whispered to his companion.

But the answer was obvious as soon as Walter Granger took knife in hand. He held it as delicately as an artist holds his brush, almost mincingly it seemed, but there was something almost uncanny in the smooth, swift and silky parting of the flesh.

His incision was a long one for Walter Granger, but in the opinion of the spectators, much too short. He was showing off, they told themselves. He couldn't possibly, even with that uncanny eye in his fingertip, find the dilated lymph trunks in such a little hole and implant them into the veins. Later he'd have to lengthen the wound, and it would burn him, and they'd be glad.

But he did not lengthen the wound; and in some strange way that would have annoyed them if they could have escaped from the room and thought it over, they were glad of this instead. It was such beautiful surgery, so gentle and yet so audacious. By his movements and terse sarcastic comments and explanations, they realised that the operation was going rapidly and well. As men, not women, they could judge the work instead of the worker, and as medics they thought that medicine was about the only thing that mattered in the world; and in giving him his due they almost sided with him. And there were times when there was nothing left of him to hate, just a disembodied brain with a blade for its antenna.

But there were other times when they could have cut his throat with his own

scalpel. One of these was when a nurse, hating him so hard that she felt hot, handed him forceps instead of scissors.

"Scissors," he repeated in an ironically tender voice. "You know, what you put your pretty little toenails with. And if you'll just try to bear with me until this is over . . ."

It was over before the spectators could catch their breaths. Where possible he had implanted the dilated lymph trunks into veins, and elsewhere he had made artificial lymphatics by introducing sterilised silk thread into the affected part and prolonging it into the normal tissue. Of course he graciously permitted his assistant to sew up the wound.

But he could not leave the room without one final flourish, in this case a sacrilege of medical religion. Stroking his beard, old Doctor Lindstrom had stopped him near the door.

"Good work, young fellow."

It was just the opening Walter Granger wanted. The internes saw his eyes change into two sparks. And in a pleasant conversational tone, he asked:

"Shall I send the bill to you?"

"Der bill?"

"The man's a pauper. And you're on the board—who else can I send it to? It's for a thousand dollars. In spite of all the other thousand-dollar operations I've done this month, I'll deduct all my salary as assistant house surgeon, and that will leave only seven hundred and fifty you owe me."

But if Walter hoped either to embarrass or annoy the old scientist, he was disappointed. Lindstrom tugged thoughtfully at his beard.

"Only seven hundred fifty? Ah, I will do better than that. You oom to my office when you haf dressed. I vill not pay you in money, but I vill gif you a chance for twice der amount in smooch-needed schooling."

Give him just a minute, the spectators knew, and Walter would return the joke with interest, but they hugged their sides when the old doctor went on blandly:

"A chance to make not just a goot wi-sectionist, but a goot doctor."

Walter Granger could take it. His worst enemies among the internes—and they were not that really, because he had never hurt anything more tender than their feelings—gave him his due on this score. When the joke was against him, he gave forth a laugh that was perfectly genuine. So was his charm when he turned it on, but he did so only at his own pleasure and for his own admiration.

In fact, he was so confident of his own excellence that any joke aimed at him had the added humor of absurdity. But there was no use accusing Walter of conceit. He admitted it freely.

Anyway, he liked the old scientist and wished him all the few remaining victories



he could win. And to the disgusted amazement of the internes, the liking seemed to be returned.

They thought it must be because of Walter's occasional reversal of form. Every now and again, he would bring in some crippled or ailing benighted child, pay the hospital expenses out of his own pocket, and cut out his adenoids, or lengthen his bones, swearing all the while. But when anyone spoke of it he fairly hooted. Couldn't the jackasses see that those cases had unique pathological features? Catch him doing any charity work except as preparation for fat fees.

But it was not this left-hand kindness that attracted Lindstrom. Although the old scientist had won the Nobel Prize for his penetrating studies of the lymphatics, he could also see far into that closet, so strongly locked and barred, the human heart; and among the follies and faults of Walter's make-up he found something that not only fascinated him but touched him deeply.

He did not know quite what it was. Perhaps it was a power for good that Walter had not yet developed. Perhaps it was only courage but of a very strange kind, for courage can be touching in the extreme.

"Do you know der reason I invite you here to-day?" the old scientist began, when Walter presently waited him.

"Because you had just been some fairly passable surgery," Walter answered in good form.

"Well, partly. But mostly for something I say to der anaesthetist, something werry impolite. You tell him how you vas born in Burma."

"You knew that already, doctor."

"I had forgot. Doctor, you could pick up der Burmese language—werry difficult, I believe—werry quickly."

"Overnight, I suppose," Walter told him airily.

"And also you are interested in elephantiasis."

"Academically, yes. It's the most beautiful disease I ever ran into." Walter's eyes had lighted up in a peculiar way, but the glimmer quickly died down. "But I can't afford to be actively interested in any such oddities. I—"

"Young fellow, der Foundation is about to send a man into Upper Burma. Der main job is to study elephantiasis. And I haf been asked to recommend dat man."

"That's very flattering, but—"

"Not von leg big as a barrel, but hum-zerts."

"Well?" For sometimes Walter mocked the old man to his face, a little joke between them.

"I tink of Perkins first, but he has not der open eyes nor der eye on der fingertip. In my young day even der little fellows had eyes on der fingertip. It vas necessary, you see, or dey lose every patient—no long incisions den for a surgeon to look into like a peepshow. Wit' only carbolic acid to spray around, he must make only a little hole for his finger and his finger must see for him; a big hole like der fellars make now, and the patient turn up his toe for der apoplexia. It take too long now for der students to grow an eye on der fingertip, but you haf it as a gift of Gott, credit to you not one bit. Also der open eyes to see something when it is stuck in front of der nose."

Walter flushed a little. He was more pleased that he felt his self-assurance should permit. "Doctor, I'd like to go—"

"Who wouldn't, wit' a grain of sense?" the old doctor snapped.

"But because I've got a grain of sense, I'm going to stay at home."

"On account of der marriage?"

"Partly. Dorothy would no doubt go, but I wouldn't ask it. Exile in Burma, away from her friends, her horses, her social life—"

"Vat are horse shows compared to science? Vat is der odder reason?"

But Walter did not enjoy presenting the other reason to this fat old scientist, sitting there in his pippen of an office, with ashes all over his coat. It was queer that what you would boast of to one person you were ashamed to have another know.

"The trip would simply delay my chosen career."

"Your career! Pah!"

"That's pronounced 'bah,' doctor."



"However you pronounce it, it means der same—der laugh of der horse. I know vat you mean. You marry der lady from dat street—Park is der name—and you go to der party and putty quick you is Walter Granger, der fashionable surgeon, who charge a thousand dollar to take out one little appendix. You has hours between eleven and three. Your surgery is polished like der table you eat off of, but you take no more hummer to one chances where you might learn something, because you lose der reputation as a miracle man. You—"

"But someone's got to handle that luxury trade and get the heavy sugar," Walter broke in. "Then why not me?"

"Because thousands of surgeons can do der routine work, but so werry few who can increase a little. Just a little, der world knowledge. So werry little is known about elephantiasis. If you go out dait, you can study and maybe perfect der technique of treatment. But vat is der use talking to jackasses? Go ahead with your fashionable peoples and go to der devil."

But Walter laughed, and then a sheepish grin broke over the old doctor's flushed face. "Well?"

"Well," Walter answered. "I'll call on you when I'm drawing down a hundred grand a year, and give a new dissecting room for the university—to be named after me, of course."

"You had better gif a new tank for odder cadavers like you. But dey will be doing something—helping to teach young doctors—and you will be doing nothing. But if you change der mind before to-morrow night, let me know."

Doctor Lindstrom reached for a book and buried his nose in it. Yet his little bright eyes followed the tall, graceful, outrageous figure all the way to the door. "I would like to wring his neck if I could do so without harm to dat mooch-needed head," he was thinking. . . . And Walter was thinking. "I'd like to take him up, but to-morrow night's the rehearsal, and after the honeymoon the real beginning of my career."

He was a lucky fellow to win Dorothy, for herself alone. The rehearsal went off smoothly, the bride making a perfectly lovely picture. It was part of a groomsmen's duty to show envy—a rite as old and sacred as the orange blossoms—and usually his last, private, and most ardent toast was to his own narrow escape; yet

Walter's ushers looked at Dorothy with undisguised admiration, and there was no less admiration in the bridesmaids' eyes, fixed on Walter.

On the following day Walter was a little late arriving at the church. A thyroidectomy had taken longer than he had expected, and not only to honor Dorothy but to take the eye of prospective lady patients in the pews, he had dressed with such infinite care that it amounted to genius. When he arrived he found the traffic congested, newspaper photographers with big black-eyed cameras waiting in line, and mounted policemen herding what would later be called "a throng of curious people crowding about the doors."

All this was for Dorothy, of course. She was neither wealthy nor a well-known figure in society, but she was well-born. But he did not feel in the least outclassed. Not every girl was marrying the coming top-flight surgeon of New York. Fifty-fifty, he decided—just the right formula for a successful marriage.

But one of the ushers waiting for him in the vestry looked worried. "She hasn't come yet, and here's a note for you," the man said, handing him an envelope addressed in Dorothy's hand. "A special messenger took it to your place, but he missed you, and brought it here."

"Oh, I dare say she's just changed her mind," Walter answered airily. "Female prerogative, you know." Yet he had a slight sinking feeling that the ductless-gland experts had never scientifically explained. Just what in the deuce she would be writing him at this hour . . .

"You've got nerve," the usher told him. "If it were me . . ."

With his steady surgeon fingers Walter tore off the edge of the envelope. Puncturing his lips, he read the note carefully.

"Yes," he announced, after a little pause. "Women are that way."

"Good lord, man, you just mean she's going to be late?"

"No, she fooled us that time. In fact"—Walter sneaked a quick breath to steady his voice—"she's not coming at all."

"What! What!"

"She discovered, when she tried to put on her wedding-dress, that she couldn't go through with it. And she's run off and married"—Walter examined the note again—"an orchestra leader by the name of David Herta."

Walter was acting of course, the usher thought. Not even a fish would take so calmly the fact that he had been jilted.

Actually, Walter was reacting to habit so deeply ingrained that it was second nature. He reached for a cigarette, then remembered he was in a church and did not light it. He grinned sardonically at the stupefaction in the usher's face. But meanwhile he was thinking as rapidly and powerfully as ever in his life.

"I've lost Dorothy, but there's plenty of time in the future to brood over that. Right now I'm on the spot. I've been jilted by Park Avenue, and my prestige and prospects are in shock and about to die on the table. The church is full of patients who will or who won't, according to what happens in the next few minutes. The newspaper men are just outside the door, and back at the hospital are my fellow medics, not to mention the internes whose eyes will grow beady with joy. I've got to do something bold and impressive and do it now."

"Will you ask the minister to step here?"



he told the usher. . . . "And then you may ask the reporters to send in one of their number for a statement."

"Man, if I ever get hydrophobia, will you take my case?" said the usher.

A few minutes later both the clergyman and the reporter, the first pale with fright and the other with professional ecstasy, were standing before him. Gravely Walter gave them the facts.

"Good heavens!" the minister gasped.

"But when you explain to the congregation, please tell them that I am among those who wish her every happiness," Walter went on. "Late as it is, it was not only her right but her duty to marry the man that she truly loved."

"But she could have waited—"

"That is love, sir. I bear no resentment."

"You are a noble young man. Most noble! I will inform the congregation." And the minister hurried out.

"If you're not noble, at least you're dead game," the reporter conceded. "Now give me a little more along that same line."

"I have lost one of the most charming and beautiful girls in New York City, and one of the most glorious. My loss is Mr. Herte's gain. But if I may speak medically, the heart is an involuntary muscle. No one can be blamed for its behaviour."

"Wait till I get that down, just as you said it. . . . Involuntary muscle is fine. . . . But, doc, I've got to play fair with the boys. Would you mind if I call 'em—just one from every big paper—and get your photograph too?"

"Really you should take Mr. Herte's photograph. He is the winner of this rather close race. But if you wish pictures of the runner-up . . ."

A few minutes later he stood at the vestry entrance, his boutonniere reminding the whole world of his loss, dressed in what the reporters would call impeccable taste, while lights flashed and cameras clicked. But the reporters' eyes were almost as big as the lens.

"Doc, have you any other statement to make before we break for the telephone?" the spokesman asked him respectfully.

Walter hesitated briefly. "You might be interested to know that I am accepting an offer from one of the medical foundations to go to Burma for research work," he said modestly. "Whether or not Mrs. Herte's action has anything to do with my acceptance, I must decline to say."

So Doctor Walter Granger left New York in what was at least a small blaze of glory.

"He's sold his soul to the devil," one of the internes commented gloomily. "There's no other way to account for his luck. Here he gets the worst smack in the face in the history of the institution, flayed by a girl that everybody knew he was marryin' for her little dough and her rich friends, and what does he do? Sounds off like Romeo, and even those fellows on the newspapers fall for it. Did you see those pictures in the paper? He even takes a good newspaper picture, darn him. Did you see what the Broadwayite said about him? 'The ethics of the medical profession evidently include sportsmanship grade A, and this writer's hat is off to one Walter Granger, M.D.' Can you beat it? And those sob stories in every paper about him going out to Burma for scientific research with a tin halo on his head, when he's only getting out from under. And two years from now he'll be coming back with the prestige of a foundation man, steal all our best patients, and—maybe some swell tiger will eat the quack up."

"But he's no quack," his fellow answered, "and that's the devil of it."

This was a sapient comment. Walter was already looking forward to his Burma job. At night he dreamed of legs big as barrels—not one but hundreds—laid out for him to experiment on and cure. In his spare time he expected to polish his general surgery on the native population.

Walter's contribution to shipboard life across the Atlantic was confined to an occasional strut on the deck in his perfectly chosen and becoming sports clothes, and to setting an example of how to wear evening clothes at dinner.

But when he had changed ships at Naples and saw the moon on the Mediterranean Sea, he came out of his cave in search of light amusement. Lighting his pipe, he took a stroll around the sport deck.

It was time for the winter visit of the "fishing fleet" to Bombay and Calcutta—the fish being eligible bachelors in a woman-scarce land—and he noticed a good many unattached girls. And most of them noticed him. If they had good profiles they gazed thoughtfully out to sea, the moonlight softening their faces; if not, they looked up, their brows a little knitted by their absorption in their own thoughts.

To none of these he gave a second glance. Not that he disparaged them for their interest in him—it was but natural, he thought—but they were not sufficiently distinguished to attract him. And of course the out-and-out hunters who met his eyes and put in their own eyes a kind of swimmy expression, aroused in him only scientific curiosity. He was inclined to think they achieved the effect by throwing their gaze out of focus. He must remember to talk it over with a first-class ophthalmologist.

But there was one girl writing letters in a little alcove just off the promenade who interested him immensely. For she continued to write letters as he lounged in the doorway, and did not put the end of the penholder in her mouth and gaze off into space. She was the last girl on board, he decided, that an ordinary fellow would bother about. And that was why he sat down on the opposite side of her double writing-desk.



He struggled with an impression he had seen her before, but he had had a similar impression about hundreds of other people, usually wrongly. All human faces were stereotyped from a few patterns, he thought, with the address added and one or two variations made, as in advertising letters. Incredible as it seemed, there were no doubt hundreds of girls who looked very much like her. And for that matter—even more incredible—there were no doubt hundreds of men who looked like him.

He looked her over very carefully before he leaped. She was not beautiful, but unusually pretty and attractive; and from a doctor's standpoint she was superb, with that slim but sturdy look he noticed especially in the girls from North Europe, particularly Swedes.

Yes, beautifully built, he decided, still surveying her critically from his side of the table. An artist would have admired the graceful curves of her body even more than his friends, the obstetricians, gynecologists, and pediatricians.

Her coloring, too, suggested the Baltic

Sea. Her hair was pale gold without looking metallic, about the shade of yellow chartreuse and quite as smooth, and she wore it parted in the middle, with a big knot at the back of her slim neck. And he concluded, after an examination of her deep blue eyes and milky skin, that this was its original color, but of course he had been deceived on this score many times before.

She was rather broad between the cheek bones, with a quick slope to a sturdy little chin. Hyperpituitary, he thought. Her nose was inconspicuous—which was the nicest thing he could say about anyone's nose, evolutionary vestige of a snout as he knew it to be. And her lips were lovely in color and shape, and she puckered them a little as she wrote.

He wondered if her writing still made sense. If it was an act, it was one of the best he had ever seen. In fact it was so flawless that he was almost embarrassed into putting on one himself—taking up a pen and pretending to write a letter.

But that was what an ordinary man would have done, he thought. So he asked in level tones:

"Won't you please put down that pen and talk to me?"

She gave a little start and glanced up. "Did you speak to me?"

"I very rarely talk to myself."

"Then what did you say? I'm sorry, I was so intent on my letter." And her manner was of one trying to avoid being rude.

"I said I'd like to have you talk to me. I don't know a soul on this boat—golly, that's feeble, he thought—and we'd be certain to get acquainted later, anyway."

She smiled in a secretive way. "I'd be delighted to talk to you. But as you started this, perhaps you'd better talk to me."

Clever, he thought. Considers herself perfectly capable of taking care of herself. He suggested that she wind up her letter and come with him out on the sport deck. The moon was shining, and it would be pretty going through the Strait of Messina.

But she had to add a paragraph or two, she answered. Instead she added a whole page, which made Walter look forward to the rest of the voyage with a mild but distinct thrill. Finally she gave him a smile, licked the envelope with a quick red tongue, stamped it, and put it in her purse. "I'm ready," she told him.

They took two chairs that would overlook the lights of the Sicilian coast. "I wonder if I've seen you somewhere before," he began.

Again she gave that secretive smile. "I wouldn't think it likely."

"We've got to have a handle for each other. My name is Walter Granger. Unless you feel like calling me by my first name straight off, you can call me doctor."

Usually girls gave a little start, at least a look of excited interest and pleasure, when he told them his profession. He knew that almost all women had a romantic feeling about doctors, and although he considered it nonsense—medicine was one of the most mundane of all callings, dirty, messy, often hypocritical, and the number of its dubs, dolts, crooks, quacks and jackasses was simply appalling—still he rather counted on it as part of his due. But to-night he counted in vain. He was watching the girl's face, the moonlight was full in her eyes, and he might as well have told her he was a chiropractor.

"My name is Vivian Smith."

"Smith's a marvellous name, easy to remember. And Vivian is just the little added dash it needs. It suits you, too."



She made no comment, just sat waiting with a pleased look that might be either from flattery or amusement. We talk a most ungodly lot of tosh when we talk to women, he thought, but it's part of the sex illusion.

"Then my name ought to be Merlin, oughtn't it?" he went on. "You'll win my love and then leave me up a tree. For in case you don't remember . . ."

"Just ordinary people like me have read *Myth of the King*," she broke in. "Go on."

He took time to think this over. If her expression was not so sweet, he might suspect she was trying to irritate him.

"Are you going to Egypt or all the way to Bombay?" he asked.

"To Bombay, Colombo, and points east," she answered.

"That's fine. This opens up better and better. I don't suppose there's any such luck as you going to Burma?"

"Just where I am going, as a matter of fact."

"What a perfectly amazing coincidence!"

"Would you say so, doctor? It doesn't seem so amazing to me. You probably chose this boat because of the good connection at Colombo for Rangoon. A lot of us going out there did the same."

"That's good straight thinking, but are you going to Upper Burma?"

"Yes. A town you've never heard of. La-Taung."

"Let's see. Doesn't that mean something about the moon—and a hill?"

"It means Moon Mountain, literally."

"Isn't that astonishing? It popped up out of my subconscious mind. But where is La-Taung? Is it near Myit-Asa?"

"About thirty miles. But there's nothing but a horse trail between, and it's farther—"

"Only thirty miles! The cells of one man's brain laid out—let's see—say three hundred thousand to the inch—would stretch more than thirty miles. Well, I'm going to Myit-Asa, practically next door. I suppose you don't think that is an amazing coincidence?"

"Is it, doctor? But you must be going to Myit-Asa for the Foundation, and since my father stationed at La-Taung asked them to send a doctor there, you and I were bound to meet sooner or later."

Walter was dumbfounded. "You're going out to visit your father?" he asked rather weakly at last.

"I'm going to stay there with him."

"Who is your father? He's not a doctor, is he?"

"Definitely."

For an instant, Walter felt almost foolish. The tone he had been taking with her had not been quite the right tone with the daughter of a fellow physician, especially if the latter happened to be a famous and great research worker. He prided himself on his powers of diagnosis and on using the right technique for every case, but this time he had taken an amputation knife when he had needed a No. 15 scalpel.

"What are your father's initials? Probably I've heard of him."

"Oh, no. He's a medical missionary and has been living out there twenty years."

Walter leaned back in his chair. He had his opinion of medical missionaries. Vivian's father probably still prescribed calomel and castor oil. But he'd be nice to the old man, give him a few pointers, use him as an assistant when he could, throw him some of the more simple cases.

And he'd be nice to his daughter, too, so far away from home. He had already taken

note of several sheltered places on the boat-deck. Soon they were leaning against a little rail between two lifeboats, and he slipped his hand into hers.

This technique was usually very effective with maternal and self-reliant types. Their hands closed on his as a child's and the sailing was more or less smooth from then on. But, "I'm not going to hold your hand," she told him good-naturedly, and dropped it.

"Then I'm going to hold yours." She did not object, but when he drew her nearer and tried to kiss her, she shook her head.

"It would be thrilling, wouldn't it?" he asked in low but his most resonant tones. "It would to me. It would be sweet (too many would, he thought)—and we'd have that much between us, anyway. Here we are out on this bitter salt sea, two people, our souls as remote and lonely as stars in space. But there's the moon doing her best to encourage us—"



"You don't need any encouraging, doctor," she broke in pleasantly, "and no amount of encouraging is going to work on me."

"I suppose you think that two people naturally drawn to each other ought to sacrifice several evenings to the great god Conventione?"

"Oh, no, I don't think that. But perhaps we're not naturally drawn to each other."

This did not stand to reason, he reflected. She must have a defence mechanism of some kind.

"I'm worried about you, Vivian. As the daughter of a missionary, you have probably some old-fashioned and wicked ideas cheating you out of life. Beauty and youth are not immortal, unfortunately. There is beauty, a strange cold beauty, in asceticism and no doubt your father—"

But just then she giggled. He stopped. In the moonlight, he saw her color rise.

"I'm sorry, doctor," she said with what seemed genuine contrition. "I didn't mean to be rude. But to think of my father as an ascetic, filling the full of wicked ideas of bottling up my youth and beauty—for you see, he's not like that at all. He's just a plain old doctor. And I'd kiss you at the drop of a hat if I wanted to."

"I see." And looking back over his past, he could not remember such a lame response.

"But I don't want to and I'm not going to, not on this trip. You don't mind, I'm sure; the boat's loaded to her beams with kissable girls. But I'm very much interested in your ideas."

He sat still just a moment, then he smiled. And that smile was quite genuine. Vivian saw it and came nearer relenting than any time during the evening. It was the most thorough and complete snub he was thinking, that anyone had given him for many years; she could make a good story of it to tell in his mellow moments . . . But whether this was supreme vanity, superb sportsmanship, or diabolical cunning at covering up, she would very much like to know.

Most men would have avoided Vivian thereafter. But because this was true,

Walter was impelled to pursue her more than ever. Besides, his realistic viewpoint was quite real. If she did not appreciate him properly, it did not change the fact that she was one of the most attractive girls he had ever met. In one of the most fascinating operations he had ever performed, the patient had died.

He put his best foot forward for her. He expounded all the problems of the universe that he thought worthy of his attention. He edified her with the most profound and delicate workings of his mind.

At Port Said he escorted her off the ship and they had a riotous evening among the fessed hawkers of imitation amber and French photographs. But she was still politely distant, and only one night out of Bombay did he guess why.

The committee of shipboard activities, headed by an English general with curled moustaches, had called a fancy-dress party, and Walter strolled into the ballroom to see the costumes. They were about the same as usual, he noticed—very good girls dressed as wantons, very inhibited girls dressed in practically nothing, meek little men garbed as gangsters, six-foot oedipic giants wearing rompers, strait-laced Puritans cloaked as lecherous Turks, poor kicked-about Cockneys parading as Indian rajahs, and enough other expressions of suppressed desires to make a psychologist jump up and down with excitement.

Among the hula dancers, Chinese mandarin, old-fashioned girls, Charlie Chaplin, and Mahatma Gandhis, he noticed a girl with a nice figure in nurse's costume. At the angle he saw her, her hair half-concealed by her cap, she conjured up a vision of his own hospital, overrun by apprentice nurses. He had seen her there! That very girl had taken her training there. She must have been about the decks for days, but because she had worn civvies . . .

Just then the girl turned her full face. It was Vivian.

Then the truth broke upon him in one million-volt flash. The girl at the training school and girl by the rail in the moonlight were the same girl. Not once but many times he had seen her carrying bowls and trays, and it had been Vivian all the time. He understood now his first fleeting impression of having seen her before. Of course she had had the advantage of him from the outset, and what a gorgeous job of leg-pulling she had done!

It had been a bit bold, he reflected. The ABC of nurses' training is to stand in awe of doctors. But he did not blame her for making the most of her holiday, even to refusing him a kiss.

She was surrounded by lovelorn Englishmen, but he swept her onto the dance floor. "How are we this morning, Miss Smith?" he asked in his assistant house-surgeon voice.

She raised her eyes to him briefly. "No temperature, doctor."

"You told me one Dr. Vivian. You said you didn't think it likely I'd seen you before."

"You hadn't. I was just a piece of furniture to you."

She had taken the training course in order to serve with her father in the Burma hills. Walter judged that she was competent, and his manner towards her changed. He talked to her such shop as she could understand. He paid her the honor of telling her his most brilliant ideas and plans.

Medicine was a business, he said, the same as selling cemetery lots. In fact some doctors, it seemed, should combine the two trades. He would let the other



fellows, the sentimental chaps sticky with professional ethics, take the poor and free cases.

"When I push off into private practice, no paupers need apply." She might have heard this one before—it had been widely quoted after he had tossed it off to a group of internes—but not likely.

"I think you'd be wasting your talents out in Burma," she remarked.

"It's a good place to add the finishing touches to technique. White guinea pigs or black guinea pigs, all the same to me."

Did he look forward to seeing his native country? Only as a laboratory. Did he know that the hills of the Wa tribesmen were next door to his new station? No, he didn't know that.

"I've been reading about the Wa in the 'Burma Gazetteer' in the ship's library," he said. "But it was published early in the century and of course the fascinating little brutes are mere phalanxingers by now."

She said nothing, merely smiled her interest.

"I would have enjoyed having neighbors enterprising enough to hunt heads. I wonder what their technique of amputation was. Isn't it a pity that all the wild charm of the country has been destroyed?"

"A great pity. But perhaps, doctor, you could find an old man in their hills who would remember the good old days. You might take a trip up there on some weekend. You're so interested in all branches of surgery."

Meanwhile Walter was toying with a fascinating notion. Why not employ Vivian as his chief nurse? He could manage her salary, semi-privately if necessary. But it was characteristic of Walter not to mention the matter until he could be certain of her qualifications. No nurse's pretty face or figure had ever atoned to him for one slipshod act in the operating-room.

But after they had changed ships at Colombo and were half-way across the Bay of Bengal, an opportunity rose not only to judge her competence but to display his own.

Walter had been pleased to give a few pointers to the ship's doctor, a middle-aged Englishman named Sharp. His reward was to be awakened shortly after sunrise to the realization that there was a very sick man on board. In Sharp's face was the same futile attempt to look calm and confident that he had seen in the faces of badly frightened internes.

"E's a first-class passenger," Sharp said, his fright bringing out the Cockney like a Jack-in-a-box, "and maybe you'd like to have a look at 'im. I've got my own opinion, but two heads are better than one."

Walter's eyes were sharp as a hawk's in the act of catching a rabbit as he leaned over the sick man. He counted his pulse, which was only a little fast. He took his temperature, which was not unduly high, and noted his intense pain that increased when he pressed any part of his abdomen and grew unbearable at the slightest touch low and to the right.

Walter gave a little nod and pointed out the door.

"Acute appendicitis," he pronounced, when he and Sharp were alone.

"Just what I said myself."

"Is that so-called swimming tank filled this early? Think I'll take a dive." And Walter started to move off.

"Just a minute, Doctor Granger. Do you think it's going to rupture? What would you say was the best thing to be done?"

"What have you done already, doctor?"

"Well, I've complained of an ache early last evening—I got 'im a hot water bottle

and . . ." Sharp's words died away and the look that is commonly called haunted was in his eyes.

"And you gave him . . .?"

"A dose of castor oil, doctor. I suggested it 'imself and I thought it couldn't hurt 'im. But, doctor, wouldn't you say 'e could wait till we get to Rangoon?"

"When we get to Rangoon he'll be waiting in the cold room."

"Oh, good heavens!"

"Unless you operate in the next hour."

"But how can I? I 'aven't the facilities. There's a 'eavy sea running too. I 'aven't performed a major for a long time. You know what our work is 'ere, sea-sickness mostly, and malarial cases on the way 'ome. I could do well enough in a proper 'ospital, but out 'ere on the ocean—"

"Nice-looking chap, in the prime of life."

"A burra sahib, too, you know, Indian Civil Service. If 'e was just a stray American tourist—" For Sharp was so frightened he was letting go everything.

"Time's passing, doctor."

"Look 'ere, won't you do this 'ere operation?"

"Under certain conditions, yes. First, I'll talk to the patients."

Walter explained the situation briefly and bluntly. He would perform the operation if the patient desired. It was a dangerous one but it was his opinion—merely an opinion—that the danger of a ruptured appendix and peritonitis was much more grave. His fee would be two hundred English pounds.

"Did you say—two hundred pounds?" the Civil Service man gasped between spasms of pain.

"As I have no license to practice on this ship, you may pay Doctor Sharp and he'll pay me."

Only two nights before the Englishman had spoken of Walter as a young whipper-snapper. A typical smart American, and a monster of conceit, Sharp, on the other hand, was a proper English doctor, a few cuts down the line but respectful to his betters. But the patient did not suggest that Sharp do the cutting. That cutting would be on his own precious abdomen, against which personal prejudice did not weigh.

"Do the best you can for me, doctor."



Walter began to give orders. The ship atoned for her moderate size and out-of-date equipment by an extravagant lot of display. Walter sent up instructions to the captain to heave to and barely hold steerage way to reduce the roll of the ship to a minimum. The captain would have done so anyway, and he wouldn't have objected to a humble request on behalf of an important passenger, but—"The old barnacle is swearin' sompin' 'orrid," a seaman reported.

Walter had all the passageways and decks adjacent to the sick bay roped off, so that he would not be disturbed by the sound of voices and passing feet. As this happened to include the main entrance to the dining-room, all the first-class passengers, including the wife of a governor, could go there through the kitchen or not at all. Yet for all the completeness of his arrangements,

his patient was on the table with his assistant and nurses in their places in a startling brevity of time.

As he entered the sick bay—not a moment late this morning, because the case was critical and anyway his audience was so small to be worth insulting—he felt a thrill of pleasurable excitement. There was a room to dissect a cat. Although the captain had done his best the floor still swayed and swung. Doctor Sharp, nominally his assistant, would be only in his way, and Sharp, nurse, who was acting as anaesthetist, would bear watching. And his surgical nurse, whose dexterity and intelligence his own good form depended, was one he had never used before, in fact a girl he had met on shipboard named Miss Smith. Only the extreme urgency of the operation, not the valuable experience it would give him, prevented him from cancelling it even now.

The Smith girl started off well. Before he could run out his arms and bark his usual, "Is this a ladies' rest room?" she was beside him and holding out his gown. His gloves were on his hands and his mask over his mouth before he could make a posture of any kind.

The operation proved to be one of the most diverting he had ever performed. The desired appendix was enormously distended, in fact it was only by the grace of fate that it hadn't already burst, which would have meant delaying the operation on another man having the fun and collecting the fee. Not to mention the probability of the patient's death.

If he relieved the pressure against the swollen appendix by anything like a workable incision, it might burst here and now flooding the peritoneal cavity. So he dissected barely wide enough to slip it out endwise. And to detach it and get hold of it without piercing it with his knife or damaging the surrounding tissues, took all—nearly all—his skill.

In fact the operation proved so diverting—one little butterfly touch after another when the ship was dead still, and yet working against time to save the patient shocked that Walter forgot all else. He was not aware of telling Sharp to get his darned bear paws out of his way, or of reminding Sharp's nurse that the ether with which she was so generous was not a mother's lullaby at eventide. And only when the appendix was out and the wound sewed up did he remember that his new surgical nurse, Miss Smith, had elicited no comments from him of any kind.

Why? Simply because she was efficient. She had handed him knives, gut, sponge, scissors, forceps and retractors without the slightest hesitation or mistake. She was correctly attired, and always at hand without being in the way. A nurse like that made surgery one long dream of bliss.

And she wasn't Miss Smith! He discovered this when he came to. She was his own Vivian.

Much to the secret disgust of the captain and most of the passengers—not that they wanted anyone to suffer, but the Yank was insufferable—the patient made a rapid recovery. There was almost no surgical shock, no high fever to index dread septicemia, and the night before the ship was due into Rangoon the man was out of danger.

That night Walter led Vivian to the sundeck, where he had ordered two chairs. His marvellous surgery had stirred her imagination and inspired her to romantic dreams, he thought, but their meeting



night must be purely professional. He began by handing her six English pounds. "What's this for?" she demanded. "Three days nursing at two pounds a day."

"I'm not going to take it. What I did was off the record, trying to be decent to a fellow passenger. And I've helped the other nurse only an hour or so every day." "Don't be idiotic. We're all fellow passengers bound for the grave. Part of a day counts as a full day. And the patient included it in my cheque."

She put the money in her purse. "I'll give it back to him. If he'll take it. If not, it goes to some of the deck passengers."

"It's your money. You can throw it around as you like. But a trained nurse should cultivate the scientific spirit and not be sentimental."

"All right," she said with a curious grimace. "I won't be sentimental."

"Now I've got something rather wonderful to tell you. I've got a job for you."

"A job?"

"If you make good—and I feel sure you will—it will be permanent. I want you to help me with my work in Burma."

"I'm sorry, but I already have a job." At first he could not believe his ears, then he smiled kindly.

"Oh, you mean working for your father." "That's exactly what I do mean."

"I understand how you feel—your desire to help him—but he can get plenty of native nurses, and you can see him often. You'll be only thirty miles away."

"No, I'm going to be right there."

"Come, come, Vivian. Let's not carry sentiment too far. I have great respect for the mission doctors, and I think your father must be a fine example of the type. Also, his general practice among the natives is important to the profession. But it would teach you nothing. For the sake of your career, you must attach yourself to me."

"To you?" And there was something in her voice, a kind of passionless flatness out of the warm dark, that made him whirl towards her. But before he could speak she went on with the same devastating calm:

"I wouldn't attach myself to you if I have to be a scullery maid the rest of my life."

For once he did not smile. "Vivian—"

"Don't speak. It's my turn, for once. I didn't think I'd ever take my turn, but I'm going to. My father is old-fashioned, he hasn't even a fair fraction of your medical skill, but he's a better doctor than you'll ever be in your life."

She did not know it, he thought—and must never know it—but she was hitting very close to home.

"You don't even know what the word 'doctor' means." And then with a quick sharp breath she flung up from her chair and walked swiftly away.

So this was Burma, Walter Granger thought as he walked down the gangplank. Although he was not in his best spirits—the shortsightedness and lack of appreciation and general shrewishness of a girl named Vivian Smith had deprived him of the best surgical nurse that had ever handed him a sponge—he decided he could take it in his stride.

Although he had left here over twenty years ago, he still knew the feel of the country. Everything was familiar—the white sunlight, the clamor of rickshaw coolies in the wide streets, the light-stepping little Burmese maidens in their white jackets and

gay skirts, and the golden roof of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. But he saw nothing suggestive of romance, breathed no exotic atmosphere. These were the inventions of poets and travel agencies.

Of course a few minor obstacles would be placed in his path. He discovered this when he went to police headquarters for his rifle permits. There he received the same high-handed treatment that is meted out to ordinary tourists by lordly officials—ordered about from one office to another, sternly questioned, forced to fill out innumerable petitions and documents, and finally left to fidget in an anteroom while the superintendent of police discussed an exciting tennis game with a friend.



But the great Indian Civil Service did not know the man with whom it was dealing. He was the same Walter Granger who had taken two hundred pounds from one of its most exalted members only a few days before, and he had no intention of reforming. When he had listened to the Oxford accents floating through the open door for a good ten minutes, he decided that his conquest of Burma might as well begin. The superintendent was just finishing with tennis and about to touch on golf when, to the complete horror of the great man's deputies, assistant deputies, clerks and office boys, Walter burst in.

"I am Doctor Walter Granger."

"You'll have to—"

"I came here to get some gun licences, not to listen in on your dissertations on fashionable sports. I have waited more than a half hour for a routine act that in any properly conducted office could have been completed in two minutes. In fact the general inefficiency of this office, the incompetence and the waste of public funds, surpass anything I have seen in the Far East."

The speech was delivered in a cold contemptuous voice and without a fumbled word. Walter had been rehearsing it silently for the past five minutes. The superintendent was riveted in his chair. There was nothing in the regulations to cover anything like this. But it was good English tradition for the great to be arrogant, so he naturally assumed the arrogant to be great.

He was probably a guest of the governor, the superintendent thought. "We're a little behind this morning because of sudden pressure of work." And touching a bell, he ordered a stuffy waiting deputy to give Doctor Granger his licence at once.

But gun licence bound in a little black book and decorated with Imperial seals did not reconcile Walter for the loss of his perfect surgical nurse. Still a little irked, he dropped into the crowded lobby of the Strand Hotel. Here he could forget all about her, he thought, but he had scarcely settled himself when the provoking girl strolled in.

She was the usual pleasure to the eyes, he observed gloomily. Calloused as she was to shipboard sentiment, she was not above dressing herself with scientific cunning. She wore a short skirt that showed her slim, exciting ankles, and the scarf of

her sleeveless white shirt exactly matched the big knot of golden hair half-revealed by her smart white sun helmet.

Proud of her in spite of the way she had treated him, he watched her impact on the crowd. It was even more violent than he had expected. These men about the tables were burra sahibs, haughty Englishmen who ruled the country, but they stopped their glasses half-way to their lips, their remarks hung half-finished in midair, and they followed her to the elevator with sheeplike eyes.

As old Doctor Lindstrom had said, Walter could see something in front of his nose. He perceived at once that the scarcity of white women in Burma amounted to a famine. And unless he took steps, decisive and immediate steps, he would suffer from it himself.

Getting the number from the room clerk, a moment later he was knocking on Vivian's door.

"You?" she demanded at first sight of him.

"Yes, I saw you go through the lobby—"

"But I didn't see you. There's no use prolonging—"

"Wait just a minute. I've thought over our conversation yesterday. I realise now that I was being very stupid."

"That is quite an admission from you, Doctor Granger." Her tone was still crisp, but the expression in her eyes had changed slightly.

"I'm sorry I spoke so patronising of mission doctors. It was not professional, and since I know nothing about them, absolutely unjustified." And this was perfectly true.

"And so what?"

"How much surgery does your father do? Are you going to have scope for your training? Could or could not a native nurse do your work at his hospital? I'm speaking now purely for the good of the profession."

"Since you put it that way—he does very little surgery. A native nurse could do my work there. But—"

"Then I ask you again to work for me. Not for my sake, nor for yours, but for the medical good of the country—to save more lives."

Walter had sense enough to say nothing more. He merely waited, looking humble and as soulful as possible. She glanced at him two or three times, moved across the room, looked out the window. At last she turned gravely.

"I can't decide anything until I see father. He's not very well. Perhaps you'd better make some other—"

"By all means," Walter broke in hastily. "You and he talk it over and decide what is best. That will be splendid." And he hurried out like a doctor rushing to his next case.

Perfectly conceived and executed, he decided, but whether it would work . . .

Walter completed his arrangements with the American consul and various medical boards, hired a cook and body servant, and four days later took the Road to Mandalay.

He saw no flying fishes. The road to that famous city, the baritone's delight, was now the railroad. He saw many idols made of mud, in fact pagodas dotted every landscape, but no signs of adventure, nothing to excite him about his return to Burma or reconcile him to his banishment from New York.

He went by train to Lashio and from there by car towards the Salween River. In these cattle-thronged Shan uplands were natives of a new type, more like Chinese than Burmese, wearing umbrella-size hats, but he was interested only in their swollen spleens. Here was his smart Park Avenue



practice! Instead of socialites with millions, Shan milkmen with malaria! And for two long weary years.

But in spite of himself he was impressed by the great Salween. Actually it was one of the major rivers of the world, rising in the highlands of Central Asia, known by a score of different names to a score of unknown tribes, its sixty-foot banks uncharted for a thousand miles. And mighty as it was, in its league-wide blaze of shingle and white sand it seemed a mere blue vein.

A native launch brought him the rest of the way to Myit-Asa, his headquarters on the east bank of the river. Here he found about what he had expected, comfortable living quarters, a twenty-bed hospital, reasonably well-equipped, and a staff of natives headed by a bulky Bengali doctor named Chandra Lal. No, there wasn't any New York trained surgical nurse with sun-flower hair. He was a jackass to have ever dreamed . . .

But he was not completely cut off from his own kind. He had scarcely got his bags into his bedroom when the town's solitary white resident came to call. He proved to be an agreeable fellow named Porter, the manager of a silver mine, and within an hour he was showing Walter the sights of Myit-Asa.

If the town was not large, at least it was cosmopolitan. It contained Burmese, Siamese, Chinese, Bengalese, Nepalese, Shans, and castaways from such assorted hill tribes as Karenas, Talangs, La-hus, Akhas, Kachins, and Taungthas. In this respect, Walter assured his companion, it was the equal of New York City.

"But not quite so lively," he added dryly. "Dare say not. Still, it's not too bad."

"I don't see how it could be much worse."

"Grant you, not much doing in the town. But get a mile or two back, and you're in the Blue. One of the best shooting grounds in the world—wild elephant, bison, and tiger no end. Fact, the brutes carry off a bloke now and then from the villages about."

Walter whistled.

"But they're not as bad as the Wild Wa. That's their country." Porter pointed to some blue hills against the fading eastern sky.

"The Wild Wa? Are you trying to pull my leg? Wild women, maybe, at their night clubs."

"What are you talking about?"

"I was saying to Miss Smith what a pity it was that this country has been spoiled by civilization. We agreed that the Wa must have been interesting neighbors in the old days, before they were tamed."

"Did old Smith's daughter tell you the Ws were tamed?"

"Well, she implied—"

"I'm not the one who pulled your leg."

"You don't mean they still hunt heads?"

"And she didn't tell you? How jolly! Wait till the season really opens, just before seed planting. The dashed country will be strewn with poor Johnnies without their noodles. What topping, jolly girls the Americans are!"

Walter said no more until he and Porter stopped for a drink at a Chinese grog-shop, but his face was faintly flushed. He liked his women not quite so topping and jolly, he was thinking. "Why don't you fellows stop the head-hunting?" he demanded. "Isn't it British territory?"

"Part of it. But we don't even pretend to administer it; too dashed wild and steep. The Wa villages couldn't be conquered short of a major expedition at enormous cost and some loss of life, out

of the question now, and as soon as we turned our backs, the jolly old head-hunting would go right on."

"I'd think you could bluff 'em."

"No bally fear. They don't hold us in the same respect that we're held by most natives. You see—they've got a white head."

"I don't understand."

"They took two, in fact, a good while ago, and we raided and burned their villages and apparently destroyed one of the heads. But they'd hidden the other in one of their dashed joss houses. And if a mere Len Shan head can guarantee rain and good crops, with a pukka white man's head they feel they can defy the whole boundin' Empire."

"Why don't you send in spies?"

"Three have tried it, natives, of course—one got back alive."

"But look here. This is 1938. They wouldn't dare do such a thing again—would they? I mean—take another white head."

Porter pursed his lips thoughtfully. "Ordinarily, no. As a rule they're content with natives. But I've never cared to ramble about at night in planting season. And this coming season, especially."

"Why especially?"

"Oh, just a bit of talk I've heard from the servants—rumors, drums at night, all that. The rains have been shy the last three years; their priests have been making pooja—magin—to find out why. The idea seems to be that their white ghost—the man's ghost always remains with his head, y'understand—is discontented and lying down on the job. Maybe he wants a white companion or two, maybe a wife. Anyway, if the rains fall this year, we can look for trouble."

"Of course it's nothing but the dry years of a regular weather cycle."

"Tell that to the Wild Wa, will you?"

Walter found himself rethinking his anticipations. Head-hunters twenty miles east, a head snapper-off named Vivian Smith a little farther and a trifle north, man-eating tigers in an hour's march—perhaps his boredom would not be as complete as he had first thought.



It turned out that his medical practice alone filled his days and overflowed into his nights. Disease in this country was varied and rich as the flora and fauna. He could have had a brisk trade in elephantiasis alone, if he had wanted to drum it up, but in addition he trepanned skulls broken by male-bambos in village frolica, explored magnificent ulcers, and removed gall and kidney stones like the pebbles of the Salween. He even tried his hand at such fancy and specialised surgery as removing cataracts.

Within two months it seemed to Walter that he had been here all ways. The Burmese language came back to him first in scattered words, then in faltering phrases, finally in rushing thoughts. He could hardly remember not having curry for lunch, or going to sleep without the wail of jackals in his ears. And to the natives he was the Sahib Saya-Sawbwa, a title that to play safe honored him in Hindustani, Burmese and Shan, and meant Master-Doctor-Chief.

In the meantime he had not heard a word from Vivian. He had imagined her

repenting her asperity on shipboard—her heart growing fonder in his absence—but in vain. But early one morning a hard-riding Shan boy brought this note: Dear Doctor Granger,

"I'm sorry I haven't had a chance to call on my new neighbor, but lately I've been a little off my feed. Now I want a favor: Will you send me by this bearer your heaviest rifle? An old tigress near our place has just killed a native, and one of the Shan hunters wants to try for her at once. If you are a keen skikar perhaps you'd like to come yourself. My daughter told me not to suggest it—that we have no right to subject you to danger—but I am not well enough to attempt the hunt, and it is rightfully a white man's job. But if you are too busy, just send the rifle. Sincerely, Smith.

Walter was not too busy. There was no case on the chart that Chandra Lal could not handle. Also, it would amuse him to show Vivian what short work he could make of a man-eating tiger. And as his fellow medico was not well, it was only decent ethics to call on him.

In less than ten minutes Walter and his bearer were on their way.

A thirty-mile ride on a Burmese horse trail does not resemble a Sunday spin in America. There was not the traffic to contend with, but the Burmese saddle, a high-built affair of red plush, was devised for gluteus maximus muscles insensible and hard as iron from a lifetime's squatting. His pony did not like the smell of white men. Getting on and off was invariably a minor crisis. Before the ride was half-finished he wished heartily that Doctor Smith had been a celibate all his days.

It was hardly dawn when they started, mid-afternoon when Walter made out Smith's mission as a cluster of white dots among the thatched roofs of La-Taung. But chin-strapping his helmet and scorning his bilaters, he clucked and kicked his pony into a dashing canter. Smith and his daughter hurried to the gate to meet him.

Vivian's father answered her description of "just a plain old doctor." Although a medical missionary, he had no pious airs. A hill-giri mother who had brought no cattle to her father's herd and offended the morals of the tribe, would have the same care at his hands as a wedding-ringed convert. He had a pleasant round face, a round stomach, and a wappy-looking moustache he had been too busy to trim.

He looked more than his sixty years. There were deep, dark hollows under his eyes and his skin had a yellowish tinge. The most Doctor Smith had admitted in his letter was being "off his feed"—but Walter determined to ask a few pointed questions before he returned home.

Vivian, on the other hand, had suffered no decline. He had never seen a healthier young woman, or a perkier. "And I'd kiss you at the drop of a hat, if I wanted to," she had gone on to say that moonlit night. Three moons had waxed and waned since then, but she showed no signs of regretting what she had missed.

"By Jove, you've come just the right time," Doctor Smith was saying. "The boys have rounded up the tiger in the grass not two miles from here. But they can't hold her after dark; she's sure to break and bowl over one of 'em. So you'll either have to start fairly soon or lend your rifle to one of my Shan hunters."



## MEDICINE MAN

9

"And it's very tall grass," Vivian broke in calmly.

"Daughter—" Smith began wearily.

"And she's roaring. Roaring terribly. She'll no doubt charge at the first sight of you. I'm afraid it's much too dangerous, unless you are a very experienced hunter, Doctor Granger."

Walter was not sure that he cared for these solicitations. But her eyes were big and her face very grave.

"And she's wounded," Vivian went on, solemnly. "The man she mauled tried to fight her with his knife, brave fellow, and cut her enough to make her wild with rage. And in the grass she's bound to see you before you see her, and then she'll give a terrible roar and leap at you, probably from the rear. And even one scratch from a tiger usually causes gas gangrene. And your life is so valuable, doctor!"

Walter deplored the rule of etiquette that a man couldn't slap a girl's face, especially in the presence of her father. But he gave a hitch to his mental breeches and answered kindly:

"My life is valuable only for what service I can do my fellow men. Perhaps I am a sentimental fool to take this stand, but that's the way I am."

"It's noble of you, doctor," Smith broke in, not a little moved.

"Thank you, doctor. I felt sure you'd understand. Not that I blame women for wanting to protect their loved ones. It's the maternal instinct, but we must do our duty in spite of them. Am I right, doctor?"

He was perfectly right, Doctor Smith told him. And meanwhile Walter was watching Vivian out of the corner of his eye. But she was not as angry as he had expected, and if he had not been deceived in her so many times before he would almost think she admired him.

Her father did not feel equal to the trip, she said, but she would go with Walter to the edge of the battleground. She could give him moral encouragement and—well, it was best to have a trained nurse close at hand. But when she had called for her horse and ridden with him in sight of some yellow grass beside a dry river-bed, the fun abruptly ended and something very serious began.

Nothing that either of them had said seemed funny now. Life itself was not funny, but it was strangely sweet. He had never seen a wild tiger. He had agreed with the clever chaps at home that shooting one of them was merely high-bracket hokum, inferiority-complexed people kidding themselves. He did not see one now, but he heard one.

At first he could hardly believe any tiger could make such noise. He wanted to tell himself that it was greatly exaggerated. As he and Vivian approached the picket line it seemed to shake the ground.

Ahrr-row-woo-ugh.

Ahrr-row-woo-ugh!

"Nolky brute, isn't she?" Walter managed to say.

"Heavens!"

"Part of her equipment for intimidation," Walter explained, his voice only a little jerky. "Nature is wonderful in that respect. No doubt it paralyses her natural prey with fright."

"Isn't nature grand?" she answered, with forced flippancy.

"Probably she'll back down when I walk boldly up to her."

"For heaven's sake, Walter, don't get that idea in your head."

He had not. But unless he kept on talking he could not keep on walking. And now the line of pickets was drawing back to meet them, and Vivian no longer attempted to conceal her nervousness.

"I wish I hadn't—" she faltered. "I've pushed you into it."

"I'm grateful to you. It's marvellously exciting."

"Oh, stop that! If you're killed, it's my fault. Look here. Let the beaters go, and to-morrow we'll hire buffaloes and drive them in ahead of you. That's the only reasonably safe way to get a wounded tiger."

"She'd be gone by to-morrow—and I would too—down the sewer." And this was the truth if he ever had told it in his life.

"Very well. But don't shoot too soon. Remember that a big bullet will knock her down and kill her dead, if you'll just wait to make sure. You can't miss her if you'll wait to make sure. You can't—"

"Gut, nurse, gut . . . And a couple of large sponges." Whether she heard his last facetious thrust he did not know, but it almost paid him for the prospect of getting killed by the tiger.



All the time they were walking nearer. The tiger kept roaring all the time. In fact she roared louder than ever at the sight of her new foes.

"You stay here," Walter ordered out of a twisted throat.

"I wish I could go with you, but I'd only be in your way. And you're so brave."

It tended to soothe him. And he needed soothing; his adrenal glands, naturally active, had been stimulated beyond what he had thought medically possible. But a big Shan, grinning widely, half spoiled the effect.

"Sawbwa, we did not let Kya escape," the man told him, blandly. "We have kept her here for the Sawbwa. That is she whom you hear, roaring."

"Ahrr—row—woo—ugh!" Kya obliged.

"And after the Sawbwa has taken the skin he will give us baksheesh."

"Will you please go to hell?" Walter asked politely in English.

"Yea, Sawbwa. Thank the Sawbwa."

And now Walter had left them all behind and was entering the grass. Fire had swept through it very early in the winter, shrivelling its plumes, but the young blades had not burned and now made a tangled thatch four feet high. And it was tiger color. The shadows between the stalks all looked like tiger stripes.

He had hardly gone in ten steps when the roaring abruptly ceased. And that sudden silence was close to the limit of what a man can stand in the way of terror. It meant that the tiger was now in motion. She was gliding off as far as possible from her former ambush of which her roars had given him the general direction, in order to take him wholly by surprise.

He had already lost all confidence in his ability to hold his fire for a sure shot, or to hit the side of a barn, and all confidence in his rifle. Nothing was carrying him forward now but his legs. Meanwhile he was cursing savagely and bitterly, as a frightened cat spits at a dog.

He knew about what the tigress would do,

and she did do it, but no amount of anticipation had prepared him for it. She came from the left as he had known she would come, because he was expecting her from the right. He heard the snarled grass tear apart and her coughing roar; he gave a yell, turned, and shot. That was all there was to it. He was conscious of neither waiting nor aiming; if he did so, it was the instinct of self-preservation taking over the controls. He could not believe that the brute was dead even when he saw her lying in the grass.

He gave her his other barrel. "You would, would you," and he yelled and cursed at her dead body. He reloaded quickly, and stood covering her a long time, but she did not move. His mouth tasted bitter from nausea, and after a while he lowered his rifle and wiped his lips with the back of his hand. And then he knew that she was dead, and he was alive and unhurt and victorious.

The natives reached the scene first. They were big-eyed and frightened, but soon they began to grin and jabber at one another. By fast work he was able to get a cigarette out of his case and uncrumbled into his amber holder before Vivian came in sight.

"Is she dead?" Vivian called at first sight of him.

"It's a female, I think," Walter answered. "And more deader than the male."

And if anyone could beat that on the spur of the moment, Walter's hat was off to him.

Killing a tiger was not half so difficult as a bone transplantation, Walter reflected, or even an appendectomy. It was not even dangerous, provided a man could see along a barrel and pull a trigger at the same time. Yet his pulse was fast, his voice had a hysterical ring, and his inhibitory nerve centres were so paralysed that he caught and kissed Vivian.

Nor did she seem to mind. Her eyes were bright but not with the scalpel brightness he had seen before.

"That tigress won't maul any more natives," Walter shrilled as they came up on Smith's porch—and Vivian nodded ecstatically. But when he sought to cover this bit of boasting by a civil question about Smith's condition, she stood very still.

"Just a seasonal digestive upset," Smith told him. "I'll be all right in a few days."

"Of course you will, father," Vivian broke in. "Doctor Granger, you have all the patients you can take care of at your own hospital. Dad's my patient."

He ignored her. "What do you mean by a 'seasonal digestive upset?' I've learned to mistrust vague terms of that kind. Please give me a complete history of your symptoms."

Smith gave them. Walter listened with a gleam in his eyes Vivian had seen before. But it was her eyes that gleamed when he insisted that Smith lie down and submit to examination by percussion and palpitation. That gleam was partly fear, he thought, but mainly it was resentment.

Although she did not know it, this cut deep. He could stand denunciation as a man—he was used to it—but not as a doctor; this was his inmost citadel. All they had gained to-day was instantly lost. He could never forgive her, he thought they must always be enemies. But he went ahead in a perfect mind with the examination.

"I'll have to think this over," he said



when he had finished, and went out and took a chair on the verandah. A few minutes later Vivian joined him there.

"Well?" she demanded.

"What do you want? Surely not my opinion of your father's condition." His eyes were glittering.

"I didn't want you to take his case, if that's what you mean. But now you've gone ahead—"

"Who could take it, if not me? Do you think that you, a mere trained nurse, are competent to handle it?"

"I—I didn't think it was anything serious. Unless he got better, I was going to have him go to Rangoon. It's not anything serious—is it? Oh."

That last little blast told Walter he now held the whip hand, but it was small consolation to his hurt professional pride. "If you have no respect for my opinion and don't intend to act upon it, there's no point in my giving it," he said coldly.

"But I do respect it. Oh, you don't understand."

"How can I misunderstand? I'm not exactly a modern. Your contempt for my medical attainments has been apparent from the first; you expressed it very plainly on the ship. You added emphasis to it when you failed to take my offer—"

"I would have come, if father had been well," the girl broke in. "I intended to, when we parted at Rangoon. That's the truth."

It was the truth. He saw it in her wide round eyes by the light through the windows and the splendor of the moon.

"Then—"

"I've never questioned your medical attainments, doctor," she went on in low tones. "What I questioned was your attitude towards your profession, your ethics if you want to call it that. I was afraid that if you took father's case you'd want to operate at once."

"Whether he needed it or not?"

"Oh, you'd persuade yourself that he needed it. You'd persuade him, too. Just to see what's inside him. Just to test your skill."

"In other words, not a doctor but a vivisectionist. Is that what you mean?"

"When you get down to it, I suppose that's what I meant."

"It's a very serious charge. But you are about to receive what you will consider proof of it."

"Oh, what do you mean? Not—"

"I shall recommend an immediate operation on your father."

"Oh—"

"But I'll put it up to him, not you. If he consents I'll go ahead, in spite of your opposition. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

"I oppose it, he'll never consent."

"At least I'll do my best to persuade him. Right now—in case you care to be present," Walter rose and turned to enter the house.

"Wait, doctor. I said 'if I oppose it'—maybe you didn't hear me. Perhaps I've been wrong about you. I may be wrong in this case. If you'll tell me why the operation is necessary—"

He was at the point of refusing. True, if he did, if he failed to persuade her and get her help in persuading her father, the latter would not consent to the operation. He realised this perfectly, but it was not his funeral. His pride as a man and a doctor—

Yet something moved in him and he hesitated. It seemed to be something that

rose above pride, or else a higher pride than he had ever felt before. Perhaps it was the heart of a physician all unknown in his breast, beating through and over personal rancor and littleness. Perhaps it was simply—it was a queer feeling—life to save.

He began to speak with a power and earnestness she had never heard in him before. He admitted that many deaths must be laid to needless surgery. Many times he himself had operated in error or in vain. Smith might get well without the knife, indeed it might cause his death. But all his symptoms indicated some serious ailment in the region of his pancreas, possibly embedded gallstone, perhaps something worse and unoperable. And Walter believed that the time to get at it was now, before it flared up in an acute attack.

"Can't you study his case a little more before you decide?" Vivian asked.

"I've already decided. But I intend to wait until the day after to-morrow, and of course if he gets better in the meantime, I'll reconsider."

She was still a few seconds, then drew a deep breath. "Go ahead and talk to him. I won't interfere."

But Vivian might have interfered in the talk between Walter and his bearer; that was why she was not allowed to hear it. So certain he was not only of operating but of a rush job, that he sent Moun Ne on a dangerous errand, nothing less than a night ride of thirty miles over a trail haunted by tigers and by even more relentless foes at this time of year. Not until the sound of horse's hoofs died away in the silence did he consult with Smith.



The following morning the old doctor did not arise from his bed. But although this was a mental rather than a physical symptom—a general reaction after putting his case in Walter's hands—it was none the less important. Walter had observed long ago the power of the spirit over flesh. Now that Smith had stopped fighting, the march of the disease would be greatly quickened, although no doctor in the world could explain why. Walter wondered if Moun Ne would fulfill his mission in time.

On the other hand, perhaps he need not operate at all. Further questioning into Smith's history revealed that three years before he had had similar symptoms, had sunk very low, but had recovered. It was good news, in a way; on the other hand, it enormously complicated Walter's problem.

"What was your opinion of the nature of the trouble, doctor?" Walter asked.

"Did you ever decide?"

"My opinion's not worth much. I'm just an old mission doctor 'way behind the times. But I thought it might be acute haemorrhagic pancreatitis."

"That's very rare. I've seen only one case."

"I know. Just a wild guess."

"You might be right at that." And if he were—

This problem became more difficult as the day wore on. The pain in the region of the old doctor's pancreas had increased, the other local symptoms were more acute, but his general condition, blood pressure, pulse and temperature, were good. But if

the operation became indicated, Walter was ready. Twilight brought back his bearer accompanied by Mah Kyi, his lean, dusky, highly-trained Burmese surgical nurse. Also he had matched Smith's blood with the blood of one of the villagers, in case a transfusion was necessary.

Vivian slept that night in a cot in her father's room. At dawn she awakened Walter, sleeping in her room, and they stood whispering at the door. "I wish you'd come at once," she said. "He doesn't look right to me."

Nor to Walter, when the latter put on bathrobe and slippers and bent over Smith's bed. Yet the old doctor smiled and submitted cheerfully to an examination.

"Well, doctor, what do you think?" Smith asked. "There's life in the old horse yet, eh?"

But there was also more pain, a little more anyway, in the region of Smith's pancreas. His blood pressure had dropped five points since Vivian's last reading—early morning could account for that—and he was running a low fever. With his stethoscope Walter listened carefully to Smith's heart and lungs, margined his heart by percussion.

"You're in fine shape," he told Smith. But to Vivian he said, in an undertone, "Give him some barley water, and as soon as I'm dressed, we'll talk it over."

Walter ordinarily dressed with care. This morning his clothes were on before he knew it, so busy he was with his thoughts. Mah Kyi was with the patient, and Vivian was waiting for Walter on the verandah.

"He didn't retain the barley water," was all she said.

Walter dropped into one of the porch chairs and wiped the sweat from his face. The sun was barely up, but the cool of night had already given up the struggle; the sticky heat came up from the ground, down from the sky, in from every point of the compass. There were high thin clouds, through which the sun showed as a white-hot disc.

"It's going to be a scorcher of a day, but it may rain before dark," he said. "Then the Wa will save their crops."

"Are you thinking about Wa crops?" Vivian asked bitterly.

"I should be. Mah Kyi tells me a Shan trader lost his head night before last. As a matter of fact, I'm trying to clear the decks for what's before us here."

"What is before us? Forgive me and tell me everything, Walter."

"I should say—it may blow over—one of the toughest medical problems I've ever had to solve."

"Immediate surgical intervention?"

"Look here, Vivian. This is your own father we're talking about. If that's going to influence you, even subconsciously, I'd better not do my thinking aloud—because then you might influence me. If ever in my life I need impersonal judgment, it's right now."

"If it will help you to think aloud, do it. I'll forget he's my father."

"I wonder if you can. Vivian, do you know anything about this disease? It's been called 'an acute pancreatic drama.' We've seen only the prelude, but when the curtain goes up, it goes up with a bang. There's the devil to pay before you know it. If it runs its course, the patient is prostrated as though run over by a truck. Yet in spite of that prostration, the surgeon must operate, with maybe one chance in four of bringing him through."



"But it didn't run its course in the previous attack. He resisted it and got well. Maybe he can again." She paused, curling her hand, steeling her will. "But I'm ready when you are."

"That's a different tune than you sang two days ago. Well, I'll meet you half-way. When do you think I should operate, if at all?"

"The moment you think the chance of collapse makes it essential."

Walter jumped up and disappeared in the house. He did not ask Vivian to come with him, so she waited. He reappeared in about ten minutes, leaning backward from a chair.

"Well?"

"Hardly any change. But I've sent for the blood donor—just in case. And Vivian—you understand I'll have to use you, too."

"Me?" She spoke incredulously.

"I'm sorry, but we're still short-handed, and you'll have to give the anaesthetic. But I'll have a screen up, so you won't have to see—so you can devote your mind to your work. Mah Kyi will be surgical nurse."

"She can give the anaesthetic. You said she was an expert. I'll be surgical nurse."

Walter looked her in the eyes and shook his head.

"Didn't we get along all right before? Am I not the best nurse? Isn't that all that matters?"

"Of course you're the best nurse, but not for this operation. It's much too much."

"I tell you—"

"Who's in charge here, you or I? Look here, Vivian. If it were an ordinary operation on your father, I'd let you do your stuff. That would be tough enough on you. But this is not an ordinary operation. Nor is it a dramatic heart or brain operation, to keep you somehow on your toes; it's a nasty piece of cutting and shoving and messing about, hours on end, with the patient likely to start choking at any second. And if you crack, we're sunk."

"I won't crack. Oh, you don't understand. Oh, Walter—"

"Did you ever hear of a surgeon doing a major on one of his own folks? Mighty rarely. Because we know what surgery is, the strain it is, even working on strangers. Do you, a mere trained nurse, pretend to know more than a doctor?"

She stood for a moment, then nodded her head. "You're the boss," she said.

"I wish I'd sent for my anaesthetist, too," Walter grumbled. "Then you could wait outside."

Her eyes filled with tears. He did not see them, because she turned her head and because he did not yet understand the human heart and its high yearnings. She returned to her father's bedside. Walter went to inspect Smith's small and poorly equipped surgical room.

"Acute pancreatic drama," Walter thought often of this phrase as the day wore on and its stifling heat intensified. Every test he made showed that drama moving to an inevitable climax of surgery or death, or both; no test was fair because by the time he had finished it the patient's condition was worse. But every possible preparation for the operation had been made. Walter was waiting only for news of the battle, its fiercest heat in which Smith would hold his own or begin to break.

At last it was nothing more than the expression on Smith's pale face—a drawn

and anxious look—that decided Walter. Most sick men look drawn and anxious, but not exactly in this way. He could not possibly put it in words—he had no scientific theory to account for it—he knew only that every time he had seen that look on a patient's face, death was riding fast. It was as though the man's spirit had seen its shadow.

He leaped over the bed. "Smith?"

The old doctor nodded his head.

"I shall operate at once."

"Same opinion—doctor."

But Smith did not seem to know that he was the patient. He was simply concurring with the opinion of a younger and more brilliant man, eagerly, humbly and for one of the few times in his medical experience, Walter's eyes filled with tears.



But still he did not know why he had told Smith at all. In such cases doctors usually keep their knives concealed until the last possible minute. He had acted on impulse. In many instances lately he had done so, and it had proved a better guide than he had ever dreamed. Smith's mind was dulled, but his soul was alone and afraid in that rushing darkness, and Walter wanted to give it courage. . . . But there was no proof in any laboratory in the world of the soul's existence. . . .

"Don't break your neck," he told the wide-eyed girl beside him. "The decision's still very close. You know what to do, just do it. Mount Ne and I will get the patients over there. Tell Mah Kyi to be ready."—Walter glanced at Vivian's wrist watch—"at a quarter to four."

But when at twenty minutes to four Walter walked into the operating room, it was not Mah Kyi who was gowned and gloved and masked, but Vivian.

"I told you—" he began ominously.

"Wait, doctor. Mah Kyi is sterile—I can help her into gown and gloves in half a minute. But I ask you again to let me help with this operation. I entreat you from the bottom of my heart."

"Vivian, your whims at a time like this—"

"It's not a whim. I believe I can help father's chance of coming through alive."

"I'm the judge of that. How dare you try to interfere?"

"And I believe I'll be helping other patients, too, who come to you in the future and put their lives in your hands." Her eyes were shining and her voice rang.

"What in heaven's name do you mean? To teach me something I don't know—make me a better doctor? Are you mad?" He stopped, his eyes widened, and he added in a strange low tone, "Or inspired?"

"Oh, Walter! How can I explain? I told you once that you don't know what the word doctor means. Maybe I was wrong, but I want to show you what the word nurse means—under the hardest possible test. Let it go at that."

Walter looked into her eyes, looked at the sick man waiting patiently for the knife, back into her eyes.

"It's too deep for me. Maybe you've got the right idea. Mah Kyi?" He spoke in Burmese. "Begin to administer the anaesthetic."

How could Walter tell whether or not Vivian proved her point? He was not Walter now but a surgical machine; she was an adjunct to that machine. As if he had room in his head for anything but the job in hand, from its first hypo to its last stitch!

He was alone as in a dream. When he called for tools, they were handed him, when he asked for sponges he found them in his hand, when in one hair-raising emergency—there were quite a number of these, he felt vaguely—his tongue slipped and he yelled for scissors instead of forceps, the mistake was rectified by some unknown power and he found himself with forceps; but what Vivian was doing all this time he was too busy to notice.

So with one thing and another, it was nearly midnight before he could think even of food and drink, let alone of a rather comely young woman who had acted as his surgical nurse. But just then he looked across the patient's bed and saw her. It was Vivian, and she looked very tired.

He did not speak for a moment. He merely sat gazing at her, while a series of what seemed to be violent electric charges shot up his spine and completely across his scalp. But these grew less acute and presently died away. After all, everything had turned out as he might have expected; he knew nothing that he had not already known in his inmost heart.

But he was too tired to face it, to-night. So he said quietly:

"This case is out of the red."

"I know it."

"The patient has wonderful resistance. Pulse, blood pressure, appearance—everything in his favor. If I'm any judge, he'll be out of danger in three days."

"It was magnificent surgery, doctor."

"Yes, I was in top form." His voice changed slightly. "And I know why." It changed again. "Eat something and go to bed. I'll stay till Mah Kyi comes on at one o'clock, then I'll raid the pantry and bed down just three jumps from the patient."

She rose. "I'll be in call, too. Good-night, doctor."

"Doctor? Well, maybe—if you're always in call. Always, Vivian—for the love of heaven."

A week fled by. It was another midnight. But to-night Smith lay in his own bed, in the sound healthful sleep that was rapidly building him up to go back to work. Walter and Vivian were sitting on the verandah steps, watching the moon blaze out of tattered clouds and hide again.

"I'll be gone when you wake up in the morning," he was saying.

"Don't start before daylight. You might meet some Wild Wa on the way home from a raid."

"You make the trip in daylight, too. But of course you're the daughter of the 'Fat Sawbwa,' who's been doctoring tame and half-wild Wa for twenty years."

"That would make my head all the more valuable, and they'd be paying dad an honor."

Walter thought she was joking. "By the way, you haven't told me just when to expect you."

"I haven't told you yet that I'm coming at all."

"But you are—aren't you?"

"If you really need me—yes."

"I really need you, Vivian, and not just as an expert nurse. My education as a doctor has only begun."

"Do you really mean that, Walter?"



He turned to speak, but stopped and sat so still it gave the effect of a start. "I'm afraid I didn't, Vivian," he confessed in sudden wondering honesty. "I was just trying to get you to come. Yes, I was just putting on my act. But that shows I do need you, doesn't it?"

"Anyway, there's a lot of surgery to do over there, and dad's going to take it easy for a while and can get along with a native nurse. So you can expect me a week from to-day."

For Walter, that week crawled. The last day of it barely crept, and as the shadows began to finger out over the grass the hands of his wrist-watch seemed glued to its face. But when the sun outlined an unknown tree on the crest of the western hills, Vivian had not yet come.

In sudden and frantic haste Walter ran out and called his bearer. Time that had dawdled began to race pell-mell as he waited for his horse to be saddled. Already the light was falling. The tropic twilight was short. Before he was out of sight of his own compound, the tree shadows were massing and the wild parrots screaming to their roosts.

But he did not need to ride far. He had barely topped the ridge when he heard the tinkle of a bride bell. That would be Vivian. She would have a fancy Burmese saddle and tasseled headstall; she always did everything in style. If a man's heart could speak, Walter's was singing. He spurred forward.

But around the bend in the trail came not Vivian but a native riding fast, and leading a riderless pony. It was Moung Ka, Vivian's bearer. When he caught sight of Walter he yelled.

When Walter heard the yell, his wild excitement died. He was never calmer in his life, more grim and deadly. He dismounted. His face in the twilight was composed, so that Moung Ka could tell his story quickly, clearly, without unintelligible shoutings.

"Where is your mistress?"

"I do not know, lord. Two hours ago I dropped behind, and when I rode fast again I found her pony quivering in terror by the trail, the reins caught in the thorns and the saddle empty."

"What could have happened to her? Speak plainly, Moung Ka. We be two men."

"Lord, I did not stop to look for signs in the trail. I am a poor man, with little ones of hungry mouths, and there was danger in the thickets. But the Sawbwa will see a long deep scratch on her pony's thigh. That could be made by the claw of Kya, the tiger."

"It is possible, although usually he makes three scratches in line, the centre very deep, the others shallow. But also it could be made by the point of a spear."

"A spear, lord?" Moung Ka held his breath.

"A Wa spear of bamboo, its point hardened in the fire."

"Yes, lord. A Wa spear. This is not well."

Walter thanked heaven for his hard schooling as a surgeon. One must be cool to fight slinking and contentious death; the greater the emergency, the more coolness was indicated. In this, the greatest emergency of his life so far, he was cold and clear as ice.

Almost instantly he realised the hopelessness of seeking Vivian to-night. If a tiger had caught her, she was of course dead. That would be the end of this story; sitting over her gnawed bones to ambush the

killer, merely its lame and impotent epilogue. And if the Wa had captured her—and already this was a profound conviction in Walter's mind—he could not hope to stalk them up their secret trails in time to cut them off from their village. They were jungle men, and he was a heavy-footed white. This was one of those hard facts with which no heroic fervor could cope. At their first suspicion of pursuit, they would simply kill the captive that burdened them and make off with her head.

This was the dark side. The bright side was almost too dim for his despairing eyes to see, but he looked hard and found it at last. If the Wa and not a tiger had ambushed her, they had not killed her on the spot, otherwise Moung Ka would have found her headless body on the trail. Perhaps they had merely carried her a short distance into the thickets to deal the blow in secret, but if they had delayed this long, fear might have had time to strike their wild hearts and hold their hands. Certainly every second she had survived had increased her chances of being alive now. The Wa were human beings. He must remember this in all his deliberations. Most men must kill on the immediate impulse or not at all.

And the Wild Wa did not ordinarily hunt women's heads! Female ghosts were supposed to have small power to bring rain and assure good crops. It seemed more likely that they had captured Vivian to carry alive to their villages, perhaps as a sacrifice to their gods, certainly for some ceremony to break the drought.

When he sprang on his horse and turned back toward home, it was with the intention of notifying the authorities at once. At the outset it seemed the logical and only thing to do. But before he saw the lights of his compound he had seen other lights, dim in his mind but startling in their showing. Also the few words he exchanged with Moung Ne, riding swiftly to meet him, made him reconsider.



So he did not rush off a messenger to the nearest telegraph. He did not even consult with Porter, who had the typical Englishman's faith in government, and suspicion of private ventures against crime. Instead, he called into his study Moung Ne, Moung Ka, and his old and far-trusted Mah Kyi, the prototype of the boldness and intelligence of Burmese womanhood. These people lived in the country, and knew more about it than all the English governors that ever breathed.

"It is known that the Wild Wa have a white head," Mah Kyi explained. "But the rains have been scarce for three years, so they think his ghost is unhappy and needs comforting. And what would comfort him more than a wife of his own race?"

"But Smith Sawbwa is greatly beloved by the tame and the half-wild Wa. Would their kinsmen, the Wild Wa, choose his daughter for this evil?"

"It is not evil in their eyes, lord, but great honor."

"Then the memsahib is already slain?" Walter asked.

"It may be so, lord. But if I know the Wa, they will carry her alive to their village and give her in marriage with great ceremony, with song and dancing, and the drinking of many stoups of arrack."

"To-night?"

It must have been his tone, stripped of all passion, that made Mah Kyi glance quickly into his eyes, then her lips curl in a dim smile.

"Do not give up hope, Sahib Saya-Sawbwa. The Wa will choose no common night for such great pools. Likely they will wait until the night of the full moon, which to them is most magical, always the night of their great feasts. Twenty-three days must pass before then, and in the meantime—"

"Should I tell the Government Sawbwas of this shame, and send men to seek her? Speak plainly."

Mah Kyi made a little gesture with her slim, deft hand.

"If my lord wants vengeance only, let him send forth the soldiers in all haste."

"What do I care for vengeance? I want the memsahib back—alive."

"If the Wa are not alarmed, they will likely keep her safe for many days. But if they hear the feet of marching men, or see the winged ships dropping thunder balls, their first act will be to slay her and hide her head in their secret places, and her body underground in the thickets, because no other thought would cross their jackal minds. That is the way of the Wild Wa. This is the way of all childish people, when panic strikes."

"Mah Kyi, I believe you speak truth."

And on that belief, Walter decided not to give the alarm. But it was a momentous and appalling decision for one man to make. Only his long lone fight against the most cruel and relentless enemy of man, disease, had conditioned him for it; only his hard practice in making decisions on which hung life and death gave him the heart.

Quite likely he was opening himself to criminal prosecution. Certainly if his decision cost Vivian's life—indeed if it failed to save her life—a cloud would hang over his name as long as he lived.

"So if the wild Wa have taken her—and I will know to-morrow—I will seek her alone," he went on.

"Alone, Sahib Saya-Sawbwa?"

It was Mah Kyi's voice, low but ringing. Walter's cold heart leaped in wild hope.

"Would you go with me? You cannot mean that. I could make good use of your quick hands and wise head, but—I do not understand."

"Am I not your nurse—your chief nurse until the memsahib comes to put me in second place? Have we not stood side by side fighting death, the red running death of the open vein, or the tiny black death that the Sawbwa showed me in the glass? Have I done so ill that I must take off my uniform and hold my hands while my lord fights the sharp-edged shining death in the Wa hills?"

"No. You shall follow me. We be twain."

"We be three, lord," Moung Ne broke in. "I am your bearer and servant, and you have not yet given me discharge. My head is thick, but my arms and back are strong, and I would not impede the hunting."

"Yes, we be three," Walter was trembling.

"But we cannot be four, save in spirit," Moung Ka said mournfully. "The memsahib has my heart, and it is gone from me, but the old doctor Sawbwa has but now gained his feet after the great sickness. I must stay and comfort him, lord. Do not blame me."

"Blame you! But we be four, none the less, for you shall pass and take signals, look and listen and carry word. And we three—Mah Kyi, Moung Ne and I—we go to the Wild Wa hills."



That night Walter wrote a long letter to Doctor Smith, relating all he knew of Vivian's disappearance, his plans for her rescue, and how he had arrived at them. If Doctor Smith thought best to reverse these plans and call in the authorities without further delay, it was his right and duty to do so.

But he did not dispatch the letter now; anyway there were no beaters for it on this dark and perilous night. He proposed to carry it with him to the scene of the abduction, add to it what he could, and send it on by Moung Ka. But writing it took only thirty minutes. Many black and interminable hours stood between him and dawn.

Some of those hours he was able to pass in sleep. It was striking proof of his self-control, but he was not proud of it. Great self-control usually went with great self-concern, and this was the quality in him that had dominated Vivian. Except for this, she would have come to him long before and her fate been different. In his wakeful hours he earned all he could of the Wa from his ideas and Government reports, and made his plans.

An hour before dawn the horses were saddled. The light had not begun to clear when he, Moung Ne and Moung Ka topped the ridge where last night he had heard the news. The sun was barely over the Mekong as they approached the heavy jungle where Moung Ka had found Vivian's horse.

Walter stopped in an open glade to give final instructions to the two Burmese. "If the Wa look hot, they will expect us to make a search," he said in an undertone. "In that case they will likely have a spy posted near by, perhaps in sound of our voices."

"It is true," Moung Ne murmured. "They have great cunning."

"But perhaps their cunning will turn and bite them on the heels. If you see the spurs of the Wa, give no sign in word or gesture. We must not let them know we suspect them, but show we think she was carried off by a tiger."

"Perhaps they will launch their poisoned arrows from the thickets."

"Not when they see these rifles. Moung Ka, you shall lead the way."

A short distance on Moung Ka showed him the thorn shrub that had snagged the middle rein of Vivian's horse. Or had it been fastened there by human hands? If not, it had been an unusual accident, considering the position and form of the shrub. Certainly there was evidence to support what he wanted to believe.

But the next second he was gazing at the ground with a suffocated heart. Hope died in him then and there, not just ceasing to breathe as patients sometimes do on the operating table, but as if in the dissolution of old age, beyond resuscitation; all hope of hope died too. In the dust of the trail was a great four-toed track, about the size of a man's hand.

"Kya," Moung Ne gasped.

Walter nodded. Both natives gazed with wide eyes into his face. He could not bear to try to speak, but he did. It was some strange kind of pride.

"Yes, the tiger. This game has played out."

But no, hope is immortal. Perhaps it was like the Buddhist conception of the soul, dying only to return in another form. "Maybe she didn't have time to be afraid," he was thinking. "Maybe she never knew what hit her. There's that to hope for yet."

There was another tiger print a little farther on. All others seemed to be obliterated by the footprints of Moung Ka and of travellers who had passed later in the evening. Still he might trace the direction the

brute had gone by fallen leaves and broken shrubbery. Vivian was light. Kya would carry her high, but there should be a ghastly trail of her boots dragged on the ground.

He turned to look for it, but stopped. The blood rushed to his head, too wild and hot for him to think clearly, but he waited for the ware to recede. It was strange there should be travellers after Moung Ka had passed; no village was close by, and few natives would let darkness catch them on this trail. It was strange that both tracks were of the front paws instead of the rear, for the tiger would certainly stand on his hind legs to snatch a victim from horseback. It was strange that they were so large—he had never seen such large paws—and there were not more. It was strange that the refts should fall over the horse's head and become tangled in a shrub only a few feet from the scene of the attack instead of after a long and frantic run.



He looked at the tracks again. Then he raised his voice.

"The curse of the gods on Kya, the wicked one! But we will chase him down and slay him. Come, men."

The men seemed astonished at this passionate outburst, so out of character in him, but dumbly followed him into the thickets. He held his rifle ready and pretended to search for torn vines and new-fallen leaves. But he stopped in the first open glade.

"Keep your countenances and do not start or cry out," he warned under his breath.

"Yes, lord," Moung Ne whispered.

"The prints were made by a man's hands, not the paws of a tiger. The cunning of the Wa has turned and bitten them on the heels."

"Thanks to Lord Buddha," Moung Ka breathed.

"We may be sure now they have carried her alive to their village. They would not make this cheat if they intended to leave her headless body in these jungles for tiger hunters to find."

"But which village, lord?" Moung Ne asked. "There are many in these hills."

"That is to be seen. Can you pretend to look for tiger paws and a drag, but really look for footprints?"

"Yes, lord, but hold your rifle as though expecting a charge."

They played that game, circling the scene. As the Wa always raid in considerable bands, Walter was not surprised when a sudden stiffening of Moung Ne's hand told him he had found a human footprint. But no one spoke until again they reached an open glade.

"They are heading north," Moung Ne reported in an undertone. "They must belong either to the village of Wak-Ka or Kaka-Ban."

"But you saw no print of boots?"

"No, lord. They would bind her hands and feet with rattan, and carry her over their shoulders. But they would soon tire of that sport. If I know the Wa, they will squat on the first hilltop overlooking the trail, smoke their pipes, spit, and watch to see what befalls. And from then on they will lead her with a rope around her neck, like one of their cattle."

"Can you find this squatting place, without show?"

"Yes, lord. It will not be far off the game trail to the pass."

"I would like to see her footprints, to make sure. And if they freed her hands, she may have left signs."

"They will likely free her hands, lord, so she can go more swiftly through underbrush."

A jungle man himself, Moung Ne had only to go where he would have gone in their place, the nearest and handiest lookout north of the trail. But to lay the suspicion of spies, he appeared to blunder onto it and pass it without recognising it. Then he stopped as though to light a cheroot, while Walter appeared to scan the valley below.

"I saw tobacco ashes, and the withes they had cut from memahib's hands and feet," Walter murmured.

"And I saw a small white object in the thickets a short distance up the hill."

With a little manoeuvring they were able to recover the object on what seemed their discouraged retreat. But Walter did not even glance at it until well around a bend.

That Vivian had been able to leave this sign, and that he had found it, seemed too wonderful to be true. It made him feel that luck was on his side and thrilled his heart with renewed faith. It was proof of her bravery, too, to see her through, help bring her back alive. But the wonder did not stop here. The tide proved to be a page torn from a notebook such as many nurses carry, and it was not blank.

How she had managed to write a message under guard Walter could hardly imagine. Possibly some sound had alarmed her captors, so that they turned their backs on her to gaze into the valley. Perhaps they had remained near that spot until after dark. But write she did, a few stealthily scrawled but legible words telling Walter what he most needed to know.

Kaka-Ban  
Safe till full moon  
No soldiers.

The natives had guessed at this, but now he could believe it with all his heart, and that made all the difference in the world. And Vivian believed it in her heart, or she would never have risked her life to write it. Perhaps some Burmese-speaking Wa had boasted to her, perhaps she had overheard a few Wa words that she knew.

It needed only a few seconds' thought, and Walter's decision was made.

"We go to the Wa hills," he announced abruptly. "to stay."

"But the Wa hills are closed to strangers, save a few Shan traders and Yunnanese salt merchants," Moung Ne said. "How may we go there and live?"

"I will go as one of an unknown tribe, then how I spit and snore and wear my kincloth will not betray me to their knives. You and Mah Kyi will go as my Burmese servants."

"That much is easy. There are a thousand tribes in Burma alone. But what will be your pidgeon, to win their trust?"

"I will be a guru—a native medicine man. I shall say charms and shake rattles to drive out devils of sickness. But in secret I will give the medicines and the treatment of my craft."

"Then I shall be your chela, your disciple, Mah Kyi, your prisoner. If the gods are good we may come back alive. If not, we will be born again—in better station."

Walter sat down by the trail and completed his letter to Doctor Smith. Enclosing Vivian's message, he despatched it by Moung Ka, lending him a rifle to help its chances for safe delivery.

It was necessary to take Chandra Lal into his plans, but he had no fear of this



Bengali doctor betraying them to the authorities. To Porter and the rest of his staff, Walter explained that he was taking leave to hunt big game in the Eastern Jungles.

His only hope and strength was as a doctor—unless he could heal the sick and save lives he simply could not survive—so he got together a compact but fairly complete medical outfit. He and Mouning Ne met Mah Kyi at a lonely jungle rendezvous. And here he found Mouning Ka with a brave letter from Doctor Smith, approving the plan.

Mah Kyi had provided a saddle-colored dye that not only looked like pigment but could stand soap and water. Their combined efforts supplied him with a costume, broadly Asiatic but indicating no one tribe—a plaid knee-length shirt with a broad sash suggesting Bhutan, breeches such as many Gurkhas wore, cloth leggings after the custom of the Akha women, a Kachin-like turban to conceal his haircut, and crude sandals to protect his tender feet. In the jungle he applied cocaine and perforated the lobes of his own ears—one of the unhandiest operations he had ever performed—so that he could wear earrings.

He would carry no visible firearms. This alone would disguise him, he thought with a smile; the idea of a white man on the work of civilising and pacifying the Orient without brilliant rifles would be inconceivable to the native mind. But hidden in his armpit was one small pistol, just in case.

But Walter did not start at once for the Wa villages. Instead he listened to his small portable radio powered by a storage battery, a test not of his patience but of his will and common sense. In spite of his fears for Vivian, he must give her captors time to cool off. They must be sure their trick had worked and begin to lower their guard, otherwise they might make away with her at the first glimpses of three strangers approaching their gates. Meanwhile he might hear news to trade upon.

On his fourth night in camp the Government weather office reported that a great storm moving up from the Bay of Bengal would to-morrow bring heavy rains to all the Shan states including the Wa hills. To the Wa it would be a sign that the White Ghost was pleased with his promised bride. But to Walter it was the signal to attack.

His outfit had been already stripped to bare necessities and largely packed for travel, so he did not tell his followers to-night. But an hour before dawn he called them to get the horses and break camp.

Mah Kyi's dark eyes glowed in the fire-light. Mouning Ne turned a little grey. Soon they were off, their medical supplies concealed under bells and gongs and solemn-looking claspings for magic-making—up the dim trail towards Kaka-Ban.

Before long Walter saw that he was well ahead of the rain. The only clouds in sight were a few streamers low in the south. But now he could see brown specks against a grey background on the crest of a distant ridge. These were the roofs of Kaka-Ban, showing up against earth bare and ashen-looking from long occupancy.

Should he go on at once, or wait for more signs of rain? His reputation as a magic-maker would be immediately enormous if he could conjure up clouds and all, but if it took too long, or if he failed altogether . . . But when he had ridden slowly into the dreary valley just beyond the question was decided for him. Up there was the village, but down here were the Wild Wa themselves.

It was a party of about ten men. They had knives and fire-hardened bamboo

spears, but no work tools, no loads of jungle produce, nothing to explain their presence on this trail. Mah Kyi made a queer little chirping sound. Mouning Ne whirled and looked into Walter's eyes. Those ten men were out hunting human heads.

The Wa came on the run, but Walter and his pair drew up, so they dropped to a fast walk. They were intensely excited, Walter observed, their eyes burning, their faces drawn. It seemed likely they would attack before a word was exchanged.

But his aspect of composure seemed to impress them. The leader of the party gabbed out something in the Wa tongue. Walter pointed impressively to his own breast. "Ratan-Pwi (magician)," he pronounced, one of the few Wa words he knew.

"He is the great wizard from beyond the rivers," Mouning Ne explained in the lingua franca of the hills. But his voice was trembling.

The Wa began to gabble at each other, but completely desperate. Walter's voice cut through the growing uproar.

"Can any of you speak Burmese?"

One Wa, not quite so wild-looking as the others, took a pace forward. "Yes, Gurn."

"I have come to heal your sick and drive out devils."



"We have our own gurus, but perhaps we have need of you." The man smiled wickedly.

"I have heard there is no rain in your hills, so I have come here to make rain."

The man translated this to his fellows. There was an ill-natured parley; some of the men began to finger their knives.

"Bring me to your chief, the great chief of all the villages," Walter demanded, for he knew that only desperate boldness would save him now. "I do not give my wisdom free to fools. And if I save your crops, make ready to pay me much silver and opium."

When the Wa interpreter translated this, the leader ran his finger along his blade, then began to shout in a high, hysterical voice. The men nodded. Their eyes glistened.

"It is true that our seeds are thirsty in the ground," the interpreter pronounced at last. "But your gods are not our gods, we do not believe they can bring rain out of a clear sky. Yet if our great chief will, you shall make your magic."

Walter did not nod, did not speak. But he was terribly afraid his face betrayed relief.

"But if no rain falls, then we will make our own magic, and with three such ones on the posts it shall not fail."

Walter wondered if the meteorologist in the Rangoon weather office was really a first-class man.

As the Wa took possession of the horses and marched their three prisoners up the trail, Walter wondered what he could say to encourage Mah Kyi and Mouning Ne.

The poor devils would need it, he thought. They were simple Burmese, without sahib pride to look danger in the face, their minds undisciplined to meet death with a smile. It was hard enough for him to smile. But he managed it, and he turned his head for them to see.

What he saw shook him. It made him feel foolish, but with a sudden, thrilling release of nervous tension. From the look of Mah Kyi and Mouning Ne, they were going

out to build mud dikes in a melon field. They had heard what the Wa said—if it rained, they lived a while, if the drought persisted, they died—but it was out of their hands.

In vain Walter tried to emulate them. He remembered hundreds of patients he had seen trundled into the operating-room equally in the laps of the gods—about fifty, fifty whether they sank or swam—but they were other people and this was he himself, a difference so vast that it staggered his imagination.

Soon they came to the welcome of the Wa. Under great trees with interlocking branches, the ground had been cleared or underbrush and gave the effect of an avenue approaching the village. On one side of that avenue was a long line of posts. On each of those posts a notch had been cut. In each notch reposed a human skull.

Some of the skulls were old, discolored and moss-grown, but some were so fresh and white that they were plainly this season's crop. And counting very carefully as he marched along, he noted that there were eighty-seven in all. Well, eighty-seven and three made ninety, a good round number.

At the end of the avenue was the village wall, made of earth, grown to spiny cactus and thorn scrub. Although an armored tank would make little of it, it was a formidable barrier to foot soldiers. There was no gate to the wall, and the village was perched on a knoll above a slope too steep to climb.

But the Wa had their own way back and forth. They led their prisoners into a black tunnel too narrow and low for horse traffic. Walter had heard of these passages, he knew that their every turn and twist was a potential ambush, that man-traps in the way of pegs and spikes were fixed in the walls and underfoot, and he needed no further evidence of the grim and deadly business conducted in these hills.

When the light failed, one of the Wa took Walter's hand in his. A dry, hard, spidery hand, Walter wouldn't have been surprised to feel hair growing on its palm. Also he was thinking what a convenient time and place for a decapitation. And in the zero of darkness his guide stopped.

There was a queer tension in the muscles at the back of Walter's neck. "Good lord, is this true, after all?" he was thinking. "—Walter Oranger—not six months out of New York—about to be beheaded like a rooster in an ill-smelling hole in the ground?"

What sounded like a distant tom-tom was undoubtedly his own heart. He would no longer scoff at laymen who wrote of blood curdling with terror. His scalp was shrinking on his skull, his hair rustling up, and his knees threatened to buckle under him.

But he had hunched his shoulders needlessly. There were some creaks and thumps ahead of him, and blinding light suddenly burst into the tunnel. The file had paused merely to permit the man in the lead to open a wooden door to the hilltop.

Walter was led through that door, to find himself in a populous village. But at first he had to shut his eyes to the midday glare. That glare came from a white hot sun in a cloudless sky.

The village was a large one—probably 200 houses. Only opium-growing could support such a large population in this unfertile land. Each house was perched on stilts under unusually low eaves, and reached by a log in which footholds had been cut. The chief's house was somewhat larger than the others, and distinguished by a resemblance to a gallows tree in the projecting roof



beam. If Vivian still lived, this structure was probably her prison.

Under the raised houses lived pigs, fowls, and dogs that were kept and fattened for food. There were a few buffaloes lying in the shade, but the only other sign of even primitive culture was a kind of dome made of split bamboo rods that in normal seasons conducted water from some spring in the higher hills. The men were naked except for a narrow sash with tasselled ends, and many of the women wore only bracelets, beads, bangles, and, oddly enough, straw hats.

Yet they were not beasts but human beings. They had gods to whom they sacrificed their precious buffalo, as was attested by forked poles erected in the house plots, one for each offering. Although quite short and stockily built, they were not even an ugly people; in fact some of the younger women were magnificently developed and quite comely. Nor did they look especially cruel, at least at present.

The children saw him first and ran like monkeys up the gangways into their houses; the grown-ups gaped at him without a sound. But presently the chief of the raiders called out something and every door in the village began to eject Wild Wa. In a moment Walter and his two followers were surrounded by a babbling, yelling throng.

Presently a middle-aged man, larger than the average and wearing some kind of an emblem on a silver chain, shouldered through the crowd. The shouting ceased. No doubt this was a great chief.

He spoke to the leader of the head-hunting party, and the latter gabbled eloquently in reply. But Walter did not wait for them to finish their parley. Any boldness he had ever shown must be prudence to what he must show now.

"Ratan-Pwi," he pronounced, thumping his own breast. "Does the chief of all the Wa speak Burmese?"

For a tie of language between him and the chief might be the tie between his head and his shoulders. But the dark face did not change expression. And I can't afford many more setbacks, Walter was thinking, desperately as he had ever thought in his life.

He turned to the Wa called Jak, who had acted as interpreter on the trail, but before the man could speak a girl about sixteen stepped out from the crowd.

"I speak Burmese, Guru," she announced proudly. "My name is Saromo (a dream)."

Walter's hopes rose a little. Saromo looked lively, intelligent, and pretty enough to be the belle of the village.

"This great one is Ramong, the chief of all the Wa," the girl went on. "And he bids you kneel at his feet."

But Walter knew the value of face in the eyes of primitive people. "Tell Ramong that I am chief of all the gurus," he answered. "I kneel only to my gods."

At this defiance to one she held half-god, the girl's eyes grew wide with wonder and bright with admiration. But the chief had his own face to maintain. Repeating his command at the top of his voice, he pointed furiously at the ground.

Walter shook his head for all to see. "I pay him great honor," he explained, "but I am a holy man, and it is rain that I make fall upon the ground, not my knees. Yet he need not kneel to me. What do I care for the glories of earth, even the homage of great chiefs?"

Ramong was impressed. Walter knew it by the pitch of his voice. But there was very grave danger that he would try to

hide it behind reckless action. . . . If I live through the next sixty seconds, we'll have a fighting chance. . . . But it seemed so strange for him, Walter Granger, to count life in seconds.

Just then Walter got another impression, from what or where he did not know, weird as the cry of a fever bird across the jungle, that the admiration of Saromo was not a help but a disaster. Middle-aged chiefs of all peoples were frequently enamored with girls young enough to be their daughters, especially when these were bold as lionsesses.

"There is a post waiting for your head," he shouted. "Will you kneel or will you lie down?" And he gripped the hilt of his big knife.

Blazing with excitement, Saromo's eyes fastened on Walter's face. It was his next move, those eyes told him, and implored him not to yield. This did not matter, but if Vivian were here she would entreat the same. She held by courage.

"Does the great chief care more for a guru's skull than for the saving of the crops?" Walter asked. "When the buffalo wallows dry up, and the streams fail, and the children weep for hunger, let him kneel for mercy before my naked skull."

Saromo's breast swelled out. She made a fiery translation of his speech, then knelt herself at Ramong's feet. Either he loved the girl, or else he saw a chance to save his face, for he said in haughty tones:

"My knife remains in the sheath until the Karom-Simung (the Southern Cross) rises to-night. Meanwhile make your magic and beseech any gods that love you. If rain falls plentifully, you may walk from our village alive. But if those stars shine, we will entreat for rain according to our custom."

It might be worse, Walter thought. Unless the Wa were magnificent actors, they took him for a wandering holy man and never dreamed his purpose here.



He was taken to a small unoccupied house, and his saddlebags deposited beside him. The Wa did not open these bags. They had that much respect for his magical powers. But unless he could disincarnate himself and fade away, they did not mean him to escape. Although the wall was unscalable without equipment and the tunnel guarded, about ten stout Wa stood about his door.

Mah Kyi and Moung Ne were put in a near-by house. He could expect no immediate help from them. His only help was thought, by which all things are possible at last. He closed his door, but the Wa heard him ringing gongs and chanting. Then he stood on the threshold and asked for audience with the great chief, Ramong.

"I have talked with my Nat (spirit)," he told him through Saromo. "He says that an evil Nat may delay the rain until to-morrow."

"Then to-morrow we shall praise your head upon the post," Ramong answered.

"But there is a good Nat who if set free would fight the evil one. It is the guardian spirit of someone in or near this village.

But this one is not a Wa. The vision that floats before my eyes is pale-colored. That I cannot understand."

Ramong understood. His eyes opened slightly. "It is but a dream."

"A true dream, Ramong. And in that dream the Guardian of the Village—the Great White Ghost—would have my Nat free the Nat of this one I see, so they can work together to hasten the rain."

"What ceremonies are needed?"

"Only that I touch the hand of this one."

This made perfectly sound sense to the chief. "Alone or in my presence?"

Walter knew better than to ask too much. "In your presence, Great Chief. That will give strength to the magic."

"Is this one you see man or woman?"

"The hair is long. Perhaps it is a woman. An old woman? No, young. By my gods, Ramong, my Nat is playing tricks. If such a thing were possible, I would say that she is a memsahib—a white woman."

"Your Nat tells true, Guru."

Walter opened his eyes wide. "How could a memsahib be here? Do not mock me, Great Chief, or my Nat will shake your bones with pain."

"I have spoken. And in my presence you may see her with your own eyes, and touch her hand, if that will free her Nat to fight the drought. But this is all that shall pass between you. Your gods are not our gods, and I grant this much in the name of the Great White Ghost."

The chief led him to his own house, an escort of armed Wa trailing behind. Removing a heavy wooden bolt, he opened the door of an inner room. Simply as that, Walter walked in.

There was no window in this room. What light there was came through cracks in the plank walls, and through a foot or so of space between the top of the walls and the beam-supported roof, and as the roof pitched sharply down to very low eaves, this light was grey. Fresh from the glare of the open, at first Walter could see nothing but a dim slim figure reclining on a mat.

But his mind was working at terrific intensity, and he knew that the figure's eyes were turned to the dimness and could see everything. Would she recognise him and cry out? He dared not make a gesture for silence. That first second of suspense seemed endless.

But this was Vivian. He could trust her! She was a trained nurse; she could pretend not to recognise Death when he stood by a patient's bed. The light cleared quickly. He saw her riding-boots standing on the floor, dear little boots freshly polished, then her bright hair, then her eyes and mouth. He could go on with the play.

Walter turned his back on Vivian and addressed Saromo in the Burmese tongue. But her knowledge of the language was not great, and Walter dared to throw in English sentences for Vivian's ears.

"Tell Ramong this is the one I saw in a dream. Strut your stuff, girl. Her Nat is a most powerful Nat."

Saromo translated, but did not confess that she missed a few of the words. She was as proud of her reputation as a linguist as an eager schoolgirl travelling in France.

"Do your pools, Guru, so we may go," Ramong answered gruffly.

"Would you hurry the gods?" Walter demanded, apparently deeply shocked. "Two Chinese sky rockets among my things. This girl is beloved by the Great White Ghost of the village."



"That is why she is here," Ramong replied. "And her father's great works among our kinsmen have come to high honor at last."

A weird way of looking at it, Walter was thinking. Meanwhile his impulse was to grow bolder, to try to transmit too fast, but he resisted it. For every English sentence or phrase he whipped out for Vivian's quick mind, he spoke paragraphs of rigmarole, pious and impressive claptrap about Nats, magic-making, and the Great White Ghost. Yet at last complete contact was made.

"If I'm killed, try to get rockets . . . Make out they're big medicine . . . Send up one to bring troops . . ."

"If troops come, I'm done for," she sent, while playing her own part.

"Two rockets will signal rescue party . . . They'll come under east wall twenty-four hours later . . . If no chance, play for time . . . Friends will storm east wall on tenth night, counting to-night . . . Too risky to try before."

No longer able to delay the pooja, Walter had Vivian put her hand first on her head, then on her heart, finally in his hand. This touch seemed to telegraph something they had not and could not put in words.

"This is great pooja," Vivian told Saromo. "For heaven's sake, be careful. I can feel fire shooting up my arm."

Walter was glad he had not tried to pass a note or a weapon to Vivian. Ramong was not suspicious—he had been bamboozled by priests all his life—but his eyes were the eyes of a jungle man, missing nothing.

"Now I go and meditate alone. Don't give up. I will entreat the gods of the hills. No matter what happens to me, this village is in grave danger. I adore you. Fear the gods!"

Then he turned and walked out without a backward glance.

He did not speak again until he was almost to his own prison. Then he stopped dead still on the footpath, and turned to Saromo with a trance-like expression.

"I have beheld a vision," he pronounced.

"We have had enough of your visions," Ramong growled, when Saromo had interpreted.

"Silence! Would you bring not only seven years' drought, but a murrain on the buffalo, and the madness to all your dogs, and a wer-tiger to slay your first born?"

Saromo's dark face turned ashen. Awe and suspicion fought in Ramong's eyes.

"The priests have said to wed the white girl to the Great White Ghost," Walter rushed on. "That is well, and let there be great singing and dancing and merry-making. But the White Ghost loves her warm flesh and the sun's gold on her head, and if you touch the steel to her throat or shed one drop of her beloved blood, his wrath will be terrible to see."

"But our priests say—"

"That is why my Nat has sent me here, to rebuke them, and see the whole of which they see a part," Walter went on. "I did not understand before."

Walter gave Saromo time not only to translate this but to add her own comments. She, at least, was enormously impressed.

"But where shall she go when the marriage is made?" the Wa girl asked. "What shall she do?"

"That is between her and her husband, not Wa fools babbling together. Perhaps she will remain a week in the chief's house, perhaps a month, to meet her husband in the dark hours. Then she will go to her own

place, returning every full moon, and on the new moon the White Ghost will fly across the ridge to her."

"And does the White Ghost say to let you too go to your own place, or we will feel his wrath?" Ramong asked.

Walter wanted to say yes. There was no sign of rain. But Ramong's eyes were glittering. His seemingly frank tone was studied. Walter knew that if he tried to make capital for himself his "vision" would not be believed.

"I do not hear him say so," he answered after brooding. It was not so hard, after all. "But why should he want my head, when his every thought is of his coming marriage?"



"If he wishes you to live, he will send the rains before the South stars rise. But if he does not, the ghost of such a great guru will help him guard our fields. For it has come to me that you are a great guru. And our priests will consult the auguries again, whether the white girl goes to her husband in spirit or flesh."

"But this much is true. If my head is taken, let it be placed at once in the basket, without ceremony, and kept there till it is dry, and let my body, in its present dress, be given speedily to the ground. Otherwise my ghost will curse your fields."

For Walter dared not take a chance on being exposed as a white man. Otherwise even the simple-hearted ghost-haunted Wa would understand.

"That much is granted. I am Ramong, chief of all the Wa."

But Ramong did not give Walter a chance to treat the village maidens and demonstrate his value alive. The people were not troubled just now by fever devils, he said—actually the long drought had banished malaria—and his own medicine men would cure the present crop of minor ailments.

So Walter looked and could see nothing more to do. His pistol must not be shown or even discovered on his body or among his effects. So he sat in the door of his prison hut and watched the sky.

Once a dark bank of cloud pushed up above the horizon, but the wind changed and slowly it sank from sight. After that, the villagers counted his head as good as on the post.

"I don't blame you for not going to work," he thought cynically—for he was still Walter Granger, and would be up above or down below. "It isn't every day that three travelers with fine heads bring a little joy into your humdrum lives. I don't mind you squatting like vultures around a dying buffalo, or the children romping about with eager anticipation on their little faces. But I'm darned if you need to keep pointing so cheerfully at the sky. I can see for myself the end of a perfect day."

The sun went down. Walter asked that Mah Kyi and Moun Ne be brought to his hut. And because there was nothing to lose, perhaps the favor of a powerful ghost to gain, this was done.

"To-night we go to our gods," he told them, calling them his Kale Mya—children. "Mine is the blame for leading you here. But I ask you to make peace with me, in your hearts, before we go."

"There was ever peace between our hearts and yours, Sahib Saya-Sawbwa," Moun Ne answered. "And perhaps the rain will fall between now and the time."

Walter shook his head. Nor was he denying Moun Ne a hope that he harbored himself. He knew that in life as well as in books seeming miracles happened in the nick of time, and certainly there was new feeling in the air, but every weather sense told him that if rain fell to-night it would be after their heads fell.

"Yet I have a small image in my pouch, to help me address my mind to Lord Buddha," Moun Ne went on. "I will pray fervently for immediate and drenching rain."

"But pause in your prayers to eat heartily—both of you. In this my saddlebag are many good things. Also there is a bottle of Scotch arrack, to strengthen the heart against the Wa knives."

"My heart is already strong. Yet I will drink a little, to make merry."

"And I will drink a little too, so my tongue will be quick for Jesus," Mah Kyi said.

"There is another notion in my head," Walter confessed. "I have certain powders which would put you to sleep, not to waken until you are with your gods. A few hours of anxious waiting, and a few seconds when the skin crawls on the body, would be saved."

"Will you eat those powders, lord?" Moun Ne asked.

"No."

"Would you want us to eat the powders?" he persisted cunningly.

"You are free to eat them, if you will, but I would rather you stand straight and proud on your feet, until the knives fall."

"That is my Burra Sahib," Mah Kyi murmured under her breath. Her eyes were glowing.

"Then I shall not eat them, either," Moun Ne said. "You are the Burra Sahib, and I am only Moun Ne, but we be two men, and although Mah Kyi is only a woman, to-night she seems not so."

"Yes, we be three," Walter said. His heart was leaping in a little different way than it had ever leaped before. "Also we have kept faith with what gods we have. Now I would be alone until the time."

But Walter was not alone for very long. When still an hour remained before he could expect the Southern Cross to rise above the hills, a small figure slipped like a dark ghost through his door. It was Saromo.

Walter looked up with burning eyes and a stifled heart. He was ready to clutch at a straw. "Why are you here?"

"To beg a charm—or any other favors a great guru might give a village girl."

"A charm to win the love of a great chief?"

"I already have his love, O Guru." She tossed her head proudly. "But my dreams go higher than any Wa in these hills."

"If I give you the charm you want, what price can you pay?"

"I would free you, if I could. But I might as well try to free the stars in Karom-Simung. I have told Ramong that unless he spares you, he can never have my favors, but I had as well tell Karom-Simung not to rise to-night. And Ramong raged like num pare, the thunder."

So it was a straw! Walter let go his held breath. But a feeling of kindness swept him, and he said:

"I will give you a charm, for your heart's desire, but go quickly."



"My heart's desire is—that I not go quickly."

"I do not understand."

"I want a charm upon the giver of the charm. I want him to lay a spell whereby my eyes would seem as stars, my face beautiful as a flower, my body as a dream in the night. I would be his slave until he leaves me. It is a little time, but the warmth and spirit of a full basket of rice can be poured in one bowl."

This was one of the most extraordinary things that had ever happened to him. Walter was thinking. "Would not Ramong stay you if he knew?"

"Not if he gave me time to look into his eyes—thus—and stroke his hand—so. Any way he will not know. He sits sulking in his great house. When I stroke his hand—so—he clasps me to him quickly, but I laugh and twist away . . . But the great guru does not clasp me to him—and if he did, I would laugh only in happiness and not twist away."

"But this is folly, Saromo. Hardly before three pots can boil, I go."

"Folly, lord? Never have I seen such a man, and never will again. I have never seen white men, but I have heard many tales, and save for your brown skin I would think you were one of them."

Her voice trembled, but she went on very softly and earnestly:

"And when you are gone, I would have what would make me stand above the Wa women as our hills stand above the fields of the Lem Shan."

So hero worship was not confined to the young daughters of civilisation beyond the Indian seas! Of course the doom hanging over him added to her romance; although the daughter of a head-hunter, and never doubting that the practice was pleasing to her gods, still she had enough imagination to see tragedy unrolling before her eyes. That she expressed her hero worship according to her primitive instincts, made it none the less touching to the cynical and worldly man towering above her. She wanted to give him all she had.

"If I am like a sahib, you are like a manahib in your heart, Saromo," he told her. "But I cannot take your gift."

"Am I so ugly in your eyes? Your heart is cold to me?"

"No, you are beautiful in my eyes, and my heart is warm. This is the proof."

He bent and kissed her full upon her dark lips. Her eyes grew enormous, shining like lamps in this dim room, but she did not misunderstand. With a little sob she crept away, out the door, into the darkness.

But the part Saromo played in his life was not over yet. He heard a man's voice shouting in fury not far from his door, then a voice that he felt sure was Saromo's, shrilling spitefully in answer.

The uproar swelled. Standing at his door, he saw the villagers dashing from the cooking fires to join the growing crowd in the freelight by the chief's house, where there might be opportunities for a bold and desperate man.

Walter steadied his nerves and stalked out the door towards the crowd. His guards gathered about him, their faces drawn with some new and intense excitement, but although his skin shrank on his body he paced on.

Ramong himself met him on the trail.

There was fury on his face, and frenzy, and unless Walter's cold, trained eyes deceived him, horror. He ran at Walter, brandishing his knife.

Walter thought of his pistol. But he thought of Vivian, too—she was the light of his mind—anyway the weapon was useless against this frenzied horde. So he held up one hand in an imperious gesture to Ramong, and with the other pointed to the Southern sky.

"If you break your vow, my gods will destroy this village," Walter cried.

Ramong turned in a dazed way to Jak, who spoke Burmese. The latter interpreted. Ramong answered like the snarling of a mad dog.

"What does he say?" Walter asked Jak. "He goes to his house, but we, the Wa men, are to wait beside you until our stars rise. And Ramong prays to his gods that they shine before their time."

"What have I done that he would make such haste?"

"By your wicked magic you have driven him mad, so that he slew Saromo."

So Ramong had not given her time to look into his eyes and stroke his hand! But there moved such an electric shock along his spine as to lift the hair of his head, and he asked distinctly:

"Has she ceased to breathe?"

"Not yet, for the knife was slim and small, with a jewelled hilt, not the heavy blade that is bared for you."

"Does the blood spurt fast and bright?"

"No, it seeps but slowly from the deep wound, and darkly, so that she may wait for Karon-Simung and go with you. Perhaps that too is by your potent magic."

"It is not my magic that makes great chiefs thrust knives into beloved breasts," Walter answered in a ringing voice. "That is the wicked work of jealousy and anger. But sometimes my magic can undo that work. I go to try to bring Saromo back from the grave."



Caught up by a solemn exultation, as men are when suddenly they catch a glimpse of destiny moving straight and sure, Walter hurried towards the chief's house.

Ramong overtook and swung in front of him, Jak at his side. But they were not dangerous now; Walter knew it when he looked into their grey faces and wide, lightless eyes. The situation was too deep for them.

"Fool, get out of my way," Walter ordered. Ramong understood and stepped aside, but his open mouth poured out a stream of sound. Because the chief's co-operation was necessary for any work in hand, Walter paused to let Jak interpret.

"Ramong says that if you work your magic on Saromo, it is not his affair or with his favor. You cannot save her, and even if you do you cannot save your own head from the post."

But Walter did not stop to bargain, or to think how strange and new this was.

The girl was stretched on a mat on the floor where Ramong had laid her, three or four women waiting for her to die. Walter ordered the oil lamps brought nearer, and sent one of the women after Mah Kyi and Moung Ne. Then he knelt at the girl's side.

The wound was just to the left of her breastbone. Her pulse was weak and fast, and when he felt it disappear as she inhaled, he was almost certain what his diagnosis would be. It was like a flash in his brain, perhaps more intuition than reasoning, an instance of that snap judgment that experienced diagnosticians often make, above and beyond all apparent symptoms.

He believed that Ramong's knife had pierced the right ventricle of Saromo's heart, neither a deep cut nor a quickly mortal one, but the blood from the wound was flooding the pericardium, the sack enclosing the heart. Unless the cut was sewed up and the sack drained, the heart would be stifled like a tired swimmer in deep water.

Walter began to give orders. He gave them not too fast, or in too loud a voice, lest Jak become confused and the tribespeople run about in circles. It was quicker to move the patient than his equipment, so he ordered four men to pick up gently the mat on which she lay, holding it taut as a stretcher, and carry her to his "joss house." He directed that every stone lamp in the village be brought there, that something in the way of a table be found or made, and that great quantities of water be set to boil.

With a hypodermic needle purified by a torch, Walter introduced a quarter of a grain of morphine into Saromo's thigh. This would strengthen the heart for a while and perhaps give him a little more time.

In the first pot that boiled he sterilized the largest needle he possessed, then thrust its long point inch after inch in the girl's breast. But he was not making an end of her before the villagers' eyes, only making sure of his diagnosis and relieving a little of the pressure on her laboring heart. Nor did the point pierce her heart at all, only the flooded sack in which it fluttered.

He drew back the plunger. The glass filled with dark blood. He was sure now.

In a few minutes more he and Mah Kyi were naked to the waist and scrubbed and gloved. The room was well lighted by nearly a score of oil lamps and he was ready to begin the operation.

But as he stopped to catch his breath, a dim sense of the drama enacting here opened wide his glittering eyes. Even in a great American hospital the operation would be a dramatic one, although not especially delicate or in itself unusually dangerous. Here, under a thatched roof in a village of head-hunting Wa, performed by a doctor under sentence of death whether he killed or cured, on a patient stabbed by her lover in jealousy of that same doctor, with the aid of two Burmese comrades in a great adventure—but he had picked up his scalpel.

Before he touched its edge to Saromo's brown flesh, he turned to the two Wa head-hunters whom he had appointed to hold lamps and run errands. One was Jak and the other was Ramong.

"Are you men or women?" he demanded. "We be men, Guru," Jak answered. "We have taken heads in the field."

"That was child's play. To-night you will see that which will turn your hearts inside out in your breasts. But if you drop the lamps, or faint, or fail to heed an order, by my gods I will take your own heads and put them on the roof beam for the vultures."

"We hear, O Prince of Gurus. We will stand firm."

But what a test to savage hearts this was, was not revealed for nearly three hours.



when Ramong sat in his house, Jak at his side, and as many people as could possibly pack in the long room squatting in one brown mass before him and scores of others huddling outside under the eaves.

"Know then, O People, that I was given to hold one lamp an arm's length of Saromo's breast, so I saw all that took place. And you know that I had drunk but one stoop of arrack, so I saw not things which were not there, and if I were bewitched so was Jak to the same degree.

"The guru took up a knife whose blade was scarcely longer than my little finger. But it was sharper than the beard-cutting knives that the Chinese sell, for when he touched Saromo on the breast the flesh parted, right and left, neatly as the Gurkha soldiers that our fathers saw, when the officer sit-bo spoke."

Ramong was referring to another memorable day in the history of the Wa. They had taken the heads of two English officers, and British troops came to burn the villages. But one of those heads had become the village idol.

"My people, he made a cut at Saromo's breast long as my hand and the gods only know how deep. Often the blood ran, but the guru called in a loud voice to his Burmese priestesses—and like him she wore the skin of a dead man's hands upon her hands—and she gave him what appeared to be little sinews by which he made the bleeding stop at once."

"This be magic," Hiao, the village priest, broke in. "But I remember—"

"Magic? It had not begun. In the wound he placed an instrument of shining iron to keep it gaping wide. Now we have seen that when we leave dead men on the trail and later return, that within the chest there is a cage of bones. The bars of that cage in Saromo's chest were too small to admit the guru's hand, so what did he do?"

Ramong paused for the sake of suspense. The audience held its breath.

"O People, he took another knife, and thrice cut away the little curved bones where they join the upright big bone. But Saromo did not die. Looking closely I saw her breathe."

"And then the guru took little wads of cloth or cotton, and pushed aside what seemed to be a kind of membrane. This seemed a little thing compared to the rest, but I looked upon the guru's face, and then upon his hand, and I knew this was great magic, although I did not know why. His eyes were very thin and gave forth sparks, and his hand moved like a snail, without one little tremor. And then he called down the wrath of his gods upon my head, because I had jiggled the lamp."

If there had been a surgeon in Ramong's audience, he would have understood perfectly Walter's extreme care during this phase of the operation. He had been pushing aside the delicate pleura, the membrane connecting the lungs with the wall of the body. If he had injured it, his case was lost.

"And then I looked into the wound, and saw there a little sack, and in that sack I saw the narrow slit made by the point of my knife," Ramong went on. "And then the guru called for a tool made of two little knives fastened together mid-length, with rings for his thumb and finger, and he cut that sack its full length."

"You jest with us," Ramong's brother cried.

"As I live, I speak truth. Out of that sack came much blood, which the guru blotted up with wads of cloth. I thought then that my eyes would be blinded if I saw any more. But I am Ramong, the chief of all the Wa, so I stood fast and gazed. And then I saw what will be before my eyes until I die.

"The guru reached his hand into the sack and drew forth the end of Saromo's heart. I saw it, O People, plain as I have seen the hearts of slaughtered deer. But it moved. I saw it. It lay throbbing in the guru's hand, out and in, out and in, at the speed we beat the drum at the finish of the dance. I swayed on my feet, and the room turned black before my eyes so that I thought surely I was blinded by the mercy of the gods, but the guru barked at me like a dog, and the light cleared and I stood firm.

"Then the guru began to work with great swiftness. The sweat was on his face and his eyes were like lanterns. With sinew he sewed up the cut in Saromo's heart made by my knife. I saw him do it with these eyes, stitch after stitch, and put Saromo's heart back in its sack. Then he sewed up the sack he had opened, and fastened the thin curved bones back to the big upright bone with silver wires. And then, calling most angrily upon his gods, he sewed up the wound in Saromo's breast, as our women sew a tear in our winter garments."

"And Saromo lived?" one of the elders marvelled.

"With my own eyes I saw her come back from the Land of Shadows. Her breathing became as one who slumbers, and the look as of ashes went out of her face, and after a long time she sighed in her sleep. I heard her. Then in his own tongue, which Jak changed into our tongue, the guru called me a name, and he laughed very loud and wildly. And if I have lied in one word, may I drop dead."

"She lives," came a solemn voice from the audience. It was old Hiao, whose nose had been unjointed by to-night's miracle. "I myself went to the spirit house, and grappled with the Nat who would make her die. But Ramong, does not the guru live also?"



Ramong did not answer.

"What then of your row? Did you not say that if she lived or died, the guru's head went on a post?"

"But also I said that if the guru brought rain before our stars arose, he should walk from our village alive. When Saromo returned to life and I went out into the night, the sky was overcast and a fine rain falling. How do I know when it began? But I know I am Ramong, chief of all the Wa."

Hiao knew better than tell him that the Southern Cross was high in the sky when the first cloud topped the horizon. But he fingered some chicken bones he carried around his neck, and then asked:

"But shall he live to tell what he has seen? Would you have the soldiers come again, to cheat the White Ghost of his bride, slaughter our buffalo, and set our houses

in flames? You did not swear he should walk alive beyond our village. Be wise, O Chief!"

Crouching beside the mat on which Saromo lay, Walter knew nothing of this. He was still absorbed by the case in hand; if he won it his fortunes were uncertain, but if he lost it everything seemed lost. He did not share in the tribal opinion that the girl was saved. The drugs he had administered were beginning to wear off, and others must be given to see her through the inevitable reaction.

But with the same care that he watched her pulse and blood pressure, he listened to her babbling. Although she spoke mostly in the Wa tongue, at times she felt his presence and confided to him in Burmese. Her tongue was unguarded to-night and he hoped to hear something he could use, such as tribal fears and superstitions, or plans for the spirit wedding, or possibly the location of the white skull, the guardian of the village.

But not only her tongue was free. As so often happens in semi-delirium, the gates of her subconscious mind were opened, and she laid bare secrets she did not know she knew, unguessed yearnings, guilty passions, events of her childhood normally forgotten. And one of these secrets, an inkling in her inmost mind which her heart's wishes had repressed and denied, made Walter gasp.

"I know why you have come among us, O Prince of Guris," she told him, her eyes burning in the shadows. "It was not your Nat who sent you here, but your man's heart."

Walter did not answer. He did not want such dangerous impressions crystallized.

"You did not come to see the white girl wedded to the Great White Ghost," she went on. "You want her for yourself. You love her."

"Go to sleep, Saromo."

"I saw love in your eyes when you stood beside her, heard it in your voice. The words I did not know were meant for her ears, not Ramong's. But no brown man would aspire to a white wife. You are a white man."

"Look at this hand. Is it white? Speak no more, lest fever burn your heart."

"It is only paint. I have heard of such things long ago. But you shall not have her, guru. The fever already burns my heart, but not the fever of sickness."

"You will be well in the morning. Go to sleep."

"No, I will never be well until I lie in your arms. And if I cannot, neither can the white girl, if I live. So you had best withhold your magic, so I may die."

Would she forget by morning? This was his lone hope. Even for Vivian, he could not take steps to make sure she would forget. He could not even fail to take steps that might make her remember.

He was Walter Granger, M.D.

Life was one continuous forging of one's own chains. Walter was thinking as he sat beside sleeping Saromo. Bound to Vivian by ties of friendship—love, for all he knew—he had had to mortgage his life. Bound to his profession by even more intangible ties, he could not let Saromo die, regardless of the fee, and he could not neglect her treatment to go to bed and rest.

Was this nobility of soul? Walter chortled infernally in the silence. He was simply the same kind of fellow that almost all men were, when the shoe pinched—not a Napoleon or a Stalin, just an ordinary man. But when the tide of the night had



reached full flood and had begun to ebb, when the stars were most brilliant and would soon begin to dim, Saromo showed she would last till morning, and he turned toward his mat. But the business of the night was not yet over. Someone was knocking lightly on the rear wall of his hut. Walter answered lightly, then crept to his door. The wall was unclimbable, the tunnel secure, so his Wa guards were stretched on the ground asleep. Not a light burned in the village.

He stepped between the brown bodies and entered the hut. Here he expected to find some villager with an axe to grind, perhaps another maiden seeking a love charm, more likely an outraged husband craving vengeance on his rival, but who or why, Walter resolved he would pay high. So when the starlight showed him a slim, pale-colored form with misty hair he could not believe his eyes.

"Vivian!"  
"Sh-h-h-h!"  
"It's okay," Walter whispered. "My little pals are deep in the hay. How—"

"I've always thought I could get out, if I needed to. I didn't try it before—no use. There's a gap between the top of the wall and the roof—"

"But it's hardly a foot—"  
"I know, but I managed it somehow. What chance of being caught?"

"None here. Just be ready to fade out. How about you?"

"My gang's asleep too. You ought to hear them. It's never occurred to them I could wriggle through the gap."

"But how are you going to get back? The wall's high."

"I can climb it, I think. Cracks between the planks. Do I have to get back? There's no chance to-night!"

Walter considered, then shook his head. "The village wall's unclimbable without equipment. As for the tunnel—"

"No possible hope! Three or four Wa sleep just inside the gate, some more at the exit."

"But we'll find a way, Vivian. Some other night—"

"I know it. That's why I had to see you. We've got over two weeks, if you don't get reckless. Don't, Walter, don't force any issues. If you do, they'll chop first and think afterward. Just keep your head and play along and think."

"Right."

"They're mere children. Remember that. They think they're doing me a great honor—and my father too. But remember they won't let you go, now you've seen me here. So when we're ready, we'll do something desperate."

"Good work, Miss Smith."

"Thanks, doctor. One thing more, then I'll scout. Walter, we're in a pickle, but also we've got the greatest opportunity that ever came to two white people in this neck of the woods."

"What in heaven's name do you mean?"

"You saw all those skulls on the posts. There's nearly as many at half a dozen other villages. Every year there will be more, as long as they have that white skull. They'll think they can defy the Government and everyone."

"Don't be a fool, Vivian."

"Huh! Don't you be, and always be sorry. When we go, let's take that white skull with us and put an end to all this killing."

"Vivian—"

"It may be concealed in the spirit house, just above the village road. Try to find out, if you can. If we could set fire to it, that would probably settle it all."

"Great heavens, you don't suggest we add to our own risk!"

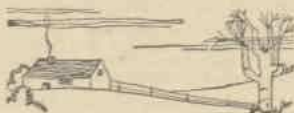
"Not much, of course. A little won't hurt; the odds will still be with us. Aren't we going to keep on living in this country? It would turn the tables so beautifully, Walter."

"Well, I'll be—"

"Are you going to let them get away with this kind of thing? Now I've got to go—"

"I should say so. Go to bed and go to sleep; you're hysterical."

"Am I?" He could feel her eyes, if he could not see them in the darkness.



"No, you're probably the sanest human being I ever met. But I'm crazy enough for both of us. That's why I'm going to kiss you good-night."

"You call that crazy?"

"I was mistaken. Most sensible thing I ever did. When we're dead, we're good and dead. But when we're alive . . ."

"Good-night!"

After a glance at his own guards, who had not moved a finger, Walter went with Vivian to the chief's house. In case she would need a boost up the wall. She did not, and presently was squirming over the top. On a blind hope, he reached into the pitch darkness under the eaves and touched her hand reaching down to his.

He returned to his own gaol and was soon asleep. No one disturbed the rest of the Great Guru, so the sun was high, and the little noises of village life were in full chorus, when again he opened his eyes. For a moment he did not know where he was or how he had got here.

He took a look at his patient. He had never seen such a quick recovery. "I am Saromo (the dream)," she told him in Burmese. "But is it a dream that I live?"

"Unless it is a dream that all of us live, as believe the people of Hind," Walter answered.

Meanwhile he was searching her face. He might as well find out if she remembered her delicious dream of a white spy coming to steal the White Ghost's bride. But not a glimmer of cunning came into her wide, dark eyes.

"When one of us saves another's life, that life belongs to the saver," she told him. "You, Guru, not only saved my life but gave it back to me when I was among the dead. So I am your slave in this life and the next. If you say to me, 'live,' I shall live, but if you say, 'die,' then I must be down and my heart stop."

"Live, Saromo."

"Then may your servant arise and put your cooking pot upon the fire?"

"Arise? You must not stand on your feet for many days. But you shall be carried at once to your own place."

"The place of a slave is beside her master."

"No, where her master sends her." Her eyes became like those of a whipped dog. "But so your strength may return quickly for my service, you shall go to Ramong's

house. His women will serve you, and there the magic is good for healing."

"And you will come there to make medicine for me?"

"Yes."

Her eyes changed again. They narrowed and shone. "But you must make it in the inner room, where the mensahib waits for her bridal night?"

Walter kept his countenance. "If my Nat leads me there."

"I would rather I do not see your face, and be left to fight Hsiawu-yum (death) alone, than that you should see her face."

"This is great evil, Saromo. The high gods—"

"What does the pain under my left breast care for the high gods?"

"It is to remind you of Ramong's knife and of your visit to the Land of Shadows."

"I am known as the most beautiful of all the Wa," she went on passionately, "but what is my face compared to hers? A Chinese kite to the moon. A murky fire on a hill to the sun."

In his pity for her, Walter almost failed to realize the menace of her words, how much might hang or fall on this girl's passions. "What do I, a holy man, care for any woman's face, let alone one white as skimmed milk?" he demanded.

"I do not know, lord. But last night I knew—I saw it in a dream. And soon, perhaps, that dream will come back to me."

But there was nothing for Walter to do but battle and blunder on.

Saromo was carried to the chief's house. Remorseful of his deed, and in a childlike awe of the greatest miracle in tribal history, Ramong made no objection to Walter coming often to her bedside to continue the healing. There he learned all he could of Wa life and customs, the weak spots in their lines, and the routine of Vivian's guards. But he never suggested that he enter her cell. He had too much respect for Saromo's bright black eyes.

Soon he was given the run of the village. On his fourth night his guards left their posts, trusting wholly to the high wall and the deep guarded tunnel. Meanwhile he was parleying in the name of the gods for an earthly rather than a spirit marriage between the mensahib and the Great White Ghost. If a hair of her head was harmed, their wrath would be terrible to see.

But Hiao, the chief wizard, stood his ground. It stood to reason that a ghost should want a ghostly bride, he said, not a creature of flesh and blood. If this strange guru was not actually in league with evil spirits, at least his greatest contribution to tribal welfare would be his head on a post. So Walter did not let grass grow under his feet in plotting escape.

Mah Kyi and Mouna Ne were also given leg room. Walter saw the faithful pair whenever he liked, and soon they settled on what seemed a first-rate plan. About midway on the east wall there was a small thorn thicket. With this to shield them—and apparently the Wa never entered the thicket—they could burrow through the wall to freedom. The earth was baked hard by a hundred years of sunlight. It was a tangle of roots from the thorn hedge above, and to play safe they could dig only an hour or two between midnight and dawn, but in three operations a large enough incision could be made. Then Walter could send up his rockets—if these were seen by any villager they could be interpreted as signs in the sky—summoning an armed party to the hillside below.

In between would rear the precipitate slope of the knoll on which the village was



built. But if the rescue party had no equipment for easing the fugitives down, they could slide down with the support of sharp poles or perhaps with ropes from Walter's pack outfit. So when the first night's digging gained four feet from the ten-foot village wall, Walter's hopes soared high.

But there was a penalty for these high prospects. Now that the sky was clearing, he found himself gazing off to that greater victory Vivian had pictured. He objected strenuously. He snorted and argued and swore. His business was to bring his party back alive, a big enough job without trying to make off with the tribal totem to save future lives.

But great forces were moving upon him. One was the undeniable feasibility of Vivian's scheme. This totem alone nerved the Wa to defy the white man's law. Without it, they would soon follow the tame Wa in posting graveyard skulls. The Government knew this and for years had tried to recover it. Cool-headed native agents had deliberately risked their lives for it and lost.

Moreover, the habit of life-saving had got into his blood and bone. You can't fight Death for seven years, man and boy, and then turn your back on an easy victory over him.

But the greatest force of all was the most vague, the hardest to pin down and fit in. Vivian felt so strongly about head-hunting that she would add to her own risk to stop it. He felt so strongly about Vivian that he wanted to be the one to stop it. Showing off, he told himself, hoping to be the hero in her eyes.

Well, they were gorgeous eyes. Most of the great deeds of men were inspired by women. And if he missed this great chance she would never regard him the way he wished to be regarded, such a long way from the way he really was. And if his digging was discovered and his plans wrecked, it would be an enormous advantage to control the white skull!

His chance to scout for it came the following night. The Wa were feasting the young moon. Their high fires and drunken ramblings had prevented tunnel digging, but toward morning the fires burned low and the rosters lay asleep where they had fallen. And as old Htao had drunk heavily to-night the spirit house was probably unguarded.

Walter took his little pistol from his armpit and put it in his breeches pocket. In another pocket he slipped his small, closely guarded flashlight. Then, making sure that the coast was clear, he crept around his house to the rear of a low-eaved building on the highest ground of the village.

It was the first time Walter had even approached this place. It was the holy-olies of the Wa, taboo to strangers, women and children, and to young hunters who had not yet "touched meat"; and Htao himself slept and cooked his rice in a hut off the main building. The latter was surrounded by a bamboo paling.

Stealthily, for dry bamboo is treacherous stuff, given to snappings and crackings and pistol-like explosions, Walter eased himself over the fence. And in the black dark under the eaves, his bare toes touched something smooth and warm.

For a terrific minute he stood there, half off his balance, not making the slightest sound, hardly daring to breathe. He had all but stepped on a sleeping Wa.

The man gave a little sigh and muttered as if to waken. Walter's hand moved slowly to his breeches pocket, grimly pro-

posing to knock him on the head and put him back to sleep. But the Wa—Walter decided it was old Htao—turned over and grew still.

Walter crept up the notched log into the spirit house. He could see nothing, hear nothing, but he smelled bones and blood. But those bones were mostly of chickens, used in divination, and of pigs, buffaloes, and dogs hung in bundles under the eaves as mementoes of sacrifice, as his first timid flash of his electric torch revealed.

It was a long wait, and the darkness very thick and evil-smelling, before he found the courage to flash the light again. It would shine through the door and under the low eaves, and some half-awake Wa might wonder . . . But his next flash revealed a bamboo box hung on the roof beam in the very middle of the room. On that box was the crude picture of a skull.

Was this the depository of the tribal totem? But perhaps he would never know. Sometimes he forgot, but now he remembered, what a deadly game this was.

There was a noise outside. Old Htao had awakened and had come up the ladder far enough to show his head.

"Who's there?" he called in the Wa tongue.

There was no other door to the spirit house. Walter could handle Htao alone, but the shout was answered by other Wa who were springing up and would cut off his escape. And the almost bare room afforded no hiding place.

He thought hard and he thought fast, before he remembered Vivian's way of coming and going. Yes, there was a gap between the top of the walls and the roof, but whether he could climb up, crawl through, drop off . . . He took no stock in it but he would try.

But he was given a lucky pause. The coconut in the doorway lowered and disappeared. Some of Htao's friends were coming with flaming bamboo torches, and he had gone down the notched log to meet them. If the gods and devils who haunted the spirit house had become so bold as to flash lights about, he would rather not confront them alone.



Walter made an appalling noise, climbing up the wall, but it seemed to delay the investigation a little longer. Soon he was hanging by his hands. But the ground beneath was lighted intermittently by the flaming torches, and as the very low eaves shielded him he did not drop off. Instead he rested his feet on a projecting joist and waited developments.

When a score or more of Wa men had collected about the door, yelling and shrieking in Wa fashion, Walter recognised Ramong's loud and lordly voice. At once the cracks in the walls became pale yellow streaks as the intrepid chief climbed the steps and entered the spirit house.

Walter watched him through one of the cracks. When Ramong saw nothing, he began to revile his followers as drunken fools and ghost-chasers. But if he looked a little closer, he would see the ends of eight fingers clutching the top of the wall.

Ramong advanced further into the room, Htao and his bravest men behind

him. As he reached the centre, Walter saw his knees and his back bend, and his head bow. At the same time he lifted his free hand to his forehead.

Walter did not give much thought to this action, at the time. He had completely forgotten his reason for coming here in his anxiety to go. Yet he noticed that when Htao reached the same place in the room he too salaamed, almost to the floor, and so did every Wa behind him.

With a final grunt of disgust Ramong turned on his heels and tramped out, followed quickly by his men. And it was the last gleam of the last man's torch, leaping back over his shoulder, that changed an ill-starred escapade into glorious victory.

That final gleam picked up and blazoned forth a crudely painted skull on a bamboo box hung from the roof beam. It was exactly under that box that the Wa men had prostrated themselves.

Walter had located the white skull.

The great game went on. On the following night the three moles extended their tunnel more than half-way through the earthen wall. Another night's work would leave but a shell of earth to break down at the last minute. But as Walter had not yet arranged a rendezvous with Vivian, to-night he must raid again.

Two hours before the eastern sky would begin to turn grey he crept under the eaves of the chief's house, removed his sandals, and fingered and toed up the side. The room into which he gazed was black as his hole in the wall, but he thrust through his electric torch and flashed it off and on quick as lightning.

Vivian looked very comfortable, he noticed. Under her mat was a substantial mattress of rice straw which she had wangled from Ramong. In fact she was living the life of Reilly. Walter decided, while he had all the worry and the work. But also she looked very pretty, and he was sorry that the glimmer was so short. Instead of the dominant female he so often feared, she looked like a child. Her hair shone gold, her flesh ivory. But his heart was already beating fast.

Fleet though it was, the flash of light awakened Vivian. A trained nurse, she had learned to sleep at the very brink of waking, and lately she had been expecting to hear from Walter. He heard the soft rustle of straw as she got up.

"Sh-h-h-h," he hissed.

"Right," came her merest whisper close to his ear.

"What time is it?" She looked at the luminous dial of her wristwatch. "Three-fifteen."

"You're—let's see—five minutes slow. Set it right when I'm gone, then keep it wound. This is Friday morning."

"Friday morning."

"Sunday morning, two a.m., come to the middle of east wall, near thorn thicket."

"Sunday, two a.m., east wall, thorn thicket."

"That's it."

"Be careful."

"I think I love you."

"You'd better more than think. What about the skull?"

"In the bag. Foolishness, too. Tomorrow—"

"Duck your head!"

For there was a noise outside her door, and then the rattle of the bolt being slipped back. Walter had time to lower his head



and to change his grip so that the mere tips of his fingers remained above the wall, but the movement was not executed in perfect silence. Vivian stepped quickly to her mat, and the rustle of straw was the same as though she were just waking and sitting up.

Peering through a crack between the planks, Walter saw a slowly widening pillar of yellow light. The door was being opened with great stealth. So it was not likely Ramong. In fact, it was Saromo, her movements feeble but her eyes on fire. She came in, holding a flickering Wa lamp, and closed the door behind her.

"Memsahib," she whispered.  
"What is it?" Vivian rose and stood between her visitor and Walter's fingertips.  
"I heard sounds, as though there was someone here."

"No, I am alone." Vivian paused briefly.  
"Except for such as cannot be seen."

"Then I need not waken Ramong?"

"Would you bring the wrath of the gods upon his head? But I will make prayers that it does not fall on your head. If you heard someone, it was my betrothed. In my dreams he was here, impatient for the marriage. And I am to go to him in flesh, not in spirit."

"So the Great Guru has told the people."  
"But now go quickly, in case you have disturbed his wooing."

Saromo's eyes darted quickly about the room. "Yes, it has come to me it was your betrothed," she whispered. "I go quickly."

She slipped out the door. Vivian waited until the bolt was thrown, and still she waited. But finally she stepped close to the wall.

"All right?" she breathed.

"I don't know."

"I'm scared. Be more careful than ever. Don't come back; if you must, toss in a note. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, darling. Now I'm sure I love you."

Walter climbed down, the only noise the tom-tom of his heart, and returned to his hut. But he was still weak in the knees. That made twice he had gone house-breaking, twice he had missed being caught by the skin of his teeth. The whole business was tricky. In spite of his closed door and boarded windows, he was reluctant to strike a light.

But this was nerves. A magician could be expected to burn midnight oil. In the darkness he could not remove the tunnel dirt from his clothes. So he scratched a sulphur match sold in the bazaars and touched the wick of his Wa lamp.

As it flamed up, it lighted two other lamps. They were the eyes of a Wa girl, crouched against the wall.

It did not take thought, or time for thought, to blow out the light. That was the mere instantaneous instinct of self-preservation. But it would take inspiration on a silver platter to know what to do next.

To give him a little more time he demanded quietly but sternly:

"Have you dared leave your bed before I gave you leave?"

"Too long have I lain there, neglecting my service," she answered. "I thought my lord might have tossed off his blanket in the night's heat and sleep cold."

"Could I sleep either hot or cold, when my Nat beckoned me under the stars? But you have my leave to go."

"Where, lord?"

"To Ramong's house, why not? Or to your own place?"

"I have no place, now I have come back from the grave. Ramong clutches his amulet when he passes by. I went down a village girl, but have come up a priestess. I see what is hidden from the eyes of men."

"What do you see, Saromo?" Walter spoke casually as possible.

"A great evil upon the village. A trick of the white men to cheat the white god of his bride."

Walter was glad of the dark. It took all his will power to keep his voice a blank, let alone his face. After a brief pause he asked, "Have you spoken of this to Ramong?"

"Not yet. Is my duty to my master, or to my people?"

"It is for you to say, Saromo."

"Oh, hard heart! My Nat is a false Nat, because he told me that you would come to me quickly, and cover my lips with yours to silence them. But you sit there like a god of stone."

"I am only a man, Saromo, and my heart is given aforehand."

"To me you are a god." He knew that her dark face was wet with tears. "Yet I am a priestess and the daughter of the Wa."

"So?"



"If I tell Ramong, he would put your head on the post, and give the memsahib to her betrothed at moonrise to-morrow night. But then I would want my head on the next post."

He said nothing. Let her work it out her self.

"So I will add my voice to yours that the memsahib be wedded in the flesh, then go to her own place," she went on. "And may the White Ghost have mercy on my soul."

"But will Ramong believe you instead of Hiao?"

"I do not know. But when the corn crop fails," and her voice changed subtly, "we dig roots in the jungle."

"I do not understand."

"When we are hungry enough, they taste sweet."

"Speak plainly, Saromo."

"If Ramong believes Hiao, I will weep for you for twelve moons. But at least I will be spared the vision of the white girl in your arms."

Then he heard the door close softly behind her.

Well, we're all like that, Walter thought. Lions and mice, half-gods and brutes, heroes and crooks. And the sooner he finished the digging and they got out of here the better.

But the following night, when the tunnel was finished except for six inches of earth to shut out light, the lion and the half-god and hero that lived in his strange soul prevailed over the mouse and brute and crook that shared that dwelling. With Mah Kyi on guard, he and Moung Ne went forth to steal the white skull.

The venture went so smoothly that Walter became suspicious. The village was dead to the world. The roof of the spirit house was so strongly braced that there was no danger of falling through the thatch. When they had dug a hole directly above, they were able to pull up the box containing the trophy without unfastening the chain on which it hung. And the lid of the box was hinged and not even locked.

"Lift out the skull," Walter ordered Moung Ne.

"No, lord. That be white man's work."

Moung Ne was a good Buddhist, but like all Orientals he had a lively respect for the other fellow's gods. But Walter did not laugh at him. He himself was not so cocksure as he used to be. Although he had handled skulls ever since he had studied medicine, he felt a little prickling on the skin as he laid hands on the Wa talisman.

It seemed more than an old white bone. It was as though the prayers said in its name, the human hopes and fears invested in it, and the bloody deeds committed under its protection, had endowed it with a kind of personality. But Walter set it on the roof beam, glimmering dimly there in the starlight, with holes for eyes, while he lowered the empty box and helped Moung Ne replace the thatch.

But what would he do with the trophy, now he had won it? Oddly enough, he had given almost no advance thought to this problem. Yet when he stood again on solid ground, the solid round bone in his hands, he found it was one of the strangest problems, one of the deepest, he had ever been called upon to solve.

It opened up and up, not so much as a practical problem but a moral one. The answer lay in his inner man and would express all he was and could hope ever to be, and show the shape of his soul as a flash of lightning shows the twisted or the straight limbs of a lone oak on the hill.

Its terms were extremely simple, as in most great problems. If he concealed the skull, he would have it to bargain with if his plans went wrong. This was to say that if enough pressure were brought upon him, he would restore the palladium of head-hunting, and buy his and his friends' lives with the lives of other men. But if he destroyed the skull to-night, the temptation would be forever removed.

He knew where Vivian would stand. She was an idealist. So it was all up to him. He stood there, a mocking amble on his lips but his eyes raised to the stars.

"Oh, what the devil," he muttered at last. "High, wide, and handsome! That's the way to live, and the way to die."

On the lowest ground within the village walls there was a buffalo wallow. Its outer edges were dried and cracked in the sun, most of its area was thick and sticky mud because of the scanty rains, but in its centre was a mud puddle about ten feet square. That space was enclosed by a stout fence against which the buffalo nosed in vain, for it was a quagmire, to all intents and purposes without bottom.

Walter walked to the edge of the wallow, Moung Ne and Mah Kyi behind him. He stood there a moment, balancing the skull in his hand, then Moung Ne gave a deep gasp.

"Have mercy, lord," he begged.

"Yes, I will have mercy," Walter answered dreamily.

"Drop it close to the edge, so it may be recovered if the need comes."

"Is it wisdom or folly? Speak."

"I will speak," Mah Kyi, the woman, broke in. "It is an evil thing in your hand, not in itself but for what is done in its name. Throw it far, lord, beyond returning. You are our lord, and our greatness or our littleness comes from you."

There was a moment's silence. Moung Ne wiped his mouth with his hand.

"It is so, lord," he said hoarsely. "We be three, we three, two men and the mother of men. Throw it far."

There came a great strength in Walter's arm and a perfect tuning of his hand and eye. The white skull made a pale glimmer



through the starlight, landed with a splash within the enclosure; the mud smacked its lips. Whatever happened to-morrow night, Walter was free.

By his arrangements with Doctor Smith, exactly twenty-four hours after Walter sent up two skyrockets, a rescue party would approach below the east wall. A double guard of natives was to watch for the rockets every night between sundown and sunrise. Since time must be allowed for delays and difficulties in getting out of the ditch beyond the wall, and the approach of a large party might raise an alarm, he selected three o'clock as the hour of the rendezvous.

Walter erected a plank behind his hut to guide the rockets, and lighted the fuses from the same match. But all his forethought had not prepared him for the glare of their ignition, blinding him as by a searchlight in the sheltering darkness, or for the savage roar of their flight in the silence. And as though for a delightful surprise, at the top of their flight they shot forth bombs that boomed like firecrackers.

Walter did not move a muscle in the glare. To hide by standing still is a trick all hunters and hunted learn to play, if indeed it is not bred in their bones. But as soon as the dark rushed back he ducked into his hut and lay down on his mat.

The men began to call from house to house. Soon he saw the flicker of torchlight. But he was ready—the dirt of tunnel-digging removed ahead of time and his lines well learned—when Ramong, Jak, and old Htao appeared in his door.

"What has happened, Guru?" Jak demanded. "Htao says you are up to some trick."

"This accords with his other sayings. Is it a trick of mine that a light should appear in the heavens over my hut, and that thunder should rattle on a starlit night? Are you deaf? Are you blind? This is your last warning."

The three natives parleyed hotly in their own tongue. Finally Jak asked, in quite a different tone:

"What have we done wrong, O Prince of Gurus?"

"You spy upon me and distrust me, who has been sent to save your village. You bandy my words in your councils and mull them in your thick heads. You break in without warning upon the beloved of your god and drive him from his wooing. You dare to believe he wants bald white bones instead of flesh like silk and hair like gold. Bah, I am of a mind to leave you to your doom."

Ramong's eyes were wide in the torchlight as Jak translated this fiery speech. But Htao's eyes were narrow and very bright. "Have mercy, Great Guru," Jak told him. "Now have we your leave to go?"

So that was all right, Walter thought. At first he had been sorry he had fired the rockets, but now he was glad. It was a long way from the village wall to the settlement, and without an armed escort he and his friends might be recaptured.

He slept till late in the morning. That day the natives awoke lower than ever when they passed his door. Soon after sundown they retired to their huts and the cooking fires burned down. But this night be the silver lining of a cloud; usually the Wa were late bed-goers and were in their heaviest sleep at 2 a.m.

Walter too lay down, but never passed beyond the filmy rim of sleep. Yet he rested well, and at one o'clock rose in high hopes and full strength to complete the operation.

The young moon had set hours before. More stars than he could ever remember were out, and all the false magic he had made seemed to-night a blasphemy of some true and fearful magic filling all the ground and sky.

"It is not well, lord," Mah Kyi whispered when they met her behind the hut. "The tide of luck turns back. There is a bad feeling in my bones."

"Bah! In an hour we will be free."

The ropes and pointed poles Moung Ne had prepared to help them over the moat and down the unclimbable slope of the knoll were deposited near the tunnel entrance. Whisky, water and food were placed there, and the shell of earth at the tunnel-end cleared away. At ten minutes to two Walter was waiting under the eaves of the chief's house, to help Vivian over the side.

It was pitch dark there, but in less than five minutes he heard the subdued sounds of her climbing up the wall. Presently he had her by the feet and was gently lowering her to earth. But the tide of luck had turned back, Mah Kyi had said. Just as her feet touched earth they heard an uproar in the next room, men springing up and shouting and running about, and then the sound of her bolt being thrown.

But these men had not just happened to be awake. Mah Kyi had reported also a bad feeling in her bones, not a warning from on high, but a physical symptom just as real as the backache of early smallpox. Just as doctors often diagnose disease through impressions too dim to trace or even know, Mah Kyi had perceived unawares in the faces and voices and little acts of the villagers the signs of trouble brooding for her and her friends.

As Walter and Vivian ran toward the east wall, torchlights began to glimmer under a dozen eaves. It was unthinkable that they had not been oil-soaked and ready for waiting hands. Shouts rang from house to house, and before the fugitives had covered half the distance the Wa men were scrambling down their log ladders to cut them off.



Soon they saw a convergence of torches between them and the wall. These formed into two groups, with a space between in which shadows leaped and danced. It seemed too great a risk to try to dash through, so Walter led Vivian around one of the house plots, hoping to reach the tunnel under cover of darkness.

But he had failed to grasp the full extent of the disaster. Before he could make the detour, the Wa torches were encircling the thorn thicket that concealed the tunnel mouth. His plans had been betrayed and had failed.

He had only a second or more before the Wa would have him pinioned and helpless. But he had learned thrift, and the use he made of this brief interlude would comfort him whether he lived short or long. He did not draw his pistol. It would be worse than useless against these hordes. Neither did he raise a hand to fight them, but he did raise his voice.

"Run, Mah Kyi," he bellowed above the shouts of the mob. "Through the tunnel and away! Run, Moung Ne!"

That they might bring help to him and Vivian was something, but not what gave

his lungs such power. These two were neither doctors nor nurses in this case, merely laymen, and Walter believed in the quarantine of mortal plague.

Walter raised his hands to show surrender, saving him immediate cutting down by the Wa knives. But he looked and saw nothing on which to build hope for the future. The Wa formed a circle about him and Vivian, and the late arrivals not only strengthened it but increased its tension. Individual fears were forgotten as the men touched shoulders, but their passions merged like the strains of separate instruments in an orchestra, into the awesome harmony of a mob.

They were shrieking and shouting at him and at each other. Walter could not have made himself heard even if he had been so frantic as to try. He stood holding Vivian's hand; they both tried to appear calm. But it was easier for her than for him, he thought. She had high and native strength beyond his aspirations.

The shouting increased as Ramong pushed through the crowd, each man trying to outdo his fellows in demanding blood. But Walter felt a little cheered. Water can be heated only so far before it turns to steam. He sensed that this extreme ferocity would defeat itself and give him a little more time.

There was another factor to extend his sentence. Ramong was no politician but a natural autocrat, and the demands of the mob dinning in his ears irritated him. For the moment he became Walter's unconscious and unwilling ally. He cuffed several of the tribesmen, kicked others in the shins, and from sheer strength of voice and leadership restored a semblance of order.

Appointing four of his men to bring the prisoners, he then led the way to the open ground in front of his house. And although the two men who led Walter seized him roughly and hustled him along, he noticed with audacious hope that Vivian's guards did not touch her hands.

Plainly Ramong did not intend to be hurried. Mostly this was "face"—showing the tribe that he was in charge here—but the indirect result was that he had time to think of future consequences. If Walter had known in advance the stature of this man, his tactics might have been entirely different. Before Ramong addressed a word to the prisoners, he ordered fires to be lighted, and made his men squat in a circle around them.

When the last sound had died away, he moved forward, Jak at his side, and looked Walter in the face.

"Why did you try to steal the bride of the Great White Ghost?" he demanded.

When Jak had translated, Walter collected his thoughts and answered in quiet and, he hoped, impressive tones.

"I did it at the command of the Great White Ghost himself, who came to me in a dream."

"Speak truth, Guru. It will not save your life, but may give you a better death. You were sent here by the white men to defraud our god. If not, why did you signal them last night?"

Walter said nothing. To be caught in a lie would be more dangerous than to admit the charge.

"You do not answer?" Ramong went on. "Then what is this that was found this morning in the village road?" And at his gesture Htao rose and handed him a pointed cardboard cylinder wired to a stick.

Walter's plans had been well thought out, complete as possible to a mind short



of genius, but that rockets that go up must come down had not occurred to him. And plainly the Wa had had enough contact with the Chinese on their northern borders to identify the object instantly. No doubt their neighbors had used skyrockets for signalling when London was a tide marsh.

"When this was found, we knew some trick was afoot," Ramong boasted. "Searching for weak places in our wall, we found your tunnel. To-night I posted watchmen, and I myself helped to guard the white virgin's door. But we did not guess she could wriggle out under the eaves—why our Great White Ghost should want such a skinny wife we do not know, save that she is the daughter of the greatest of all sawbwas—so you almost escaped us, and your servants did escape."

And by now they had met the rescue party, Walter thought. Perhaps they were viewing the scene from on top of the wall, planning a coup. But the fires and torch-lights would prevent a surprise attack, and it would take only one knife in one frantic hand to put him beyond help. Even for Vivian it would be touch and go.

But he found another consolation in Ramong's words, a very strange one. Until now he had supposed that Saromo had exposed him. What did it matter if she had the end being the same? But it did matter. Somehow it supported some fond wish of his heart about mankind in general.

"The white men are my friends," he answered. "Beholding your blindness and folly, I signalled them to send help. And they will send it, Ramong, surely as the sun will rise. Consider well."

"We will give the white virgin to our god," Ramong pronounced gravely. "He has always protected us against the white man, and in his joy and gratitude he will protect us now. But we will not wait for the full moon. He is an impatient lover and the moon is waxing fast. To-night when it tops the hills—or even now—"

"Fool," Walter broke in on Jak's translation. "No marriage unseen and unblest by the moon-god can be fertile. You know the ancient law."

"I know. If our hands are not forced, we will wait till moonrise. But watchmen have been posted on the wall. At the first alarm of armed men, we will send her quickly to our god, lest she be snatched from his arms and he forsake us to our enemies. You shall be sent as his slave. Such a great guru will be a worthy offering."

Walter had another card in his hand, the joker, and it was wild. He wondered if the time had come to play it. But the sweat oozed from his pores, and he looked for lesser cards to play for time.

But just then little Saromo pushed through the crowd and stood with the firelight burlesquing her all but naked body.

Vivian was able to follow the amazing talk that followed. And at last, looking straight at the native girl, she passed it on to Walter.

"Saromo, did you say that you met the Great White Ghost in the land of shadows and found favor in his eyes?" she asked in Burmese.

"Yes, memsahib."

"And he wishes you to take my place as his bride?"

"Yes, and I long for his arms."

Walter's heart leaped wildly, and he did not have to search it to know that neither he nor Vivian could accept this sacrifice. But when Vivian started to tell the tribe so, he stopped her with a glance.

"Let the elders speak," he said, still play-

ing for time. "When they are finished, I speak."

In the parley that followed, Walter could tell that several of the more cautious tribesmen, those who took less stock in the gods and more in the white man's gun, favored the proposal, while Hiao led the opposition. The tribal orators spoke eloquently, and at times the whole tribe gabbled and shrieked in unison.

Finally Hiao made a speech that won over the whole throng. But Walter could not read Saromo's still dark face or at first understand the new terror in Vivian's face. "Lord Buddha," he cried in Burmese. Then in English, "What's up, Vivian?"

Vivian rose, took Saromo's hand, and appeared to speak directly to her. "Does Hiao say for me to go as his bride, and you as his handmaiden? Do what you can, Walter! Can we not wait till to-night. They may break out at any minute."

If Saromo realised that English had been spoken, she gave no sign. But Jak, who knew Burmese well, shouted fiercely from the crowd.



"The white virgin spoke in an unknown tongue. There is trickery here."

Walter could only guess at Jak's words, but the clamor broke out again, and he saw the Wa begin to stroke their knives. He rose solemnly to his feet.

"Be silent," he commanded. His imperious tone cut through the babble and extinguished it. "Saromo, you shall speak for me. Tell these fools I have listened too long to their jackal barking. Although I had hoped to spare them, now they shall know the truth."

Saromo translated in a tone that added impressiveness to Walter's words.

"Know then, my vision. The Great White Ghost is so angry at Hiao's lies and the evil in your hearts that he has quit your village forever."

At first Saromo did not understand and asked him to repeat his words. This, and her voice and expression, made the perfect prelude to his momentous declaration. The throng held its breath like one man.

When his words sank home, Saromo was scarcely able to give them voice. A gasp of unbelieving horror went up from the crowd. But at once Hiao sprang to his feet.

"It is a lie," he cried. "Bare your knives, O men." And Saromo translated swiftly.

"No, but the vision may be clouded and false," Walter answered. "So let Hiao and some of the elders go to the temple where your god lives, and see if he is there."

Ramong gave orders, and a half dozen of his headmen hastened away to the spirit house. Lesser men began to rise and follow, first in twos or threes, then in crowds. None returned. The faces remaining were grey and drawn with dread. There was no sound but the crackle of the torches. Walter was shivering, partly with fear of the consequences of his deed, partly in awe telegraphed to his heart from these groping desolated hearts about him. When one's gods go, what is left? He would never again know a scene so weird, a moment of such far vision.

Finally the iron nerve of Ramong himself cracked. Ordering Walter's wrists bound and a dozen men to guard him with drawn knives, he too went to the spirit

house. But almost at once he returned, his men pressing close behind him. They walked softly and said not a word.

Ramong waited until all his men were crouched on the ground. This was his sign that he alone would decide what was to be done, take the responsibility and the consequences like the great chief he was. Then, with Jak at his side, he squatted directly in front of Walter, neither above him nor below.

"It is true, O Prince of Gurus," he said. "The white skull is gone."

Jak translated. "I pity ye, O Wa," Walter answered.

"The thatch above has been lately cut out and replaced," Ramong went on. "Perhaps it was the work of gods, perhaps of hands. But however it be, if the totem is restored to us at once, you and the white virgin may go to your own place alive and unharmed."

"It is beyond my power, Ramong." "It may be so. Yet you are a great guru, with a most powerful Nat, holding away over many spirits good and bad. So if the skull is not restored, yours must take its place as our tribal totem."

Walter did not say that in this case he would curse and not bless the fields. It would stand to reason but not to Wa theory. The basis of their religion was the belief that any head kept by the villagers became the house of its owner's ghost, who for various reasons would drive away evil spirits. But he thought quickly and answered:

"The dawn is not far off. Perhaps then, or a little later, I will behold another vision. In the meantime set the white virgin on the open trail to her village."

"That we shall do at sunrise. I swear it. But at sunrise we shall set your head in the spirit house, unless our god returns. So seek your vision, Guru."

Walter said no more. Vivian at least was safe, and by sunrise anything could happen, and at least he could invent hocus-pocus to gain more time. The Wa spoke to one another in undertones, but the sounds soon died away. The cocks crew, the eyelid of the night began to open, the stars burned down.

But for a long while more, it seemed only that the torchlight was dimming instead of the daylight growing. And then in one stroke it was dawn.

And now Walter knew that the last act of this hilltop drama was at hand. Two Wa appeared from opposite directions, running hard, and at the same time the wooden gate of the village tunnel opened with a clatter and shot out two other Wa. The four converged around Ramong, jabbering news that he seemed unable to believe. They were gasping and shaking with excitement.

At first the chief was thunderstruck, but Walter saw him stiffen. He questioned the men closely, then began to give orders to them and to all his people. A babble of voices began, but he silenced it with one bull-like roar. The four messengers and perhaps a score of others ran and sprang into the tunnel. The remaining Wa gripped their weapons and faced in this direction.

"What's happening?" Walter whispered to Vivian.

"A big party wants to come in. They're unarmed, so the chief consented."

"Unarmed? They'll be cut to pieces."

"I don't know. Wait."

Walter breathed slowly and deeply perhaps fifty times. Then two of the Wa emerged from the tunnel and stood waiting while some less active, heavy-footed man followed through the narrow opening. These



up into the daylight, panting from exertion, his round stomach wabbling, his round face appearing to shine, no doubt from sweat, but reverently pushed and pulled by Wa head-hunters, came Doctor Smith.

He wagged his hand feebly at the tribe, granted his relief to find himself on open ground, then waited for his escort and followers. But the latter were not white men rallied to the prisoners' defence, nor were they native soldiers. They were merely half-tamed Wa from the villages close to Smith's mission, no weapons in their hands, too naked to carry concealed weapons, and there were fully forty of them.

Walter heard Vivian give a little sobbing laugh. "They're all his old patients," she whispered.

"Good lord,"  
"And those two villagers—they're old patients, too."

She referred to Jak and another head-hunter who ran forward at the sight of Doctor Smith, dropped on their knees before him, then with beaming faces rose and shook his hand. Smith spoke to them in the lingua franca of the hills, then came puffing up to Walter.

"So you're all right, huh?" he said. "Good." Fumbling for his jackknife, he opened it with difficulty, sticking out his tongue like a schoolboy, and cut the ropes that bound Walter's wrists.

Meanwhile his Wa followers were seeking out and greeting kinsmen and acquaintances. But they stood silent as Smith trudged up to Ramong. The chief had his hand on his knife, but the old doctor did not seem to see it.

Walter could not understand the conversation that followed, but Vivian was able to get the sense and tone.

"Oh, my foolish children," Smith began, "Sawbwa!" Ramong spoke haughtily.

"You thought you were paying my daughter and me too great honor by marrying her to your god, but you have made only trouble. Will you ever be wise?"

"I tell you—"

"You know me, the Fat Sawbwa? You know that scores of your neighbors and kinsmen have come to me when they were sick and in trouble; many of them are here. Did you ever hear of me lying to them, or mistreating them?"

"No, lord. But our seed will not grow without rain. Our old gods—"

"Do you not know that if you had done this thing your village would have burned and your people starved and I could not protect you? Now your folly has given me this long ride, when I am not yet well from my own sickness. You and all your tribe should hide your faces in shame."

"Yes, we be only children, lord, compared to you. But—"

"Now bring me food, and a mat to rest on, then I will take my daughter and the great guru, and go. But thank your gods I have saved you from greater folly."

"Lord Sawbwa, your daughter may go in peace. But our totem, the great white skull, has been taken from us, and the great guru's head—"

"Your totem gone? I am glad. It led you into evil. But I, the Fat Sawbwa, will give you a totem in its place, a much more powerful totem, the skull of a great white chief who died fighting evil spirits. Send men with me, and they can bring it back to-night."

Ramong's face brightened a little. "You would not cheat us—"

"For shame, great chief! But mind, this new White Ghost is jealous of other ghosts, so you must never put another head on the Avenue of Skulls. If you do, the rains will

fall for seven years. But you may put there the heads of tigers and of panthers and of fierce boars. He was a great hunter in his time, and he will want you to be hunters, too, not slayers of helpless men."

The loss of the totem alone would discourage and perhaps prohibit future head-hunting. Ramong realised this, but until now had seen no other way to please the gods and direct the religious energies of his people. His dark eyes began to shine.

Hunting tigers and panthers would be even more thrilling than hunting men, and he had the Fat Sawbwa's word it would help the crops. He was only human—a great secret that Smith had known and employed—and would much rather be a public benefactor than an outlaw. Rather awkwardly he knelt at Smith's feet.

When he rose he turned to his people and made them a ringing speech. Vivian took the opportunity to steal to her father's side. "There is a girl in danger here," she whispered. "Her name is Saromo. The trouble comes from Htao, the village priest. Ramong loves the girl."

Smith did not appear to hear, but when Ramong's speech was over and the people were cheering, he held up his hand for silence.

"Listen, my children. Your new god's spirit is already here and bids me speak. He desires for his chief priest one of your wisest men—is the name Htao? But Htao is to teach his cunning to a maiden, so when he dies in full years the tribe may be preserved. I do not catch her name. It is like a vision in the night."

"Her name is Saromo (a dream)," Ramong told him, while the people cheered.

"True. And it is the god's wish that you take her to wife."

"Yes," old Htao broke in, pompously and swollen with honors, "that is the new god's wish. I too have seen."

Saromo glanced once into Walter's eyes, her own eyes filled with tears, then she knelt first to Htao, then to Ramong. "I too have seen," she sobbed.

"But will our old god return?" Ramong asked rather anxiously. "He will be angry—"

"He will not return," Walter broke in, almost the first time he had opened his mouth since dawn. By the ring of his voice they knew he spoke the truth.

But the sun was high and beasts were being slaughtered for a feast, before Walter had a chance to speak to his deliverer.

"It doesn't lessen my pleasure or my thanks," he said, with the old glitter in his eye, "but you've made me feel mighty silly."

"Why should you feel silly?" Smith demanded. "You tackled this thing like any brave young fellow should, got away with that garned skull, and staved off trouble until—"

"Until you could get here, with some plain horse sense, and save our skins."

"I've lived in this country many years, doctor. I've always thought I could walk into this village, meet the men here as men, and make friends with 'em. But the Government fellows wouldn't let me. They thought I'd be killed. And for good reason, too, considering they've been scaring the wits out of the poor little beggars for seventy years. Anyway I didn't have the strength of my convictions, especially with Vivian's life at stake. I'm not as young as I used to be, nor as well. But when you and she failed to appear—"

"I know. But see here. There's been enough rain to sprout their seed, and the monsoons will soon break. But what about other years? Suppose the new skull fails

to do the business. Won't they go back to head-hunting?" For this was a matter close to Walter's heart.

"I'll keep after them from time to time. Anyway, hunting tigers and panthers, they'll learn to be good deer and pig hunters, too, to fill up their bellies in times of trouble. A good feed is the best antitoxin I know."

"When I get to America I'm going to be an old-fashioned family doctor."

"Fiddlesticks," Vivian broke in. "You're going to be a surgeon. Where would we be now—where would father be—if you weren't already something of a surgeon?"

Well, there was something to that. In operating on Smith, he had saved a most valuable life. It was a new way of looking at it. Vivian's compliment was ambidextrous, but after all . . .

"We'd be down in the cellar, eating sauerkraut," he quoted with his old sardonic smile.

Six months had passed. In one of the operating rooms of a great Honolulu hospital there was an air of pleasurable excitement. The case was a beautiful one from the visiting students' standpoint, and the chief house surgeon was going to attempt an audacious operation. And that surgeon was Doctor Walter Granger—who was late as usual.

But just then he sauntered in. "Is this the lady's rest room?" he demanded.

They could kill him, the internes thought. "All heart specialists, I see," Granger went on, glancing at the internes. "But do you think you should have left your patients to pine alone on Waikiki Beach just to come here and learn some surgical technique? Doctor, your way of pouring on ether reminds me of the rainy season in Burma."

"Why do we stand it?" one of the internes whispered to his companion. "If he was old Bill Osler himself . . ."

But the answer was obvious as soon as Walter Granger took knife in hand. It was such beautiful surgery, so bold yet so strangely gentle. His eyes were shining brighter than his blade.

And once they remembered he was tolerably human after all. Watching the progress of the work, his surgical nurse held out scissors.

"Are we giving this patient a manicure?" he demanded in what he fancied was fine sarcasm. "Nurse, when I want scissors, I'll ask for—"

The internes did not hear what the girl said—"Oh, stop showing off and tend to your knitting"—but they saw him look again, decide that he needed scissors, and take them like a lamb.

Still the internes could have hardly believed the complete humanity that he showed an hour afterward, when he and the very nurse who had snubbed him met in his quarters.

"Pretty good work, eh, Vivian?" he asked. "Pretty fair. I've about decided you'll make a doctor, after all."

At that he caught her hands and drew her into his arms. He did not notice that her eyes indicated a slight hyperthyroid condition, only that they were beautiful and bright as jewels. He was not aware of the remarkably fine epidermis of her lips, only that they were sweet to kiss. And because he could feel the warmth and courage of her heart against his and not count his beats per minute, he knew at last that he was going to be a doctor, after all.

#### THE END.

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(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and bear no reference to any living person.)